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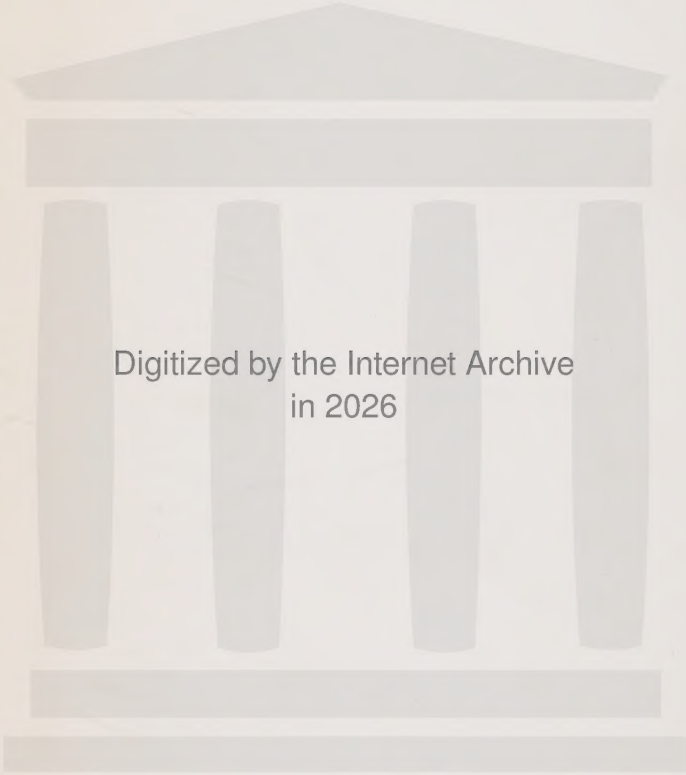
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THE HISTORY

OF THE

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA;

COMPRISING A FULL AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE REBELLION,

OF THE VARIOUS

NAVAL AND MILITARY ENGAGEMENTS,

OF THE

Heroic Deeds Performed by Armies and Individuals,

AND OF

TOUCHING SCENES IN THE FIELD, THE CAMP, THE HOSPITAL, AND THE CABIN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF NAPOLEON," "HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," "MONARCHIES OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS, DIAGRAMS, AND NUMEROUS STEEL ENGRAVINGS OF

BATTLE SCENES,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY DARLEY, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS,

AND PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

From the commencement of our Government there have been two antagonistic principles contending for the mastery—Slavery and Freedom. In the very heart of our democracy, the element of the most haughty and intolerant aristocracy has been nurtured, by the institution of human bondage. The most repulsive features of the old European feudalism has thus been transplanted into our Republic. The slaveholders, accustomed to despotic power over the wretched serfs, whom they have driven, by the lash, to till their soil, have assumed a sort of baronial arrogance over all men who do not own slaves, and have claimed to be the only gentlemen, and the legitimate rulers of this land. But freedom has outstripped slavery in this race. And, consequently, the slaveholders, unreconciled to the loss of supremacy, strive to destroy the temple of liberty, wishing to raise themselves into lords and potentates, over the ruin of their country.

The conflict in which our nation is now involved, is simply a desperate struggle, on the part of the slaveholders, to retain, by force of arms, that domination in the government of this Republic, which they had so long held, and which, by the natural operation of the ballot-box, they were slowly but surely losing. We have here, simply the repetition of that great conflict, which, for ages, has agitated our globe—the conflict between aristocratic usurpation and popular rights. The battle has assumed the most momentous attitude, since it arrays, on either side, all the intellectual and material energies developed by the nineteenth century.

It is impossible for one to write the history of this strife and not incur the censure of one or the other of these parties, so implacably arrayed against each other. There are many in the North, who are in cordial sympathy with the slaveholding aristocracy, and who would gladly see

their principles triumphant over this whole land. All such will denounce these pages. The writer is by no means an indifferent spectator of this conflict. The fundamental article in his political, philanthropic and religious creed is the *brotherhood of man.* The disposition on the part of the rich to trample upon the poor, and of the strong to crush the weak, is alike execrable in its origin and in all its manifestations. This slaveholding rebellion against the rights of humanity, is the greatest crime of earth. In recording its events, candor does not demand that one should so ingeniously construct his narrative, as to make no distinction between virtue and vice. The impartiality of history does not require that the treason of Arnold and the patriotism of Washington, should be alike recorded, without commendation or censure.

The writer has, however, endeavored, as a historian, to maintain the most scrupulous honesty. Not a sentence would he willingly allow to escape his pen, distorted by untruthfulness or exaggeration. He has a story to tell of infamous crime, and of noble virtues. He wishes to tell it so truthfully, with such candor, with such expressions of abhorrence of foul treason, and such commendations of patriotic self-sacrifice, as will afford him pleasure to reflect upon, not merely through his brief remaining earthly career, but through all the ages of his immortality. He has never allowed himself to consider the question whether a particular statement would please or displease this or that party. His only object has been faithfully to pen such historic truth as is worthy of record.

The slaveholding rebels demanded that the Constitution of the United States, with its respect for the inalienable rights of man, should be repudiated, and that a new Constitution, with slavery as its corner stone, should be adopted in its stead. The South, overawed by a reign of terror, has seemingly gone as one man, in this demand. There are two parties at the North. The one party is in favor of yielding to this demand. They say that thus the war might have been averted, and may now be ended; that the South may thus be brought back, and the Union cemented anew. The other party say that we should be false to God and man, thus to sacrifice the rights of humanity; and that the vengeance of Heaven will justly fall upon us if we, at the dictation of slaveholders, convert our free Republic into the great bulwark of slavery. If free Americans prove recreant, in this hour of trial, and for the sake of a

hollow and transient peace, bow their necks to the yoke of aristocratic intolerance, and enthrone despotism in our land, there is an end, for ages to come, of all hope of free institutions.

There are some who say that war is the greatest of calamities, and that we had, therefore, better let the slaveholders have their own way, either to take the control of the government, or to secede, and to establish such boundaries as they may please. This is the dotage of amiability. There is not an intelligent man, North or South, who does not know that separation is *eternal war*. Who shall fix the boundaries? Who shall have Washington? Who shall have Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and the mouths of the Mississippi? Shall we say to the slaveholders, that they may take what they please? We must say this, or we must fight.

And suppose a division were made, to which each party, exhausted by the war, would, for the moment, reluctantly consent. How is it possible that two hostile nations, with institutions inveterately antagonistic, should live in peace, side by side, with no natural barriers or boundaries—touching each other along a line of more than three thousand miles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There are vast navigable rivers, rising in the one domain, and opening into the ocean through the other. On the one side there is freedom, with all its ennobling institutions sustained by free speech, a free pulpit and a free press—with universal education, and labor honored, and equality of rights for rich and poor. On the other side there is slavery, with its debasing associate institutions of compulsory ignorance, and slave marts, and overseers' lashes, with wide-spread ignorance—the pulpit, the press and speech, all being gagged by the most unrelenting despotism. Slaves are escaping from the one realm pursued by their masters with shotted guns and bloodhounds. In the other they are received with Christian sympathy. Their wounds are washed, their fetters filed off, and their famished bodies fed, while baying bloodhounds and human monsters still more ferocious, are driven back to their own dark realm, gnashing their teeth with rage as they cry out, "You are stealing our property." Is it possible that two such nations can live in peace, without even a hill or rivulet to separate them? There is not an intelligent man in America who dreams of it.

The ringleaders of the rebellion never entertained the idea, for a single

moment, that secession was thus to leave two equal nations, side by side. Secession was merely the mode through which the whole of the United States, with perhaps the exception of New England, was to be transformed from a free republic into a great slaveholding oligarchy. New England was to be left out, a power so feeble, that it could be chastised whenever the slaveholders deemed that it merited chastisement. There are but two alternatives before us. Peaceful separation is a dream, which an amiable girl may cherish, but which no intelligent man, North or South, deems to be a permanent possibility. Either slavery must be the dominant power on this Continent or freedom. The rebels having failed to carry their point at the ballot-box, have appealed to the sword.

A more delicate task than the writing of this History can not well be imagined. Nearly all the prominent actors are still living. Jealousy, and probably, in many cases, impartial judgment will declare, that too great merit has been ascribed to some, while not sufficient eminence has been given to others. The most scrupulous conscientiousness will not protect from such errors.

In reference to the descriptions of battles, the course of the writer has been to omit those minute and complicated details, which even the pen of a Thiers or a Napier can not make interesting to the general reader, and to give the comprehensive plan which every intelligent man can understand. A man need not be an architect, to entitle him to condemn the bungling plan of a building. One may pronounce a speech as stupid and silly, though himself not an orator. One need not be a graduate of West Point, to enable him to discern military incompetence and folly. Military men must not take refuge behind the shield, that their actions are not amenable to the criticism of ordinary intelligence. Military science is by no means that occult art which civilians can not approach; on the contrary, it is preëminently the science of common sense. An intelligent community will pronounce judgment, and, in the main, a correct judgment, upon the ability or the incompetency of its generals. Not for one moment is the sentiment to be tolerated, that if a boy spends four years at a military school, he attains such an elevation, that the most cultivated and intelligent men in the land, are incapable of deciding whether he is a wise man or a fool.

In studying the plan and the execution of a battle, the writer has

first carefully examined the official reports of the Union generals, and of the rebel officers. Having thus obtained the general outline, he has then looked, for the filling up of interesting incidents and heroic achievements, to the graphic descriptions of army correspondents. And here he must render his tribute of commendation and gratitude to the reporters of the leading journals. He is constrained to say, that not unfrequently the newspaper report has been more correct, more truthful, than the official bulletin. A man may be a good general, and yet may give a confused report of the conflict. The talent for vivid description is rare, combining as it necessarily does, great command of language, and that inborn delicacy and sensitiveness of soul, which enables one to select the salient points of the action, and to omit the rest. The English language may be searched in vain for more glowing descriptions, for more gorgeous word painting, than may be found from the pens of some of the reporters to the leading journals of our country.

The Hon. Edward Everett once inquired of the Duke of Wellington, respecting the battle of Waterloo. The Duke, with that singular good sense, which ever characterized him, replied, "By comparing and studying the various descriptions of the battle, by English, French and German writers, a man of sense can acquire a better knowledge of it, at the present day, than any one, even the commander-in-chief, could get, at the time, from personal observation."

The fact that a man was present at a battle does not imply necessarily that he knows much about it. The battle may rage over many square miles. The individual combatant is perhaps confined to a very limited space, buried in smoke, and all the energies of his soul so concentrated upon the claims of each moment, that he has no opportunity for observation. Many of the battles of this rebellion, spread through forests and ravines, and over hills, leagues in extent. The battle often continued several days, the army surging to and fro. The description of the scene, in these pages, will be read by thousands who took part in the strife, and who, perhaps, attach exaggerated importance to their own agency, or to the operations in that particular part of the field on which they stood. Consequently, the narrative must be exposed to the most severe, and often to the most unjust, ordeal of criticism.

It is always pleasant to meet with approval, and always painful to

encounter denunciation. That man has fallen very low who is regardless of the good opinion of his fellow-men. But reproach can be easily borne when the soul is sustained by the conviction of right. There never was a clearer case of right and of wrong, than in the conflict now raging throughout our land. The question is to be settled, and by the arbitrament of the sword, whether aristocratic usurpation, in its most low, vulgar and groveling form, that of the slaveholder wielding the plantation lash, is to be established upon the ruins of our free Constitution—or whether that glorious charter of human rights, destined to lift up all the down-trodden to dignity, culture and religion, shall make the United States the pioneer nation in ushering in the dawn of millennial glory.*

The comprehensive maps which embellish these pages, were designed by Mr. Ephraim Wells, of New York, and engraved by Messrs. Lossing & Barritt. The steel engravings were designed by Messrs. F. O. C. Darley, and Wm. Mumberger, and engraved by Messrs. J. C. Buttre, J. C. McRae, Geo. E. Perine, S. V. Hunt, W. G. Jackman and H. B. Hall.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

New Haven, Conn., *December*, 1862.

* The following extract from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, very frankly states the concessions which the so-called *Peace Party* were ready to make, to win back the slaveholders to the Union: "If the Southern Confederates would lay down their arms and come back again into the old Union, we should not haggle very closely about the terms. We are pretty good *unconditional Union* men. We would be willing to repeal, for instance, all abolition personal liberty bills that nullify the fugitive slave law. We would allow the South to take all their property, slaves included, into the common territories of the Union, and hold it while the territorial condition lasted. We would not molest a slaveholder traveling with his servants and temporarily sojourning in a free State. We would repeal the law abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and we would pass all necessary acts to prevent an interference by Northern fanatics with Southern property of any description. All this we would give, if the rebels would lay down their arms and come back again under the old flag, and be once more loyal members of the Union."

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THE CIVIL WAR.

CHAPTER I.

CAUSE OF THE CONFLICT.

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CIVIL war burst upon the United States, with almost the suddenness of the meteor's glare. It was, however, but like the eruption of the volcano, whose pent-up fires had, for ages, been gathering strength for the final explosion. The whirlwind which our country has reaped, is but the natural harvest of that seed which, for long years, we have been sowing. All thinking men have been watching the cumulation of the menacing cloud, and have foretold its bursting. Many have hoped that the vials of wrath would not be emptied in their day, and like the selfish courtiers of Louis XV. have said, "After us the Deluge." But the deluge has come. Upon our heads it has fallen.

This fierce fight, which has arrayed more than a million of men in arms, and which made our ship of state reel and stagger, as if smitten by thunderbolts and dashing upon rocks, was but one, though a sublime act, in the drama of that great conflict, between patrician arrogance and plebeian resistance,—between the claims of aristocratic privilege on the one hand, and the demand for equal rights on the other, which for countless ages has made our globe one vast battle-field. History is crowded with scenes terrific, in this irrepressible conflict. Two thousand years ago, Cneus Pompey placed himself at the head of the aristocracy of Rome. Julius Cæsar, espousing the cause of the people, unfurled the banner of equal rights. Striding through oceans of blood, which tossed their surges over every portion of the habitable globe, Cæsar overthrew the aristocratic commonwealth, and reared, upon its ruins, the imperial republic. It was aristocracy, striving to keep its heel on the head of democracy, which deluged the Roman empire in blood. On the field of Pharsalia, the banner of aristocratic pride was trailed in the dust, and democracy, though exceedingly imperfect in its development, became the victor.

Two hundred years ago, the aristocracy of France, housed in baronial castles, mounted on war-horses, encased in helmet, cuirass, and buckler of steel, with pampered men-at-arms ready to ride rough shod on every embassage of violence, trampled upon humanity, till humanity could endure it no longer. The aristocracy so despised the people, whom they had driven into mud hovels, whose wives and daughters were goaded to the field, bareheaded and barefooted, to be yoked with the donkey in dragging the plough, that they did not dream that these boors, whom their inhumanity had brutalized, would dare even to look defiantly at the lordly castle of rock, whose defenders strode proudly along the battlements, in measureless contempt of the helpless peasantry below.

These poor boors had not individuality enough even to receive a name. As a shepherd may call every sheep in his flock "Nannie," and as the slave-driver calls each one of his wretched gang "boy," so every peasant was called "Jack." But the pent-up vengeance of ages at last burst forth. The Jacks rose, and, like maddened wolves, rushed upon their foes. Every demon power and passion, which can riot in the human soul, held high carnival. Imbruted men, infuriated by ages of the most outrageous wrongs, rose by millions, upon their oppressors, and wreaked upon them every atrocity which fiend-like ingenuity could devise. France ran red with blood.

But at length disciplined valor prevailed. The steel-clad knights trampled down their victims; and after one half of the peasants of France had perished, the aristocrats resumed their sway, and the slavery of feudal bondage was again riveted upon the people. This war of the Jacks, or of the *Jacquerie*, as it is called in history, is one of the most instructive events of the past; and yet it was all unheeded.

The nobles, regardless of this lesson, renewed their oppressions. Again they commenced sowing the wind, from which they were to reap another, and a more dreadful, harvest. The masses of the people were deprived of every privilege but that of toiling for their masters. That the lords might live in castles, and be clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously, the people were doomed to hovels, and rags, and black bread.

Every effort was made to keep the people ignorant, that they might not know their wrongs, and poor, that they might not resent them. A peasant was not allowed to bury a piece of dough in the ashes of his own fireside,—he was compelled to take it to the bakery of his lord, and pay exorbitant toll there, to have it baked. A peasant was not allowed to dip a bowl of water from the ocean, and let it evaporate, that he might scrape from the bottom the few particles of salt left there in the residuum. He was bound to purchase every particle of salt, from his lord, at an enormous price. No man, not nobly born, whatever might be his character or genius, was deemed a fit companion for the lords. Louis XV., surrounded by courtesans and debauchees, said:

"I can give money to Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fontinelle, but I can not *dine* and *sup* with these people."

Every office of honor or emolument, in the church, the army, the state, or the court, was conferred upon the privileged class only. Consequently

even christianity, administered, in its highest offices, only by the children of the nobles, exulting in princely incomes, as bishops, archbishops and cardinals, hiring poor priests, whom they could starve or burn at any moment, to do the drudgery of reading prayers, preaching sermons, and burying the dead, became essentially an instrument to uphold oppression. "Servants, obey your masters," was its unchanging and unintermitted utterance. This religion was so manifestly not the religion of Jesus Christ, that kings, lords, and ecclesiastics were all alike vigilant, not to allow the people to read the Bible, lest they should find out what our Saviour really taught. A peasant, detected with a Bible in his hand, was deemed as guilty as if caught with the tools of a burglar, or the dies of a counterfeiter.

Christianity is the corner-stone of true democracy. "All men are brothers," is its fundamental doctrine. Consequently nowhere, the world over, will aristocratic intolerance allow democratic servitude to read the Bible. It is a curious fact, illustrative of this universal truth, that even in republican America, those who were in favor of the servitude of the masses, and of a privileged aristocratic class, roused their utmost endeavors, to prevent the preachers of Christianity from teaching that doctrine of man's brotherhood, which Christ so fervently and unceasingly has inculcated. "You are preaching politics," was the cry which drove many a minister of Jesus from his pulpit.

In the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, in the year 1789, the abbé Fauchet preached to an audience crowding every nook and corner of that immense cathedral. The noble prelate, unintimidated by frowns, was the bold enunciator of that equality of rights which Christianity inculcates. Taking for his text the words of Paul, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty," he said:

"The false interpreters of the divine oracles have wished, in the name of Heaven, to keep the people in subjection to their masters. They have consecrated despotism. They have rendered God an accomplice with tyrants. These false teachers exult because it is written, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' But that which is not Cæsar's—is it necessary to render unto him that? And Liberty does not belong to Cæsar. *It belongs to human nature.*"

Notwithstanding the presence of the king and his frowning court, this annunciation of the pure spirit of the gospel of Christ was received with a burst of applause, which shook the venerable pile to its foundations. Yes, more! it caused the very throne of despotic power at the Tuileries to tremble, and finally toppled it into ruins. When the preacher left the door of the church, the people, delighted to hear such sentiments in feudal France, so long overridden by princes and priests, seized him, in the exuberance of their gratitude, and bore him to his home in a triumphal chair, decorated with wreaths and garlands, and then the vast multitude, surging through the streets, raised three cheers for Jesus Christ. Jesus is indeed the friend of the poor man and the helper of the oppressed. Did the masses but appreciate his sympathy for them, they would indeed feel that he was their friend.

If a peasant, with wife and child toiling in the field, in the cultivation of forty acres of land, raised crops to the value of $640, the king, the lord, and the church, took six hundred dollars of this, and left for the peasant and his ragged, emaciate family, but forty dollars. No allusion was allowed to be made to such wrongs. King, noble, ecclesiastic, alike rose in vengeful remonstrance, exclaiming, "It is political preaching." The old hypocrites! Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1785, wrote from Paris to Mrs. Trist of Philadelphia:

"Of twenty millions of people supposed to be in France, I am of opinion that there are nineteen millions more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence, than the most conspicuously wretched individual of the whole United States."

And yet the Christianity of that day was not allowed to make the slightest reference to such outrages. It was this state of things which inaugurated the French Revolution, the most terrific of all Time's tragedies. Twenty millions of people, trampled in the mire, rose ghastly and frenzied, and the flames of feudal castles, and the shrieks of haughty oppressors appalled the world. The story of this outburst of enslaved humanity is the most instructive in the annals of nations. That struggle was the most memorable, in the long series of conflicts between aristocratic assumption and popular rights.

All aristocratic Europe then combined to crush the *people* demanding equality of privilege in the eye of the law, with their lords. The courts of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Austria, England, Spain,—all the kings and nobles of Europe rallied their armies. The people of France rose, with all the energies of despair, in defense of equality of rights. Such combats earth never saw before, probably never will see again. Two worlds, as it were, came clashing together. All the combined aristocracy of Europe were on the one side. All the masses of the people were on the other side. It was because they believed, right or wrong, that the motto of equal rights for all men, was beaming from the banners of the Empire, that they marched so heroically to the victories of Marengo, Wagram and Austerlitz. And in the final victories of the despots, aristocratic privilege again triumphed in Europe, and "Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

A similar though less sanguinary conflict had previously taken place in England, between the united courtiers and Cavaliers under Charles I., and the Puritans under Cromwell. It was the same irrepressible conflict. The common people of England, slowly emerging from feudal servitude, and gradually acquiring intelligence and property, grew restive under the yoke which the lords had for ages imposed upon them. With prayer, and fasting, and hymn, they drew the sword in defense of equal rights for all, and met their foes at Marston Moor and Naseby. Before the sturdy blows of the Roundheads, the Cavaliers bit the dust. But aristocracy triumphed as Charles II. returned to the throne. Our Puritan fathers were again humiliated, and the foot of the oppressor was upon their heads.

Then it was, in this dark hour of apparently hopeless defeat, that our fathers adopted the heroic resolve, to abandon home and possessions, to cross a stormy ocean of three thousand miles, to exile themselves to the

wilderness of a new world, and here, struggling against famine, a savage foe and hardships of every kind, to found a republic *where all men, in the eye of the law should be equal.* No privileged class was to be allowed. Education was to be as widely diffused as possible. The poor and the rich were to be alike eligible to all offices of honor and emolument. It was a long stride which they had taken. And yet there still clung to them, some of the prejudices of the old world of aristocratic usurpation, from which they had emerged. The North British Review, in the spirit of that execrable aristocracy which had so long dominated over Europe, condemning the equal rights for all, which Napoleon maintained in France, said:

"If the peasant, the grocer or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same school, as the son of the proprietor whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy, who ought to be a laborer, or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson, as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune or the civil service of the state. The grocer's son can not see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthy and noble born lad who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."

The aristocracy of England, when they found that a Republic was established in this country, growing rapidly in wealth and power, made a desperate endeavor to bring this partially emancipated people under subjection to their privileged class. They endeavored to tax us, without allowing us to be represented in parliament—to place the appointment to all important offices, in the hands of the king, who would send over the sons of England's nobles to be our governors and our judges, and who would fill all the posts of wealth, dignity and power with the children of the lords.

Hence the war of the Revolution. It was a continuation of the irrepressible conflict, between aristocratic usurpation and popular rights. We, the people, conquered, and established our Government independent of all the world. Proudly we announced to the nations of Europe, as the corner stone of our edifice, that "all men are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Our Constitution in its spirit and legitimate utterance is doubtless the noblest document, which ever emanated from the mind of man. It contains not one word hostile to liberty. Even now, with the light of three-fourths of a century shed upon its practical workings, it requires not the change of a paragraph to make it true to humanity.

But yet ingloriously, guiltily, under sore temptation, we consented to use one phrase susceptible of a double meaning, "held to labor." These honest words, at the North mean a hired man, an apprentice. At the South they mean a slave, feudal bondage. So small, apparently so insignificant, were those seeds sown in our Constitution which have resulted in such a harvest of misery. A privileged class at the South, assumed that by these words the Constitution recognised domestic slavery, and the right of property in man. With persistence never surpassed, the Slaveholders

of the South endeavored to strengthen and extend their aristocratic institution, which was dooming ever increasing millions to life-long servitude and degradation. All wealth was rapidly being accumulated in the hands of the privileged few, who owned their fellow men as property. The poor whites, destitute of employment, unable to purchase negroes, and regarding labor, which was performed mostly by slaves, in their region, as degrading, were fast sinking into a state of almost bestial misery.

The sparse population which Slavery allowed, excluded churches, schools and villages. Immense plantations of many thousand acres, tilled sometimes by a thousand slaves, driven to their toil by a few overseers, consigned the whole land to apparent solitude. The log hut of the overseer was surrounded by the miserable cabins of the negroes, and in the workshops of the North all the rude implements of their toil were manufactured. The region of the Southern country generally presented an aspect of desolation which Christendom could no where else parallel. The Slaveholders, ever acting as one man, claimed the right of extending this institution over all the free territories of the United States. Free labor and Slave labor can not exist together. The New England farmer can not work with his sons in fields surrounded by negro bands, where labor is considered degrading, where his wife and daughters find no congenial society, no education, none of the institutions of religion, none of the appliances and resources of high civilization which freedom secures. The admission of slavery to the Territories effectually excluded freemen from them. The introduction to those vast realms of a privileged class, who were to live in luxury upon the unpaid labor of the masses, rendered it impossible that men cherishing the sentiment of republican equality should settle there.

It was upon this point that the conflict, in its fierceness, commenced. It was to avoid this very trouble of an aristocratic class, in the enjoyment of exclusive privileges, that our fathers fled from Europe. Almost every nation in Europe was represented in our land, by refugees from feudal Europe, seeking liberty and equality of rights, on the free soil of the United States. These men could not consent that they and their children should be excluded from the Territories by the extension over them of the curse of human bondage. They came to this new world, expressly to establish and to maintain free institutions, where every honest man, the poor man's son as well as the rich man's son, the son of the day laborer as well as the son of the merchant prince, the boy born in the log hut as well as the boy born in the mansions of splendor, should be entitled to equal rights in the eye of the law.

All feudal privileges were here to be abolished. The bootblack was to be as much entitled to his dime as the lawyer to his fee. The poor woman who should wash a gentleman's linen, was to have her shillings of pay, just as surely as that gentleman was to receive his thousands, when occupying the senatorial or presidential chair. The servant who groomed the horses and polished the coach of his employer, was to claim his wages as effectually through the laws, as that employer could claim his salary, when occupied in the most responsible posts of the Government.

How just this democratic principle, over arching, as with a sunny sky, all humanity! This was the contemplated corner-stone of our Republic. This was the democracy, sacred, heaven-born, which Jesus Christ taught, and over which our national banner, of the Stars and Stripes, was intended to be unfurled. But Satan sent the serpent of aristocratic usurpation into our Eden, to wilt its flowers and poison its fruit. The execrable spirit, in the most malignant form it had ever developed, came over here, demanding that the rich should live in splendor at the expense of the poor. The rich man's boots were to be polished, as in old baronial Europe, and the poor boy who blacked them was to have no pay. The rich man's coach was to roll luxuriously through the streets, and his linen to be washed, and his fields to be tilled, while the coachman, the laborer and the washerwoman, were to be defrauded of their wages.

The daughter of the rich man, with cultured mind and polished address was to move through saloons of magnificence, robed in fabrics of almost celestial texture, while the daughter of the poor man, dirty and ragged, and almost naked, with one single garment scarce covering her person, was to toil in the field from morning till night, and from youth till old age and death, that her aristocratic sister, *very probably in blood relationship her half-sister, the child of the same father*, might thus cultivate her mind and decorate her person.

It is impossible that two such antagonistic systems as democratic equality and aristocratic privilege, should live in peace under the same Government, or even side by side. Through all the ages they have kept the world in commotion, and will until doomsday trump shall sound, unless the one or the other gain undisputed ascendency. When France attempted to establish a Republican Empire upon the basis of equal rights for every man who trod her soil, all aristocratic Europe rose in resistance, and millions were marshaled under arms to crush this heaven-born fraternity.

There must be gradations of society. There must be diversities of rank. There must be bootblacks, and coachmen, and day laborers. There must be men to swing the sledge-hammer, as well as men to rule in the senate. There must be men to split rails, as well as men to occupy the presidential chair. True democracy demands only that the smith, and the rail-splitter shall have fair wages for their work, with unobstructed opportunities to improve their condition if they can; that every man shall have fair scope for industry and talent.

The antagonism between these two systems is deadly and universal. The history of the world has proved that there can be no reconciliation between them. From the foundation of our government they have been in a constant battle, growing hotter and hotter every year, until culminating in this bloody rebellion. They have kept Congress, both the Senate and the House, in one incessant scene of warfare. And there can be no peace in our land, until this aristocratic element is banished effectually from our government. There is philosophic truth in the glowing verse of Dr. Pierpont:

"This fratricidal war
Grows on the poisonous tree,
Which God and men abhor,
Accursed Slavery.
And God ordains that we
Shall eat this deadly fruit,
Till we dig up the tree,
And burn its every root."

The Hon. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, speaking of the antagonism of these two systems, said, in the Senate of the United States, on the 5th of December, 1860:

"Sir, disguise the fact as you will, there is an enmity between the Northern and the Southern people, which is deep and enduring, and you never can eradicate it—never. Look at the spectacle exhibited on this floor. How is it? There are the Northern Senators on that side; here the Southern Senators on this side. How much social intercourse is there between us? You sit upon your side, silent and gloomy. We sit upon ours, with knit brows and portentous scowls. Here are two hostile bodies on this floor; and it is but a type of the feeling which exists between the two sections. We are enemies as much as if we were hostile states. We have not lived in peace. We are not now living in peace. It is not expected that we shall ever live in peace."

Hon. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said, in the continuation of the same debate, "This is a war of sentiment and opinion, by one form of society against another form of society."

The remarks of the Hon. Garret Davis, a Senator from Kentucky, are instructive and to the point. "The Cotton States, by their slave labor, have become wealthy, and many of their planters have princely revenues —from $50,000 to $100,000 a year. This wealth has begot pride, and insolence, and ambition, and these points of the Southern character have been displayed most insultingly in the halls of Congress. As a class, the wealthy cotton growers are insolent, they are proud, they are domineering, they are ambitious. They have monopolized the government in its honors, for forty or fifty years, with few interruptions. When they saw the sceptre about to depart from them, in the election of Lincoln, sooner than give up office and the spoils of office, in their mad and wicked ambition they determined to disrupt the old Confederation, and erect a new one wherein they would have undisputed power. Nine out of ten of the Northern people were sound upon the subject. They were opposed to the extension of Slavery, and I do not condemn them for that; but they were willing to accord to the Slaveholders all their constitutional rights."

There is indeed one cause, and but one cause, for this animosity. It is the antagonism between the system of aristocratic privilege and democratic equality. One takes a very narrow view of this question, in regarding it as one which affects a particular race, the African alone. It is as broad as humanity. This question of races is merely one of science, not of morals. Blumenbach endeavors to class the human family into five different varieties: 1. The Caucasian or European. 2. The Tartar. 3. The American Indian. 4. The Malay. 5. The Negro. But this division is

quite arbitrary. These divisions run into and blend with each other inextricably.

The distinguished French physiologist, Bory de St. Vincent, divides the race into fifteen varieties, and finds equal embarrassment in his attempt at classification. Some other eminent physiologists make out fifty divisions, but with no better success in drawing marked lines between the classes. There are black men, and red men, and yellow men, and tawny men, and white men—men of every shade of color between whiteness as of snow and jet black. The declaration of Scripture seems abundantly sustained by science, that God made of one blood all nations, that Eve is our common mother—that all the varieties of mankind now existing are the result of climate, food, habits, and what we call accidental occurrences.

Our ancestors fled from feudal Europe, to found in this new world a pure democracy, where, under equal and impartial law, every man, whether Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman; whether Norwegian, Spaniard, Ethiopian, Chinaman, Arab, Tartar, or Indian, should be under the protection of impartial law, and should be entitled to all the money he could earn, to all the comforts he could honestly accumulate, to all the education and culture he could attain. These principles of freedom were for a long time almost universally accepted. But gradually the small class of slaveholders at the South increased in wealth, numbers, and influence. They became the leaders of a powerful party, who boldly announced, "We are the foes of this equality of rights. We wish to see a privileged class, and a defrauded class,—lords in their palaces, and serfs in their huts; the rich, luxuriating in voluptuousness, without labor—the poor, toiling in degradation, and ignorance, and poverty, receiving none of the proceeds of their toil."

On the banks of the Rhine stands the palace of Prince Metternich, who may be considered as almost the incarnation of Austrian despotism. The grounds extend, from the lawn to the river, in a series of terraces, facing the sunny south, and blushing with vineyards. Half a century ago, there was a very brilliant party, of noble and princely guests, entertained at the palace. After dinner, Metternich stood upon a balcony, which opened from the saloon, looking out upon the magnificent panorama of the Rhine. The vineyard was filled with laborers, men and women, performing feudal service for their lord. The French Revolution was just then beginning to make its voice heard in favor of equal rights for all men. Metternich, assailing this doctrine, said, pointing to the toiling serfs:

"Behold the true philosophy of society—gentlemen in the palace, laborers in the field, with an impassable gulf between."

This is very attractive philosophy for the lord, treading velvet carpets, beneath gilded ceilings, and drinking priceless wines. But it dooms such farmers' boys, as Daniel Webster, and Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, to spend their lives digging in the ditch, when God has endowed them with energies to guide the destinies of nations. And they will not consent to this philosophy.

I was once walking through the magnificent saloons of Versailles, the most gorgeous of all earthly palaces, with an American lady by my side. As we passed through the brilliant suite of apartments, three hundred in number, with fresco, and gilding, and gorgeous paintings;—as we stepped out upon the parterre, and drove through the graveled walks of the park, originally spreading over thirty thousand acres, with groves, lawns, fountains, lakes, brooks, artificial crags, jets d'eaux, and a wilderness of statuary, my young lady friend said:

"Oh! I wish we had an aristocracy, and a king, and a court."

Silly girl! Had she lived in the days of Louis XV., when a nation was robbed to minister to the voluptuousness of the aristocracy, she would have been a poor peasant girl, barefooted and bareheaded, in linsey woolsey frock, toiling with the hoe in the field. Her father was a poor farmer's boy, who left the plow and went to the city, and there, through the influence of the law of equal rights for all, acquired that wealth and position, which enabled his daughter, refined in manners and cultivated in mind, to take the tour of Europe.

This question of a privileged class has nothing to do with color. The slavery of the Bible, whatever its character, was not Negro slavery. The slaves were, almost without exception, white men. The slavery, which it it is said our Saviour did not condemn in the New Testament, was not Negro slavery. The slaves of the Roman empire were almost universally whites, prisoners of war. If the New Testament sanctions this slavery, then would it be right to sell into bondage every Southern prisoner taken in this war. Many a Southern gentleman might find himself scouring knives in a Northern kitchen, with some devout clergyman preaching to him affectionately the doctrine, "Slave, obey your master." This was Roman slavery. Julius Cæsar himself was at one time a captive and a slave, and was compelled to purchase his freedom.

The slavery in this country is not Negro slavery. A large number of the slaves, both men and women, can with difficulty be distinguished from white persons. The process of amalgamation has, for a long time, been going on so rapidly in the South, that, over large extents of country, the great majority of the slaves have more Caucasian than Ethiopic blood in their veins. Thousands of boys and girls, toiling in cotton-fields of the South, are the sons and daughters of Southern gentlemen of high position. Many a young lady has been the belle of the evening at Newport or Saratoga, whose *half-sister*, the daughter of the same father, has earned her laces and brocade, by toiling from dawn to eve in the Negro gang. Many of the most beautiful women at the South are these unfortunate daughters of aristocratic sires, in whose veins lingers but that slight trace of Ethiopic blood, which gives a golden richness to the hue. There is nothing but slavery which will so debauch the conscience, that a father will sell his own daughter, as a "fancy girl," to the highest bidder.

The great question, which has culminated in this desperate war, has been simply this: "Shall there be, in the United States, an aristocratic class, maintained by the Constitution, who are to enjoy exclusive privileges, living without labor upon the proceeds of the toil of others, while there is

a defrauded class of laborers, excluded from education, and doomed to perpetual poverty?"

This is what the slaveholders have demanded. They said that the Constitution favored freedom,—free speech, a free press, free labor, free soil, and free men, and demanded that the Constitution should be changed, to maintain the exclusive claims of an aristocratic class, and to strengthen their hold upon their slaves. The one incessant cry has been, "Abjure your democratic constitution, which favors equal rights for all men, and give us, in its place, an aristocratic constitution, which will secure the rights of a privileged class." They insisted that the domestic slave trade should be nurtured, and the foreign slave trade opened; saying, in the coarse and vulgar language of one of the most earnest advocates of slavery, "The North can import jackasses from Malta; let the South then import Niggers from Africa." They demanded the right to extend slavery over all the Territories of the United States, the right to hold their slaves in all States of the Union temporarily; that speaking or writing against slavery in any State in the Union should be a penal offense; that the North should catch their fugitive slaves, and send them back to bondage; and that the Administration of the General Government should be placed in the hands of those only, whom the South could trust, as the pledged enemies of republican equality, and the friends of slavery."

The reply of the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States was decisive. "We will not," they said, "thus change the Constitution of our fathers. We will abide by it as it is."

"Then," replied the slaveholders, "we will dash this Union to pieces. From its fragments we will construct another, whose corner-stone shall be slavery."

On the 3d of January, 1861, the Hon. Mr. Baker, of Oregon, asked the following question of Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, in the Senate of the United States: "If we, a free people, really, in our hearts and consciences, believing that freedom is better for every thing than slavery, do desire the advance of free sentiments, and do endeavor to assist that advance in a constitutional, legal way, is that," I ask him, "ground of separation?"

"I say yes, decidedly," was Mr. Benjamin's reply.

Volumes could not make the nature of the conflict more clear. The slaveholders had resolved to change the character of our government, so that the United States should be the great bulwark of slavery. The great majority of the people resolved that the spirit of the government should not thus be changed. The appeal was at first, of course, to the ballot box. There the slaveholders were defeated. By a great majority it was decided, in the election of President Lincoln, that the Constitution should remain unmutilated, and that the government should be administered with scrupulous regard to all its constitutional compromises, in behalf of the interests of freedom. "Slavery," said the Hon. Mr. Quitman, "requires for its kind development a fostering government over it. It can scarcely exist without such protection."

The Hon. Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, said, in a speech in Charleston, at an ovation given in his honor, for his brutal assault upon

Senator Sumner: "I tell you, fellow-citizens, from the bottom of my heart, that the only mode which I think available for meeting it (the issue), is just to tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern Confederacy, every State of which shall be a slaveholding State."

The declaration of Senator Wigfall, from Texas, in its plain Saxon utterance, is equally explicit. In a speech in the United States Senate he said:

"I am a plain, blunt-spoken man. I usually say precisely what I mean, and I also mean precisely what I say. We say that man has a right to property in man. We say that our slaves are our *property*. We say that it is the duty of every government to protect its property everywhere. For twenty years the slave trade was kept open by the Constitution; and if that was not a clear recognition of the right to traffic in human flesh, and buy and sell men and women, then I would like to know what would be. If you wish to settle this matter, declare that slaves *are* property, and, like all other property, entitled to be protected in every quarter of the globe, on land and on sea. Say that to us, and then the difficulty is settled."

The Hon. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, detailed, in the Senate of the United States, quite minutely the changes in the Constitution with which alone the Slaveholders would be satisfied. His demands were:

1. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the States or the District of Columbia, or the dockyards, forts, and arsenals of the United States.

2. Congress shall not abolish, tax, or obstruct the slave trade between the States.

3. It shall be the duty of each of the States, to suppress combination within its jurisdiction, for the armed invasion of any other State.

4. States shall be admitted with or without slavery, according to the election of the people.

5. It shall be the duty of the States to restore fugitive slaves, or pay the value of the same.

6. Fugitives from justice shall be deemed those who have offended the laws of a State within its jurisdiction, and shall have escaped therefrom.

7. Congress shall recognise and protect as property, what is held to be such by the laws of any State, in the Territories, dockyards, arsenals, forts, and wherever the United States have exclusive jurisdiction.

It will be perceived that these changes convert the United States Government into a great instrument for maintaining slavery. Its entire spirit and mission are changed. Should a clergyman in Louisiana preach a sermon upon the brotherhood of man, and thus offend the slave code, and should he escape from persecution there to the Free States, the United States would be bound to pursue him, to seize him as a felon, and deliver him up to the dungeon or the stake.

In order to secure the enforcement of these pro-slavery enactments, Mr. Hunter, speaking in behalf of the South, demanded, that the slaveholders should have "guarantees of power," to enable them, though in the vast

minority, to bid defiance to the voice of the majority. He therefore demanded that there should always be two Presidents chosen, one by the slaveholding South, and the other by the North, and that no act should be valid, unless approved by both Presidents. The number of slaveholders in the United States does not exceed three hundred thousand. The whole population of the country is thirty millions. The whole white population of the South is but about eight millions. Vast multitudes of these are poor whites, who can neither read nor write, and are in beggarly poverty. These ignorant creatures are almost entirely at the beck of the slaveholders. Thus this amendment of the Constitution, was designed to give three hundred thousand slaveholders a veto upon all the acts of the General Government. In the further carrying out of this plan, he demanded that the United States Supreme Court should consist of ten members, five to be chosen by the little handful of slaveholders, and the other half by the millions of freemen.

In the accomplishment of this end, one of the first movements was to compel, by the reign of terror, every man at the South, to support the cause of the slaveholders. Vigilance committees were organized, the mails were searched, and a system of espionage introduced, such as no despotism on earth ever before equaled. A gentleman from Hinds County, Mississippi, wrote to the Editor of the New York Tribune, the 7th of February, 1861:

"I have lived in this State twenty-five years. Yet if I should say, not openly upon the house top, but at my own table, among my family and friends congregated there, that I do not consider that the South has any real grievances to complain of, and totally oppose the secession of this or any other State from the Union, my property, my life even, would not be safe an hour. It is very certain that those who are in favor of secession have no more than a bare majority in any of the Southern States. We, the Union men of the South, call on you of the North not to desert us."

Innumerable cases like the following appear to be well authenticated: A Connecticut man had resided in the vicinity of Eufaula, Alabama, for many years. He had acquired much real estate, and became the owner of several slaves. Being a Northern man, he was regarded with jealousy, and as the excitement of the secession fever ran high, and he found that his life was in peril, to avert suspicion he joined a vigilance committee, called the "Minute Men." As such he was compelled to assist in the hanging of six men, five mechanics and one Christian minister, all from the North.

The post office was carefully watched by the committee. A letter was taken from it to his address, from a female friend in Connecticut. It contained a sentence, reminding him of his promise to free his negroes, abjure slavery, and return to the free North. This doomed him, by Lynch law, to death. A faithful negro woman overheard the conversation of the gang, making arrangements for his execution. She hastened through the woods at night to inform him of his peril. To be assured of the truth of her story, he returned with the woman and found the sycamore tree on which he was to be hung, with the rope already pendent from the bough. At a short distance from the tree, partially veiled by the intervening woods,

there was a cottage, on the porch of which this gang of slaveholders were smoking and drinking, in preparation for their murderous foray.

The intended victim cautiously climbed the tree, cut the noose, and then passing to the road fence, where the horses of the committee were tied, chose the fleetest one of the number, and started in the straightest line for the North. At Macon, in Georgia, he sold his horse and took the cars, and thus in safety reached his northern home, with nothing but the hempen noose remaining to him of all the possessions he had accumulated during years of toil.

The persecution of the free colored men, at the South, by the slaveholders, was, if possible still more dreadful, for it was next to impossible for them to escape. The writer of these pages was in December of 1860, riding by night, in the cars from Washington to Philadelphia. A very intelligent gentleman, from Delaware, entered the cars and took a seat by his side. The all engrossing subject of slavery and secession naturally came up. The gentleman related the following incident. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"A very painful event is this day transpiring in my own town in Delaware. There were two gentlemen in business in Maryland, owning in partnership, besides other property, several slaves. After a time they dissolved partnership, and one of the firm moved from Maryland to Delaware. One of the slaves, a light mulatto, probably the son of one of the partners, certainly the son of a white man, in the division fell to the Maryland master.

"Charles, as the slave was called, was a very intelligent man, exceedingly efficient in the business of the firm, and by his fidelity, uprightness, and energy, secured to so high a degree the respect of his master, that, that master, ever very indulgent, and not improbably his father, on his dying bed gave Charles his freedom. Charles bought him a small farm. He became a prosperous man, built him a neat house, owned a horse, a yoke of oxen, two or three cows, and fifty dollars worth of poultry. From the produce of this little farm he carried supplies to the market in Baltimore. He had a wife and four little children. Charles was a Christian. The voice of morning and evening prayer was ever heard in his dwelling. On the Sabbath, in accordance with the usages of the Methodist persuasion, to which he belonged, he was in the habit of preaching to the colored people in his vicinity.

"One day a vigilance committee in Maryland, called upon Charles and told him that he was too enlightened and thrifty a 'nigger,' to be allowed to live in the State; that his intelligence and thrift made the slaves discontented. Charles, in dismay, asked if he had committed any crime, if he had said or done anything which was wrong or to excite suspicion.

"'No,' was the reply, 'but it is not safe for us to have in the midst of our slaves a free nigger, as rich and intelligent as you. And you must leave this State within a fortnight or you will fare badly.'

"This unoffending Christian man, whose rights were thus horribly outraged, was in despair. What to do he did not know. Where to go he did not know. It was mid winter. His crops were in his barn. How to

dispose of his farm, his stock and his crops, at such short notice, he did not know. He consulted friends, they shook their heads and said,

"'Poor fellow, we are sorry for you, but we can not help you. Your presence endangers the contentment of our slaves, and you must go.' In this state of terror and perplexity Charles continued, till the day before the one on which he was warned to leave, arrived. The Vigilance Committee called again, and said, in tones of menace, which almost froze the blood in the veins of the helpless man,

"'Charles, if we find you here to-morrow morning, as sure as you are a living man, we will hang you to the limb of that tree.'

"Charles, in his terror, abandoned everything, his house, his fields, his crops, his cows, his oxen, his poultry, and taking his wife and his four little children in his wagon, fled. His alarm was so great that he frequently looked behind him to see if his enemies were in pursuit. Not knowing where else to go, he turned his steps into Delaware, that he might seek protection of his former master, who had been in partnership with the master who had given him his freedom. It was twelve o'clock at night when the poor fugitive, with his exhausted wife and children, reached the house of the man in Delaware, from whom he had hoped for protection. He rapped on the door. His former master rose, opened his eyes in utter amazement and exclaimed,

"'For heavens' sake! Charles, what brought you here?' Charles in a few words told his story.

"'But what did you come here for?' exclaimed the man. 'You can not stay here. The laws of Delaware will not allow free negroes to come into the State. If you stay here you must be arrested.'

"'My God! my God!' gasped Charles, folding his hands in anguish, and the tears rolling down his cheeks, 'What shall I do? They threaten to hang me if I stay in Maryland. You tell me I can not stay here. Where shall I go?'

"'Well,' replied the man, 'it is a clear case that you can not remain here in Delaware. You are liable at any moment to be arrested. But there is no help for it now. You must stay here until morning.'

"Such was the state of the case," continued the gentleman, "when I left home this morning." What has become of this unhappy man I do not know. If the spirit of the slave code has been carried out, he and his wife and his children have been sold as slaves, and are now dispersed over the cotton fields of the South, toiling in hopeless bondage, never to meet, till they meet with their oppressors at God's tribunal. We thank thee, oh God, that there is a day of final judgment, where these wrongs of life shall be rectified.

It will be difficult for future generations to credit the barbarism into which slavery degraded the human heart in the South. In several of the Southern States, laws were enacted declaring that all the free colored people who did not leave the State within a given time, should be sold into slavery. And how are these poor creatures from Mississippi or Louisiana to escape their awful doom, the most awful that can befall a mortal,—slavery for themselves and their offspring, forever? Here is a little family, perhaps a Chris-

tian family, with but a slight admixture of African blood in their veins. They are poor, friendless, uninstructed. They must run the gauntlet of the Slave States, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, where they are every moment liable to be arrested as fugitives, thrown into prison, and after being kept there for a few months, and no one appearing to claim them they are to be sold as slaves, the proceeds of the sale to be cast into the public treasury. Can tyranny perpetrate a more atrocious crime? And what is the excuse for this outrage so unparalleled in the legislation of Christendom? It is simply that the enslaving of the free is necessary to enable the slaveholders to keep in subjection those already in bondage. In view of this execrable system of despotism, Thomas Jefferson says,

"What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty; and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow man a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose."

These hideous laws for reënslaving the free were by no means a dead letter. They worked an untold amount of agony. The following paragraph from the New York Times, reveals their practical operation.

"Forty-three negroes, who have been expelled from Arkansas, under the terms of the recent legislative enactment, which prescribes that, in the event of their non-departure, they should be sold into slavery, arrived in Cincinnati, Jan. 2, 1860, in a destitute condition. They were met by a committee appointed for the purpose, by the colored population of Cincinnati. It is reported that the upward bound boats upon the Mississippi are crowded with these fugitives, flying from their homes."

Slave State after Slave State was passing these laws. Two hundred thousand free colored people were menaced with these woes. In the winter of 1860, multitudes of these victims of worse than Oriental tyranny, were breasting the storms of winter in the attempt to reach the North. Mothers were flying in terror, leading by the hand, or carrying upon their backs, their infant children. Many, doubtless, perished by the way. The few despairing survivors reached the North, penniless, friendless, with no employment but such as chance gave them—there to be taunted with the reproach that the slave on the Southern plantation is "better off" than the free laborer of the North.

Such is the institution which the slaveholders, through a bloody rebellion, have endeavored to perpetuate and extend. Such is the institution, which the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the United States have resolved shall not be incorporated into the Constitution of our country, to be extended over those vast Territories which are soon to be organized into States. This is the conflict, so simple in its issue that it may be known and read of all men.

The slaveholders at the South have ever indignantly affirmed, that the friends of freedom at the North had no right to express any opinion adverse to slavery. They have assumed that any expostulation, any argument was impertinent, intermeddling. And yet the question was meeting the North

at so many points, that it was utterly impossible to avoid its discussion. They demanded the right to take their slaves into the Free States, whenever they wished, for business or pleasure, to visit them, and to hold their slaves in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, for a temporary period, in defiance of the laws of the Free States. The Free States can not obey such a command, without treachery to their own principles, and without degrading themselves in their own eyes, and in the eyes of all the civilized world.

The slaveholders demanded that when any of their slaves escaped, the North should pursue the liberty-seeking man, and drag him back to eternal bondage. The practical operation of this demand was soul-harrowing to all the Christianity and sympathies of the North. Here is a fugitive slave, rushing across the frontier. The baying bloodhounds are on his track, and the shouts of men are heard, closely following, with their guns shotted and primed, hounding on the dogs. The man has committed no crime. He seeks only liberty. He is fleeing only from oppression, such oppression as his pursuers would not endure for an hour. And yet the freemen of the North, loathing the infamous deed in every fibre of their souls, are called upon, in obedience to a cautiously worded phrase in the Constitution about "persons held to service," to help catch the poor fugitive, and drag him back to his chains.

Many a pang of anguish was felt in the city of Boston, and the whole State felt guilty and degraded, when a poor fugitive, enjoying the honored name of Burns, the son of a Southern planter, a helpless, innocent, Christian man, whose only crime was that he loved liberty, was seized by the whole military power of the city, that he might not be rescued by the irrepressible sympathies of the people, and was dragged back again to bondage. Those who witnessed this spectacle will not forget it till their dying day. As this innocent, outraged man, surrounded by a regiment in all the panoply of war, was conveyed down State-street to the steamer, by which he was sent back again to the South, tears dropped from his eyes, moistening the soil which our fathers crimsoned with their blood, in support of the democratic principle, that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Future ages will find it almost impossible to believe that any enlightened man could be found, in America, to defend a system inevitably involving such atrocities. And yet it is a marvelous fact, that slavery found no more determined supporters than among the so-called Christian ministers of the South; and the women surpassed the men in the bitter and unrelenting spirit with which they clung to the institution. Those facts which harrowed the soul of the North, seem to excite not an emotion in the heart of the slaveholding South. The writer visited recently one of the encampments in the army of Virginia. There he met a Christian woman, who had escaped from bondage. The blood of the white man blushed in her cheek, and though of dark Spanish complexion, she reminded me in form, features, and strong common sense, of one of the noblest women I have ever known. I tell her story, as nearly as possible, in her own words.

"The man who called himself my master, married a second wife, and

soon after died. In the division of the estate, I and my eldest son fell to the wife. My husband and four little children remained the property of the children of our master. The wife took me and my son from my husband and children, and from Maryland, our home, to Virginia, where she opened a tavern. I have never heard from, or seen, my husband and children since. Soon a slave trader came along, and she sold to him my son for fifteen hundred dollars. He was taken down South, and I know not what has become of him. When the soldiers came from the North, I felt, in my heart, that they were my friends. My mistress told me that they were going to take all the slaves, and sell them in Cuba, to pay the expenses of the war. Many of the slaves believed this, and were frightened. I did not believe it. I told my mistress, that she had torn me from my husband and children, had sold my son, and that I supposed that she would sell me whenever she wished to; and that I did not think that the Yankees could treat me worse than that. After the battle of Bull Run, I escaped, in a dark night, and felt my way along by the ruts, in the road to the lines of the Northern army. Here I have been received kindly. And oh! I do hope that when this war is ended I shall not be delivered back again to my cruel mistress."

I can not shut from my memory the look of settled sadness with which this story was told. Such are the outrages to which slavery introduces a Christian wife and mother. The ministers and the churches, at the South, generally, said that this institution was divine, and that they were determined that it should be extended through all the Territories of the United States. The voice of the North was almost equally unanimous in the declaration, that the institution was a great wrong upon human nature, and that, though the Constitution gave them no power to touch it in the States where it existed, they had the right, and they would exercise it, to shut it out from the Territories. No one can understand the subsequent movements of the war, who has not in his mind a distinct idea of this the nature of its origin.

The slaveholders also demanded, in addition to the right of the general extension of slavery, that the laws of the Free States should be so changed as to enable them to hold their enslaved servants at the North temporarily, while, at the same time, they refused to allow a Northern gentleman even to enter their States with a free hired colored servant. If a ship, sailing from a Northern port, had, in its employ, a colored sailor or cook,—and were that ship, in the way of business or by stress of weather, to put in at a Southern port, the colored man was seized, and thrust into jail until the ship was ready again to weigh anchor. It was feared that he might communicate to his brethren in bondage, some light upon the rights of man. So much annoyance was caused by these arrests and imprisonments of the free citizens of the Northern States, that Massachusetts sent one of her most distinguished citizens, the Hon. Mr. Hoar, as an embassador to the State Government of South Carolina, to inquire, in a friendly spirit, if an evil of so much magnitude might not in some way be redressed.

The slaveholders resented even such a pacific movement as this, as an unpardonable insult. A mob of gentlemen of property and standing,

leading on the poor whites, surrounded his hotel with yellings and insult. He was threatened with tar and feathers, and only saved himself from the horrors of Lynch law, by a precipitate escape in disguise. Such is the spirit of the slaveholding oligarchy, which, by means of a sanguinary revolution, has endeavored to extend the dominion of its infamous and despotic code over the whole United States.

The Southern church had become exceedingly degenerate through the corrupting influence of this institution. Like the church of Rome in the darkest hour of the Papacy, the church in the South had become the ally of despotism, and the strong bulwark of oppression. There were many and noble exceptions. There were ministers and private Christians true to Christ, who disregarded the spoiling of their goods, and held not their own lives dear to them, that they might be faithful to the spirit of Jesus. But a large number of the clergy were among the most envenomed of the foes of liberty, and the most earnest advocates of the enslavement of their fellow-men. They took the ground that slavery was a divine institution. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, one of the most distinguished of the Presbyterian clergymen of the South, declared it to be the especial mission of the Southern churches, "to preserve and transmit our existing system of domestic servitude, with the right, unchallenged by man, to go and root itself wherever Providence and nature may carry it."

The professedly Christian minister who uttered these sentiments, was familiar with all the atrocities of slavery. The slave shambles, where men, women and children were sold at auction, were ever open, almost beneath the shadow of his church spire. Maidens, who had professed the name of Christ, and whose market value depended upon their beauty, were sold to the highest bidder within sound of his church choir. Families were sold in the slave market of New Orleans, parents and children, husbands and wives separated just as mercilessly as if they were sheep or cows. And yet the Christianity of the South had become so degenerate, through the influence of slavery, that a Presbyterian minister, and sustained apparently by his whole church, represents the institution as one of divine approval, and one which it is the principal mission of the Southern church to maintain and extend.

In Virginia, a clergyman published a sermon, which he entitled, "The Epidemic of the Nineteenth Century," thus stigmatizing the sympathy felt throughout the world in behalf of the enslaved.* The writer of this sermon, without doubt expressing the opinions of the great majority of the preachers of Christianity at the South, says:

"In His economy, God lays upon the master's shoulders that which constitutes the great load and burden of every poor man. What is the chief misery of poverty and labor, but the painful anxieties and struggles, often almost hopeless, to make provision for a family; to furnish food, clothing, a home, a physician in sickness, and support in old age. From this galling burden of the poor, God frees the slave. With a heart so relieved from care and bitter anxiety, he goes forth to his daily labor, day

* Rev. E. Boyden, Hopedale, Albemarle Co., Virginia.

by day; and the master trudges on in life, by his side, carrying, so to speak, that poor man's wife and children, as a load upon his back; and this, together with his great and solemn responsibilities, make the master feel, as he is often heard to say, that of the two he has the harder task."

Such was the view which the Southern clergy generally took, with some noble exceptions, of this institution of debasement and servitude, which it was the great object of the rebellion to uphold. The Northern clergy, looking at the subject through the clear atmosphere of freedom, almost to a man, took a different view. They regarded the institution in the light of the following facts:

In the State of Virginia, and not many miles from the place where the above sermon was preached, in the city of Norfolk, during the month of June, 1852, Mrs. Margaret Douglass, a Christian lady of Southern birth and education, opened, in her own house, a school for the gratuitous instruction of the *free* colored children who were running neglected in the streets. She did not venture to interfere with law and prejudice, by admitting any of the children of slaves into her room. The colored people were overjoyed at this opportunity of having their children taught, and soon her room was so crowded that she received a small compensation for each pupil. This effort of a Christian lady was deemed so dangerous, lest the mental illumination, thus created, might extend to the slave, that public meetings of indignation were held, mobs were roused, the school was violently broken up, the lady was dragged before the Circuit Court, and, after a protracted trial, was found guilty of the crime of "Having unlawfully assembled with diverse Negroes, for the purpose of instructing them to read and write, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia." For this crime she was punished by a fine and by imprisonment among the felons in a common jail, for one month. This penalty was mercilessly inflicted upon her.

The election of President Lincoln established the political preponderance of the North. Under the regular workings of the Constitution, the friends of freedom had thus constitutionally the ability, and certainly the disposition, so to control the legislation of Congress, as to arrest the further extension of slavery. Hence the rebellion. Immediately after the organization of the Confederate Government, the Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederacy, said, in a speech at Savannah, March, 1861:

"The prevailing ideas entertained by Jefferson, and most of the leading statesmen, at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature: that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. Those ideas were, however, fundamentally wrong. Our new government is founded on exactly the opposite idea. Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth, that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural condition. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, 'is become the chief-stone of the corner in our new edifice.'"

So different were the views entertained by the small band of slaveholders

at the South and the overwhelming majority of the American people. The slaveholders carried with them resistlessly the masses of the poor whites, who, in their extreme poverty and ignorance, took pride in contemplating a class still below them. Where slavery exists the community is by necessity divided into two classes, the free, and the enslaved. Thus it happened that the poor whites, literally "eating dirt," were as hostile to emancipation as were the slaveholders. In the popular language of such men it was said, "If you free the slave, you make a nigger as good as a white man."

Commodore Charles Stewart records the following conversation as having taken place between him and the Hon. John C. Calhoun, during the war of 1812. Mr. Calhoun was then an influential member of the House of Representatives, from South Carolina. His remarks strikingly show his sagacity, and the use to which the Southern slaveholders wished to appropriate Northern democracy.

"You in the South," said Commodore Stewart, "are decidedly the aristocratic portion of this Union; you are so in holding persons in perpetuity in slavery; you are so in every domestic quality; so in every habit in your lives, living, and action; you neither work with your hands, heads, nor any machinery, but live and have your being, not in accordance with the will of your Creator, but by the sweat of slavery,—and yet you assume all the attributes, professions, and advantages of democracy."

Mr. Calhoun replied, "I admit your conclusions in respect to us Southrons. That we are essentially aristocratic I can not deny. But we can and do yield much to democracy. This is our sectional policy. We are from necessity thrown upon and solemnly wedded to that party, however it may occasionally clash with our feelings, for the conservation of our interests. It is through our affiliation with that party, in the middle and western States, that we hold power. But when we cease thus to control this nation, through a disjointed democracy, or any material obstacle in that party which shall tend to throw us out of that rule and control, we shall then resort to the dissolution of the Union. The compromises of the Constitution, under the circumstances, were sufficient for our fathers; but, under the altered condition of our country, from that period, leave to the South no resource but dissolution; for no amendments to the Constitution can be reached through a convention of the people, under their three-fourths rule."

This frank avowal of Mr. Calhoun has been the constant sentiment of the South, from that day to this. They have ever assumed that the institution of slavery was one so sacred and important, that it needed the fostering care of the Government. They were willing to remain in the Union, so long as they could control its measures. But the moment the power passed from their hands, they were determined upon dissolution.

By one of the compromises of the Constitution, which slavery had exacted, and which, instead of being a compromise, was a bald concession, the slaves of the South, though deemed there merely as property, were allowed to be counted in the Congressional representation, five slaves being equivalent to three white men. Thus John Jacob Astor, with a property

of twenty millions at the North, had but one vote. But the Southern planter had his property represented in Congress. The slaveholder, with 800 slaves valued at less than one million, was equal in his representation in Congress to 480 free Northerners. He held in his own hand the votes of these 480 men, who, in his own view, and so far as the rights of freemen are concerned, were no more men than the horses and the oxen in Northern barns.

The North felt the humiliation of this arrangement, and yet were not at all disposed to disturb it. They would abide by the Constitution. But they were unalterably resolved that such an arrangement should not extend any further. The practical operation of this "compromise" was this. The six slaveholding Gulf States, by the census of 1860, contained 2,311,260 free white citizens. The single Free State of Ohio contained 2,339,599 citizens. And yet Ohio could send but eighteen representatives to Congress, while the slaveholders could send twenty-eight. In addition to all this, the slaveholders of these States were represented by twelve Senators, while the free citizens of Ohio were represented but by two. And yet the energies of freedom so infinitely surpass those of slavery, that the free North was perfectly willing to abide by these "compromises" of the Constitution, being fully conscious that, even with all these advantages in favor of slavery, freedom would eventually win the day.

The slaveholders were equally conscious of the fact. They saw the tide of free emigration rolling rapidly over the prairies of the West, and new States carved out with almost miraculous rapidity. It was evident that, under the natural workings of the Constitution, the votes of freemen would soon entirely outnumber those of a privileged and aristocratic class, and therefore they resolved to dissolve the Union, break up the Constitution, and reconstruct the Government upon a basis which should continue the power they had so long exercised, in their own hands.

By the same census of 1860, the total population of the Free States and Territories was 21,816,952. The free white population of the eleven States which soon raised the standard of rebellion, was 5,581,630. This was the trouble. Slavery had drifted into the minority. It was circumscribed and prohibited expansion by the votes of freemen. Under these circumstances the South would listen to no "compromise," which was not capitulation. They demanded the reorganization of the Government, upon a basis which would give slavery the preponderating power.

Neither was it possible to permit them to depart. Five millions demanded that twenty-one millions should surrender to them the Capital at Washington, with all its historic associations and treasures. They demanded the mouths of the Mississippi, which the nation had purchased at a vast expense, that the boundless regions of the North West, where hundreds of millions must eventually dwell, might have free access to the ocean. They demanded all the forts on the Southern Atlantic coast, and in the Gulf of Mexico, forts essential to the protection of the ever increasing commerce of the North. They demanded permission, to drive, with the energies of fire and sword, all loyal men out of the border States of Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and out of Western Virginia, that those

States might be forced to unite themselves with the Southern Confederacy. They demanded that slavery should be considered an equal partner with freedom, and that the Territories of the United States, and the Navy, and the Treasury, should be divided equally between them. They demanded a treaty, by which we should return every slave who should escape to our free land. They avowed their intention of establishing free trade with foreign nations, by which they could draw all importation to their ports, flood the land with goods smuggled across a frontier fifteen hundred miles in length, and render it almost impossible to protect any domestic manufactures, or to collect by customs our national revenue.

Never before in the history of this world, were demands made so exorbitant and so insolent. The slaveholder, accustomed to plantation manners, and regarding himself as the representative of chivalry, ever assumed on the floor of Congress the airs of a master, greatly to the disgust of all well-bred men.

It was impossible to yield to either of his demands. More than twenty millions of people could not, at the dictation of five millions, trample their free Constitution in the dust, and accept, in its stead, one framed by the slaveholder, based on the corner-stone of human bondage. Neither could such a nation, without self-degradation, without meriting the scorn of the world, surrender its Capital, half of its Territories, half of its navy, its most important harbors and fortifications, the mouths of its most majestic stream, which, with its tributaries, drains millions of square miles of free soil, and surrender hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens in the border States to pillage, violence, and exile. The demands of the slaveholders rendered peace impossible, upon any other terms than the unconditional capitulation of freedom to slavery.

Let us, for a moment, contemplate more fully this demand of the slaveholders, that the United States should recognize them as a foreign power, and surrender to them the mouths of the Mississippi, that wonderful river, which, with its numberless tributaries, makes the great central basin of our continent the most attractive spot upon the globe. In 1763, the ancient province, called Louisiana, was sold by France to Spain. Even then the sparse population of our great North West were intensely excited in view of the possibility of a foreign power being able to close the mouths of their noble river, and thus cut them off from all access to the sea.

Napoleon, with the wonderful foresight which marked his genius, seeking to establish colonies which would enable France to compete with her rival, England, in commercial greatness, purchased the regal colony in the year 1800. Immediately the energies of the Napoleonic empire were developed upon these shores. This greatly increased the alarm of the thousands of settlers who were rearing their cabins upon the banks of those tributaries, whose only outlet was by the channel at New Orleans. The power of Napoleon was such, that no force America could use would avail to wrest these provinces from his grasp. His political wisdom and energy were such, that a vigorous empire would surely soon rise, spreading over all those fertile plains, extending from the right of the Mississippi to the ancient halls of the Montezumas. And thus the boundless North West

could only gain access to the commerce of the world, by bowing its flag supplicatingly to a foreign power.

In this crisis, when the fate of America was trembling in the balance, Providence interposed in our behalf. England, jealous of the greatness to which the arts of peace were elevating France, rudely broke the peace of Amiens, and renewed the war to crush Napoleon. England, with her navy, omnipotent at sea, would have immediately seized upon this magnificent territory. To protect it from the grasp of England, and to aid in building up a maritime power in the West, which might eventually prove a check upon the British fleet, Napoleon opened negociations with America, for the sale of the whole province of Louisiana, with boundaries then quite indefinitely settled. Mr. Monroe was sent to France, to conduct the negociation in association with Chancellor Livingston, then our resident minister at the court of the Tuileries. The population of the United States was then but 5,000,000. And yet eagerly we made the purchase at $15,000,000, representing a burden upon the population equal to $90,000,000, at the present day.

Thus we obtained, half a century ago, this majestic territory, equal in size to one half of Europe. Many States and Territories have already been carved from the acquisition. The tide of emigration is constantly and rapidly pouring into those fertile plains, washed by the upper tributaries of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and already there is a population there of 10,000,000. Before the close of this century, this population will be doubled, probably trebled. The whole region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, that almost boundless valley, soon to teem with hundreds of millions, finds its only outlet to the sea through the mouths of the Mississippi, by the gates of New Orleans.

And yet the slaveholders of the comparatively insignificant State of Louisiana, with a free white population of but 376,913, scarcely a third of that of the City of New York alone, and 70,000 of whose adults can neither read nor write, had the audacity to claim the right to secede from the Union, establish themselves as a foreign nation, and unfurl over the forts at the mouths of the Mississippi a foreign banner; which the millions dwelling in the great Mississippi basin could only pass by the consent of her guns. The United States could, by no possibility, stoop to such dishonor. The Hon. Edward Everett, in the following words, has very forcibly presented this question in its true light:

"Louisiana, a fragment of this colonial empire, detached from its main portion, and first organized as a State, undertakes to secede from the Union, and thinks by so doing, she will be allowed, by the Government and people of the United States, to revoke this imperial transfer, to disregard this possession and occupation of sixty years, to repeal this law of nature and of God; and she fondly believes, that ten millions of the Free people of the Union will allow her and her seceding brethren to open and shut the portals of this mighty region at their pleasure. They may do so, and the swarming millions, which throng the course of these noble streams and their tributaries, may consent to exchange the charter, which they hold from the God of Heaven, for a bit of parchment signed at Montgomery or

Richmond—but it will be when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of the sea, and the Mississippi and the Missouri flow back to their fountains."

Senator Douglas presented the folly of this pretended right of secession in a very forcible light, and with logic which no honest mind can resist.

"The President," said he, "has recommended that we should purchase Cuba. According to this doctrine of the right of secession, we might pay $300,000,000 for Cuba, and then, the next day, Cuba might secede, and reännex herself to Spain!" Volumes could not more conclusively show the absurdity of such a notion.

The Presidential election drew nigh, when the question was to be decided, whether the Government of the United States was to be administered upon the principle of rendering all possible support to the maintenance and extension of slavery, or whether the energies of the Government should lend all its constitutional support to foster freedom. There were four candidates in the field. Mr. Lincoln, the republican candidate, was openly pledged to resist the extension of slavery. In emphatic utterance, which exceedingly exasperated the slaveholders, he said:

"The central idea in our political system at the beginning was, and until recently continued to be, the equality of men. In what I have done I can not claim to have acted from any peculiar consideration for the colored people, as a separate and distinct class in the community, but from the simple conviction, that all the individuals of that class are members of the community, and, in virtue of their manhood, entitled to every original right enjoyed by any other member. We feel, therefore, that all legal distinctions between individuals of the same community, founded in any such circumstances as color, origin, and the like, are hostile to the genius of our institutions, and incompatible with the true history of American liberty. Slavery and oppression must cease, or American liberty must perish. True democracy makes no inquiry about the color of the skin, or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstance of condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people, as a body, from the elective franchise, as incompatible with the true democratic principle."

While stating these as his political principles, he at the same time avowed that Congress had no constitutional right to interfere with slavery in those States where it existed, but that it was both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories.

John C. Breckinridge was the candidate of the slaveholders, pledged to administer the Government, in the most effectual way, to nurture and to give increasing political power to the institution of slavery. There were two other candidates, Stephen A. Douglas, and John Bell, who were supported by those who wished to effect some compromise, and who were ready, for the sake of avoiding civil war, to make very great concessions to the South.

The Presidential election took place on the same day, the 6th of No-

vember, 1860, throughout all the United States. The polls were closed at sundown. The votes were counted by midnight; and in seven hours, through the marvels of the Telegraph, the eventful result was flashed through the whole breadth of the land, excepting California, embracing points more than three thousand miles apart. The popular vote for Electors stood, 1,857,610 for Lincoln; 1,365,976 for Douglas; 847,953 for Breckinridge, and 591,613 for Bell. This vote, according to the Constitution, gave seventeen States out of thirty-three for Lincoln; eleven for Breckinridge; three for Bell; and one, Missouri, with three-sevenths of New Jersey, for Douglas. Though Mr. Douglas had so many votes scattered throughout the United States, as in but one State he had a majority, they availed him nothing.

The Electoral vote of each State, carefully sealed, is conveyed to Washington, and there, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, the members of the Senate being present, the votes are counted, and the result announced. At 10 o'clock in the morning of the 15th of February, 1861, Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged with crowds pressing towards the Capitol. It was a season of great excitement, for the day after the election it was perfectly known what the announcement would be; and the slaveholders, molding the passions of the masses of the South at their will, had uttered many threats, that the announcement should not be made, and that the Government should be broken up in a row. Washington was a slaveholding city, in the midst of a slaveholding region, and any number of desperadoes could be summoned there, at a few hours' notice, from Maryland and Virginia.

James Buchanan, an intimidated old man, was then in the Presidential chair, having been placed there as the candidate of the slaveholders, and the nation could place but little reliance, in that crisis, upon his efficiency, and reposed but little confidence in his patriotism. But, providentially, General Winfield Scott, the veteran and universally revered head of the American army, had drawn to the Capital the batteries which won the field at Buena Vista. Their frowning guns, ready to sweep the streets, overawed the conspirators. At 12 o'clock, Mr. Pennington, Speaker of the House, called the House to order, when the Chaplain, Rev. Thomas Stockton, offered an impressive prayer, closing with the following words:

"Bless the outgoing Administration. May it close its labors in peace, without further violence, and without any stain of blood. And we pray for the incoming Administration; that thy blessing may rest on the President elect, in his journey hitherward; that thy good Providence may be around him day and night, guarding and guiding him at every step; and we pray, that he may be peacefully and happily inaugurated, and afterwards, by pure, wise, and prudent counsels, that he may administer the Government in such a manner, as that thy name may be glorified, and the welfare of the people, in all their relations, be advanced, and that our example of civil and religious liberty may be followed in all the world."

A message was then sent, informing the Senate that the House was waiting to receive them, in order that, in joint body, the Electoral votes might be opened and counted. As the Senate entered the Hall of Repre-

sentatives, the House rose, and remained standing until the Senators took their seats in a semi-circular range before the Speaker's desk. Vice-President Breckinridge, who was one of the candidates for the Presidency, and who, by virtue of the office he held, presided over the Senate, took his seat at the right of the Speaker. As soon as order was restored, Vice-President Breckinridge rose, and said:

"We have assembled, pursuant to the Constitution, in order that the electoral votes may be counted, and the result declared for President and Vice-President, for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1861; and it is made my duty, under the Constitution, to open the certificates of election in the presence of the two Houses, and I now proceed to the performance of that duty." He then took the package of each State, one after the other, broke the seal, and handed it to the Tellers to be counted.

The scene then and there presented, was one which has never been paralleled in the United States. The galleries were crowded with the most distinguished personages in the land, who had been drawn, by the momentous occasion, to the city. Some looked cheerful and hopeful; some, with compressed lips, were pale and anxious; while many notorious conspirators were seen in groups, gloomy and threatening. There was deathly silence as the result was announced, which was as follows: One hundred and eighty votes were cast for Abraham Lincoln. Seventy-two for John C. Breckinridge. Thirty-nine for John Bell. Twelve for Stephen A. Douglas. This gave Abraham Lincoln a majority of fifty-seven over all the other candidates. Whereupon the Vice-President rising, said:

"Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of Electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States, for the four years commencing on the 4th of March, 1861. And Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, having received a majority of the whole number of Electoral votes, is duly elected Vice-President for the same term."

He then announced, that the business being completed, for which the two Houses had assembled, the Senate would return to their own chamber. The members of the House rose, and remained standing until the Senators had left the Hall. The five thousand spectators crowding the galleries silently retired, and Abraham Lincoln stood forth before the world, the constitutionally elected President of the United States.

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS OF THE CONSPIRACY.

TREACHERY OF BUCHANAN'S CABINET.—PEACE CONGRESS.—PLAN OF HON. J. J. CRITTENDEN.—NUMBER OF SOUTHERN LEADERS.—LETTER OF YULEE.—FORTS AT CHARLESTON.—RAISING THE U. S. FLAG AT SUMTER.—STEAMER STAR OF THE WEST.—JOURNEY OF MR. LINCOLN.—PLOTS FOR MR. LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.—CONSPIRATORS FOILED.—SPEECH OF JEFF. DAVIS.—ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—REBEL ATROCITIES.

ON the 7th of November, 1860, it was known that Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. But he was not to enter upon his office until the Fourth of March. In the mean time, the Executive Government was virtually in the hands of the slaveholders, and they had four months in which to mature their conspiracy. Never was time more efficiently employed. James Buchanan, the President of the United States, had been elected to his office, openly pledged to pursue the general policy the slaveholders enjoined. He was enthralled by superior minds, and dared not assert independence. He was thus the pliant tool in the hands of the conspirators. In order to assist the slaveholders to retain for slavery an equal voice with freedom, in the Senate, he outraged all the principles of true democracy, and caused Kansas to be deluged in blood, that he might force slavery upon that imperial domain.

The members of his Cabinet were unscrupulous and dictatorial men, who held him with an iron grasp, from which he dared not attempt escape. They watched him with an eagle eye, warning, cajoling, threatening, so that he became merely the executive of their will. Howell Cobb, a slaveholder from Georgia, was Secretary of the Treasury. When he entered upon office the national Treasury was prosperous beyond example. It was very important to the conspirators, that the new Government should find an empty chest, that they might have no pecuniary means to put down the rebellion. The deed was soon accomplished. The new Administration, when it came into power, found the Treasury exhausted, even to the verge of bankruptcy. Upwards of six millions were stolen, and probably appropriated to the work of the rebellion. The Treasury being thus impoverished, Mr. Cobb sent in his resignation, and immediately took office under the conspirators.

Jacob Thompson, a slaveholder from Mississippi, was Secretary of the Interior. He exerted all his influence to prevent the reënforcement of the fortresses. If reënforced, they could defend themselves from surprise and capture by the rebels. The Star of the West was privately sent with

supplies for the starving garrison in Fort Sumter. Mr. Thompson, cognizant of the fact, immediately telegraphed the armed conspirators in Charleston, and the unarmed steamer was driven back by their batteries. In a speech which he subsequently made to the rebels in Oxford, Miss., he boasted of this abominable act of treachery, in the following words:

"I sent a dispatch to Judge Longstreet, that the Star of the West was coming with reënforcements. The troops were then put on their guard, and when the Star of the West arrived, she received a warm welcome from booming cannon, and soon beat a retreat."

We have here the unblushing avowal of a member of the Cabinet, that he betrayed, to those who under arms were seeking to destroy his country, information derived from his official position. In consequence, that frail vessel was met by hostile batteries, the lives of two hundred and fifty men, in the service of the Government, were imperiled, and the heroic little garrison of seventy-five men in Fort Sumter were abandoned to their fate. Secretary Thompson, having accomplished this feat, resigned his office, and joined the rebels, where he was received with open arms.

The subsequently notorious John B. Floyd, a slave master of Virginia, was Secretary of War. It was the well matured plan of some of the conspirators, to assassinate President Lincoln on his journey to Washington to be inaugurated. They designed, in the panic which would ensue, to pour in troops from the adjacent Slave States of Maryland and Virginia, and seize upon Washington, with all its treasures, that it might become the capital of their new Confederacy. In the accomplishment of this plan, it was important that the army of the United States, but a few thousand in number, should be so dispersed, that they could not be rallied for the defense of the Government; and that the arsenals at the North should be so despoiled, that the free citizens could find no weapons to grasp, by which they might rush to the rescue. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, did this work effectually. The army was so scattered in remote fortresses in the far West, as to leave all the forts in the slaveholding States defenseless. Thus fortifications containing twelve hundred cannon, and which cost over six millions of dollars, were seized and garrisoned by the rebels.

At the same time Secretary Floyd, by virtue of that power which his office gave him, and in infamous violation of his oath, disarmed as far as possible the Free States, by emptying their arsenals, and sending their guns to the Slave States, where bands of rebels were already organized and drilling, prepared to receive them. One hundred and fifteen thousand arms, of the most approved pattern, were transferred from Springfield, Mass., and from Watervliet, N. Y., to arsenals throughout the Slave States. In addition to this, he sold to different Slave States, United States muskets, worth $12 each, for $2.50. A vast amount of cannon, mortar, balls, powder, and shells were also forwarded to the rebels. Having accomplished all this, Floyd sent in his resignation as Secretary of War, and, joining the rebels, received the appointment of general in their army. Thus General Scott, when the hour of trial came, and Washington was threatened with assault by a sudden rush from the slaveholding States, found it difficult to concentrate even a thousand troops for the defense of the

Capital. Washington was saved from capture only by the almost miraculous interposition of God.

Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, a Northern man with Southern principles, was Secretary of the Navy. Our fleet then consisted of ninety vessels of all classes, carrying about 2,415 guns; and was manned by a complement of about 7,600 men, exclusive of officers and marines. It was a matter of the utmost moment, at this critical hour, that this fleet should be in our own waters to aid the Government. It was a matter of the utmost moment to the traitors, that this fleet should be dispersed, where it could do them no harm. It was accordingly dispersed. Five of these vessels were sent to the East Indies, three to Brazil, seven to the Pacific Ocean, three to the Mediterranean, seven to the coast of Africa, and so on, leaving, of our whole squadron, but two vessels, carrying twenty-seven guns and two hundred and eighty men, in Northern ports.*

On the 21st of February, 1861, a select committee of five, appointed by the House of Representatives, in a report upon the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy, spoke as follows:

"From this statement it will appear, that the entire naval force available for the defense of the whole Atlantic coast, at the time of the appointment of this committee, consisted of the steamer Brooklyn, 25 guns, and the store ship Relief, 2 guns; while the former was of too great draft to permit her to enter Charleston harbor with safety, except at spring tides, and the latter was under orders to the coast of Africa, with stores for the African squadron. Thus the whole Atlantic sea board has been, to all intents and purposes, without defense, during all the period of civil commotion and lawless violence, to which the President (Buchanan) has called our attention, as '*of such vast and alarming proportions, as to be beyond his power to check or control.*'

"The Committee can not fail to call attention to this extraordinary disposition of the entire naval force of the country, and especially in connection with the present no less extraordinary and critical juncture of political affairs. They can not call to mind any period in the past history of the country, of such profound peace and internal repose, as would justify so entire an abandonment of the coast of the country to the chance of fortune. Certainly since the nation possessed a navy, it has never before sent its entire available force into distant seas, and exposed the immense interests at home, of which it is the special guardian, to the dangers from which, even in times of the utmost quiet, prudence and forecast do always shelter them.

"To the Committee this disposition of the naval force, at this most critical period, seems extraordinary. The permitting of vessels to depart for distant seas, after these unhappy difficulties had broken out at home; the omission to put in repair and commission, ready for orders, a single one of the twenty-eight ships dismantled and unfit for service, in our own ports, and that, too, while $646,639.79 of the appropriation for repairs in the navy, the present year, remained unexpended, were in the opinion of your Committee, grave errors—without justification or excuse."

* Report of Secretary of the Navy, July 4, 1861.

Thus the Government was despoiled by its own imbecile or traitorous officials. Enemies within, opened the door of the fortress for the entrance of the beleaguering foe. The President, overawed and nerveless, was a silent observer of the march of the conspirators. At last, however, he summoned courage to say to Congress, in tones alike of weakness and despair, that the rebellion had attained such "vast and alarming proportions, as to place the subject entirely above and beyond Executive control." Nay more, instead of hurling the thunderbolts he might have wielded, into the ranks of the rebels, he acquiesced in their movements, and could hardly be forced to adopt any measure which did not meet with their approval.

It is difficult to find in all the annals of the past, an example of executive power bowing the neck so meekly beneath the heel of traitorous arrogance. His Cabinet was mostly filled with slaveholding conspirators, who first endeavored to betray their country by the most insane measures, and then disclosed to their confederate traitors all that transpired in the Executive counsels. President Buchanan was anxious for peace. His political sympathies were, however, with the conspirators, and bitterly hostile to those who were the foes of human bondage. As the storm of passion increased in violence, the only measure he could suggest was unconditional surrender of the Government to the wishes of the slaveholders. This was called a *compromise*. The North, on its part, was to surrender everything. The South, on its part, would consent to accept the surrender.

A so-called Peace Congress was convened in Washington, to try to placate the slaveholders. John Tyler, formerly President of the United States, a slaveholder from Virginia, took the chair; the doors were closed; weeks were passed in discussing the concessions which the North might be induced to yield to slavery. The results, finally arrived at, were expressed in terms studiously ambiguous, that they might mean one thing in the free North, and another thing in the slaveholding South. The Convention was in session twenty-one days. Twenty States only were represented, seven of which only were slaveholding States. The extreme South were resolved upon breaking up the Government entirely, and establishing, in its stead, a thorough slaveholding oligarchy, and they refused to take any part in the Peace Convention, regarding with scorn any terms of compromise which should interfere with this plan. Most at the North were fully conscious of this determined spirit of the slaveholders, and therefore had no heart in this peace movement. The result, to which the conference finally came, was:

1. That Congress should never interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, over which, by the Constitution, Congress held exclusive jurisdiction, without the consent of the slaveholding State of Maryland, and the consent of the slaveholders in the District.

2. That Congress should not forbid slaveholders from bringing their slaves to Washington, nor abolish slavery in any of the dockyards, fortresses, or territories under the jurisdiction of the United States, where slavery then existed.

3. That Congress should not prohibit, and should so amend the Constitution, that the States should not prohibit, the transportation of slaves, from and through any of the States and Territories, where slavery then existed either by law or usage.

The "*Concession*" to be exacted from the South was, that they should consent to the suppression of the slave trade, which already for years had been prohibited as piracy; and that the District of Columbia should not be used as a slave market, for the sale of Southern bondmen, which also had been forbidden on a previous compromise; and that slavery should be prohibited in all the territory north of the parallel of 36° 30′ north latitude. Eleven States voted for these peace propositions languidly. Seven States voted against them emphatically. Two States were divided in their votes. The Convention adjourned the 27th of February, 1861, and the Compromise soon died, and was never heard of more. It was, indeed, adopted by Congress, to be recommended to the people, after a stormy debate, by a vote of 133 yeas and 65 nays. But that was the end of it.

About the same time, on the 18th of December, the Hon. John J. Crittenden, a slaveholder from Kentucky, universally respected for his patriotism, his ability, and his high moral worth, presented a series of "Compromise Resolutions" in the Senate, which were long debated, and which attracted the attention of the nation.

His bill proposed to prohibit slavery in the territory north of 36° 30′, and to protect it south of that latitude; to admit new States, with or without slavery, as their Constitutions should provide; to prohibit the abolition, by Congress, of slavery in the States and in the District of Columbia, without the consent of Virginia and Maryland; to permit the transportation of slaves in any of the States by land or water; to provide for fugitive slaves when rescued; and to repeal all the Personal Liberty Bills in the Northern States. In consideration of these concessions, the South would so amend an obnoxious feature in the Fugitive Slave Law, that the sheriffs should receive the same fee, whether the man arrested as a slave should prove a slave or a freeman. By the law as it stood, the sheriff seemed to be offered a bribe, though indeed a trivial one, to return the man as a slave; for in that case he received ten dollars; but if he pronounced him a freeman he received only five.

Mr. Crittenden was accustomed to slavery from his childhood, and regarded the institution as merely one of the necessary infelicities of fallen humanity. But his ability, his manifest conscientiousness, his pure and lofty character, had secured for him universal respect. No Southern man had so much influence throughout the North. These propositions were long and earnestly discussed, and were finally rejected by the Senate, by a vote of 19 yeas to 20 nays. The difference between the two parties, whom Mr. Crittenden attempted to reconcile, was radical, and could, by no possibility, be harmonized. One party claimed the recognition of slavery by the Constitution of the United States, the support of an aristocratic and privileged class, and the entire renunciation of the doctrine of democratic equality of rights. The other party declared such doctrines to be unjust, inhuman, and repugnant to all the principles of republican liberty.

Many petitions were sent in from the North, urging the Senate to adopt, and recommend to the people, the Crittenden Compromise. In reply to such a petition, from some citizens of Massachusetts, Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts, gave utterance to the following strain of indignant eloquence, undoubtedly expressing the sentiments of the majority of the people in the Free States:

"These men pray for the adoption of the amendments to the Constitution proposed by the Senator from Kentucky, to wit: The recognition of slavery and its protection south of latitude 36° 30′, not only in the existing territory, but in territory not yet conquered, purchased, or stolen; the denial of any power in Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia while it existed in Virginia, or to prohibit the transportation of slaves from one State to another, or to Territories recognizing slavery; to pay the owner the full value of a fugitive slave when the Marshal was prevented from arresting him by intimidation, and to take from persons of African race the right of suffrage, which they have possessed in Massachusetts since the Constitution, passed by the Revolutionary fathers, was adopted in 1780, and to acquire territory in Africa or South America, and send, at the expense of the Federal Treasury, such free Negroes as the States may wish to have removed from their limits. For the adoption of these honorable and humane provisions in the Constitution, beyond the power of the people ever to change, the people of the Free States would secure the immense concession of making the fee of the Commissioner no greater for remanding a man to slavery than for discharging him as a freeman. Surely the prayer of men of Massachusetts for such objects ought to be heeded by the Senate of the United States."

Upon the same subject, Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, expresses himself with equal explicitness. His words are historically important, as Mr. Sumner is a representative man, and expresses the views of a large party. In an Address before the Young Men's Republican Association of New York, November 27, 1861, he said:

"But looking at the concessions proposed, I have always found them utterly unreasonable and indefensible. I should not expose them now, if they did not constantly testify to the origin and mainspring of this rebellion. Slavery was always the single subject-matter, and nothing else. Slavery was not only an integral part of every concession, but the single integer. The single idea was to give some new security—in some form—to slavery. That brilliant statesman, Mr. Canning, in one of those eloquent speeches which charm so much by the style, said, that he was 'tired of being a security-grinder,' but his experience was not comparable to ours. 'Security-grinding,' in the name of slavery, has been for years the way in which we have encountered this conspiracy.

"The propositions at the last Congress began with the President's Message, which in itself was one long concession. You do not forget his sympathetic portraiture of the disaffection throughout the Slave States, or his testimony to the cause. Notoriously and shamefully his heart was with the conspirators, and he knew intimately the main-spring of their conduct. He proposed nothing short of a general surrender to slavery, and thus

did he proclaim slavery as the head and front—the very *causa causans*—of the whole crime.

"You have not forgotten the Peace Conference—as it was delusively styled—convened at Washington on the summons of Virginia, with John Tyler in the chair, where New York, as well as Massachusetts, was represented by some of her ablest and most honored citizens. The sessions were with closed doors; but it is now known, that throughout the proceedings, lasting for weeks, nothing was discussed but slavery. And the propositions finally adopted by the Convention were confined to slavery. Forbearing all details, it will be enough to say, that they undertook to give to slavery positive protection in the Constitution, with new sanction and immunity—making it, notwithstanding the determination of our fathers, *national* instead of *sectional;* and even more than this, making it one of the essential and permanent parts of our republican system.

"But slavery is sometimes as deceptive as at other times it is bold; and these propositions were still further offensive from their studied uncertainty, amounting to positive duplicity. At a moment when frankness was needed above all things, we were treated to phrases pregnant with doubts and controversies, and were gravely asked, in the name of slavery, to embody them in the Constitution.

"There was another string of propositions much discussed during the last winter, which bore the name of the venerable Senator from whom they came—Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky. These also related to slavery, and nothing else. They were more obnoxious even than those from the Peace Conference. And yet there were petitioners from the North—and even from Massachusetts—who prayed for this great surrender to slavery. Considering the character of these propositions—that they sought to change the Constitution in a manner revolting to the moral sense; to foist into the Constitution the idea of property in man; to protect slavery in all present territory south of 36° 30′, and to carry it into all territory hereafter acquired south of that line, and thus to make our beautiful Stars and Stripes, in their southern march, the flag of slavery; considering that they further sought to give new constitutional securities to slavery in the national Capital, and in other places within the exclusive Federal jurisdiction; that they sought to give new constitutional securities to the transit of slaves from State to State, opening the way to a roll-call of slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill or the gates of Faneuil Hall; and that they also sought the disfranchisement of more than 10,000 of my fellow-citizens in Massachusetts, whose rights are fixed by the Constitution of that Commonwealth, drawn by John Adams; considering these things, I felt at the time, and I still feel, that the best apology of these petitioners was, that they were ignorant of the true character of these propositions, and that in signing the petition they knew not what they did. But even in their ignorance they testified to slavery, while the propositions were the familiar voice of slavery crying, 'Give, give.'"

There were various other plans of compromise suggested, which it is not necessary to advert to, as they excited but a momentary interest. It was a noble saying of antiquity, that the best government is that, in which

an injury to a single individual, no matter how humble, is resented as an injury to the whole state. When Napoleon was in Egypt, information was brought him one day, that robbers from the desert had murdered a poor peasant, and carried off his flocks.

"Take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels," said Napoleon, to an officer of his staff, "and pursue these robbers until they are captured, and the outrage is avenged."

"Was the boor your cousin?" inquired a sheik, contemptuously, "that you are in such a rage at his death?"

"He was more," Napoleon replied. "He was one whose protection Providence had intrusted to my care."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the sheik. "You speak like one inspired of the Almighty."

When South Carolina consented to become one of the States of the American Union, she demanded, as a condition to this assent, that the slave trade should be continued. And now the slaveholders, with Mr. Breckinridge as their candidate, demanded, as a condition of their continued loyalty, constitutional protection for slavery, in all the Territories, whether at the present time belonging to the Republic, or to be acquired. To none of the so-called *compromises* suggested, did the extreme South consent. They looked upon them all with contempt, deeming themselves abundantly able to humiliate the Northern people, and to chastise them into the acceptance of such terms as they desired.

Speaking of this rebellion and the plan to conciliate the rebels, by surrendering to slavery all the United States territory south of 36° 30′, a concession which the rebels would not accept, Mr. Lovejoy, in the House of Representatives, uttered the memorable words:

"There never was a more causeless revolt since Lucifer led his cohorts of apostate angels against the throne of God; but I never heard that the Almighty proposed to compromise the matter, by allowing the rebels to kindle the fires of hell south of the celestial meridian of thirty-six thirty."

Mr. Wigfall, Senator from Texas, exclaimed, in one of his characteristic outbursts, "It is the merest balderdash—that is what it is—it is the most unmitigated fudge for any one to get up here, and tell men who have sense and who have brains, that there is any prospect of two-thirds of this Congress passing any propositions as an amendment to the Constitution, that any man who is white, twenty-one years old, and whose hair is straight, living south of Mason and Dixon's line, will be content with."

One of the most marvelous revelations of history is the phenomenon, that the most majestic of national movements may often be controlled by very small minorities. Brissot de Warville says, that the French Revolution was carried by not more than twenty men. The whole number of slaveholders in the South did not probably exceed three hundred thousand. Not more than a hundred thousand of these possessed any large amount of this species of property. And yet this petty oligarchy, entirely subordinate to a few leading minds, organized the most gigantic rebellion which ever shook this globe. "The future historian," says the Hon. Charles Sumner, "will record, that the present rebellion, notwithstanding its pro-

entered might, the multitudes it has enlisted, and its enormous strength, was at last precipitated by fewer than seven men: Mr. Brent says by as few as ten. It is certain that thus far it has been the triumph of a minority—but of a minority inspired, sustained, and approved by slavery."

While Congress was discussing measures of compromise, the South was preparing her hosts for battle. When the news of Lincoln's election reached Charleston, S. C., the inhabitants, though in the habit of regarding things with long-accustomed cheering for a Southern President, in Washington many of the people hailed assured the secession overtake, knowing that the insulted, humiliated Government of the United States in the hands of President Buchanan, was impotent to harm them. The Palmetto flag was hoisted and saluted; "volunteer men" were organized. All through the excited and bewildering States the excitement was intense, the secessionists acting as incense the minds of the people, and increasing by the achievement of the event, in the success of which enthusiasm they, in their ignorance and self-confidence, identified not a doubt. They had been accustomed to regard all men who moved as beneath, as on a footing with their slaves. The Northerners they stigmatized as "greasy mechanics" and "mudsills," any five of whom could be counted put to flight by one chivalrous Southron.

The following extract from the Mobile Advertiser is a truthful and unexaggerated exhibition of the feelings with which the slaveholders of the South regarded the freemen of the North:

"They may raise plenty of men; men who prefer subsisting by surreptitious, scurvy labours from the back settlements, whom Bedell would not have marched through Germany with; but these vermin are no soldiers, less of all the soldiers to meet the well-armed, disciplined, impetuous men of the South. Brawler soldiers who enlist to win at their heels, not as men, they are; such as marched through Baltimore, spiked, wrecked, rifled and befouled as the newspapers at that city report them. Fellows who do not know the breed of a musket from an armadillo, and had rather find a handkerchief than fight an enemy in mid-combat. [illegible] Such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South, and we will put our negroes to the first work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a vessel of them will live this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them over."

During the progress of the war, Tallahassee, Florida, was occupied by the Federal troops. In the house which General Wright took possession of as his head-quarters, he found, among other papers, a letter addressed to a traitorous Convention in Tallahassee, Fla., which had met to devise measures for the overthrow of the American Union. The letter was from the Hon. D. L. Yulee, United States Senator from Florida, and who, in defiance of his oath of fidelity to the American Union, with traitors of treason never exceeded, was with his confederates in Congress, making himself a [illegible]

official power to betray and ruin his country. This extraordinary document reads as follows:

"WASHINGTON, January 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of Senators from the seceding States, in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, and Florida were present. The idea of the meeting was, that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate government, not later than the 15th of February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be the opinion, if we left here, force, loan, and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities, whereas, by remaining in our places until the 4th of March, it is thought we can keep Mr. Buchanan's hands tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming Administration. In haste, yours truly,

"D. L. YULEE."

There can be no doubt, that the plan of the slaveholders was not a division of the country into two separate nationalities, but a change of government over the whole of it; a revolution, not a secession. Viewed in that light, it was a cunning and well devised plot; and it came very near succeeding. Viewed in any other light, the attempt was little short of insanity. The leaders in the rebellion movement were well aware that the Constitution could not be changed as they desired, by peaceable means. That was certain. They therefore determined, to accomplish their end by revolution. Perhaps no revolution was ever attempted with greater facilities, or with a better apparent chance of success.

The commissioner from Mississippi to Maryland, urging that State to join the rebellion, stated, in a speech to the citizens of Baltimore, on the 19th of December, "Secession is not intended to break up the present Government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of breaking up or destroying the Union, as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guaranties and security for our rights. Our plan is for the Southern States to withdraw from the Union for the present, to allow amendments to the Constitution to be made, guaranteeing our just rights. This question of slavery must be settled, now or never. The country has been agitated seriously by it, for the past twenty or thirty years. It has been a festering sore upon the body politic; many remedies have failed, and we must try amputation to bring it to a healthy state."

The plan of operations, as since clearly developed, was this: The conspirators had the State organizations of the Slave States, ready at their hand to use as their instruments. Some of these organizations could be commanded at once, and thus could easily be brought in whenever wanted. But the real nature and extent of the design could not, at first, with safety be openly acknowledged. They were known distinctly only to the leaders, and were but vaguely intimated to the masses of the people. The full

exposition of the plan was to be deferred until a conflict should be brought on, which should arouse the pride and passion of the Southern people—or, as they termed it, "till the Southern heart should be fired."

The subject was consequently presented in different lights to different sections. Parts were assigned to the advocates of slavery in these sections, according to the circumstances of each case, and the condition of public sentiment around them. In South Carolina and the Gulf States, there was held up the idea of secession as a temporary measure, with a view to a modification of the Constitution with stronger guaranties for slavery. Without the votes obtained on this theory, in the Gulf States, the cause of secession could not, probably, have been carried in any one of them.

In the Border States the people were to be urged to remain, for a time, neutral. While the *people* of those States were thus held back from sustaining the United States Government, the leaders were to manage the State Governments in such a manner as to throw their whole influence and power in favor of the insurgents. In the Northern States the idea was to be circulated among the partisans of their cause, and through them among the masses of the people, who were supposed to be so averse to violence and bloodshed, that they could easily be deterred from action, that the South, if it chose, had a right to secede, and, at any rate, there was to be no *coercion* exerted over them. Even if coercion were attempted, it was said, it would be impossible to subdue the Southern people by force.

At the commencement of the struggle there were many journals, and quite a large party at the North, who favored this view, and who were in sympathy with the South, hoping that by the menace of a dissevered Union, and the actual commencement of the disintegration, the North would be persuaded to yield to the wishes of the slaveholders, and consent to the reorganization of the Government upon the basis of slavery. The sympathizers with slavery, at the North, had no idea of the permanent dissolution of the Union. And when they said, "The South have a right to secede," it was simply an affirmation, not belief, to induce the North to assent to the demands of the South, rather than have the Government overthrown.

While these ideas were diligently circulated, by certain presses and public speakers, among the masses of the people at the North, the leaders of the Pro-slavery party in the Free States took the ground, that, by the secession of a State, the Government was actually dissolved. The Government, they said, is a partnership. When some of the partners withdraw, the firm is broken up, and those who remain can form any new combinations which they please. They, consequently, began to speak of the *late* United States. Ideas were industriously disseminated, both here and in Europe, of new combinations which were proposed, when it afterward appeared that no such plans were thought of. Maine was going to join the British dominions. New England was to form a separate Confederacy. The Mayor of New York, one of the staunchest friends of the secessionists, proposed that New York should become a free city, unconnected with any State jurisdiction. California was to constitute a separate western empire. By these and a thousand similar rumors, it was supposed that the public mind of the North, and of the community at large, would be so confounded,

and their strength so paralyzed, that the rebellion could be rushed forward without encountering any serious resistance, until Washington and the archives of the Government were in possession of the rebels, and their victorious columns were on the march to Cincinnati, to Philadelphia, and to Boston. New York was to be secured through the seizure of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a danger which was, at one moment, imminent, and which was very narrowly escaped.

With Washington thus subjugated, and the great Northern capitals almost or quite under their control, they were to claim that the old Government had been deposed, and a new one installed. They would then demand recognition by the leading powers of Europe, as the government of Louis Napoleon was recognized after his great *coup d'état*.

That it was the wish of the leading rebels to establish a monarchy in the South, and to elevate the prominent slaveholders into a class of nobles, is proved beyond all question. Still they saw almost insuperable difficulties in the way. The rivalry between Toombs, Davis, Wigfall, Mason, Floyd, etc., was such, that no one of these families could be permitted to assume regal state. Slidell, Benjamin, and Wigfall would promptly resent the idea of bowing in homage to the House of Toombs. There could be no hope, therefore, for a throne, but in looking abroad for a prince, who would be the nominal head, the decoration, while the real power would be in the hands of a class of slaveholding nobles. Mr. Russell, in his sixth letter to the London Times, writing from South Carolina, says:

"Nothing I could say, can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind, in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations, and have conversed with them freely and fully. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country. Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which tore these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter, and Pinckney, and not clap your ghostly hands in triumph? That voice says, 'If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content.' Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again, The admiration for monarchical institutions, on the English model, for privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. With the pride of having achieved their independence, is mingled in the South Carolinian's hearts, a strange regret at the result and consequences, and many are they who 'would go back to-morrow if we could.'

"An intense affection for the British connection, a love for British habits and customs, a respect for British sentiment, law, authority, order, civilization, and literature, preëminently distinguish the inhabitants of this State, who, glorying in their descent from ancient families on the three islands, whose fortunes they still follow, and with whose members they

maintain not unfrequently familiar relations, regard with an aversion, of which it is impossible to give an idea to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the population of the Northern States, whom they regard as tainted beyond cure by the venom of 'Puritanism.' Whatever may be the cause, this is the fact and the effect. It is absolutely astounding to a stranger who aims at the preservation of a decent neutrality, to mark the violence of these opinions.

"'If that confounded ship had sunk with those Pilgrim Fathers on board,' says one, 'we should never have been driven to these extremities!'

"'We could have got on with these fanatics, if they had been either Christians or gentlemen,' says another; 'for in the first case, they would have acted with common charity, and in the second, they would have fought when they insulted us; but there are neither Christians or gentlemen among them!'

"'Anything on earth!' exclaims a third, 'any form of government you will, but'—and here is an appeal more terrible than the adjuration of all the gods—'nothing on earth shall ever induce us, to submit to any union with the brutal, bigoted blackguards of the New England States, who neither comprehend nor regard the feelings of gentlemen! Man, woman, and child, we'll die first.'

"Imagine these and a variety of similar sentiments uttered by courtly, well-educated men, who set great store on the nice observance of the usages of society, and who are only moved to extreme bitterness and anger when they speak of the North, and you will fail to conceive the intensity of the dislike of the South Carolinians for the Free States. There are national antipathies on our side of the Atlantic which are tolerably strong, and have been unfortunately pertinacious and long-lived. The hatred of the Italian for the Tedesco, of the Greek for the Turk, of the Turk for the Russ, is warm and fierce enough to satisfy the prince of darkness, not to speak of a few little pet aversions among allied powers and the atoms of composite empire; but they are all mere indifference and neutrality of feeling compared to the animosity evinced by the 'gentry' of South Carolina for the 'rabble of the North.'"

There must always be an aristocracy. There will be always some wiser, better, nobler than others. As such they will be recognized. The noble men of America, though untitled, and though enjoying no exclusive privileges, are none the less acknowledged and revered. Washington, Marshall, Clay, Jackson, Webster,—they are our princes of the blood. Republicanism has knighted them. They are ennobled by their works. Deeds performed, are the ensigns armorial upon their escutcheons, and no man questions their supremacy. They are great; not in transmitted titles and ribbons, and the musty records of a dead ancestry, but in their own heroic achievements.

But it is impossible to respect an aristocracy founded on the most sordid and vulgar claim earth has ever known—that of owning Negroes;—an aristocracy which can sell the child from the mother, and scourge the back of the maiden, and wrench from the washer-woman her dollar, and sell female virtue and loveliness at auction;—an aristocracy whose only

appropriate crest is a trembling Negro *couchant*, blood-hound *regardant*, gory lash *rampant*.

The only nobility America can recognize, is the nobility of achievement and worth. The arena here is to be thrown open to all, and the swift runner, the strong wrestler, is to bear away the prize, be he rich man's son or poor man's son, high born or lowly born. It is this spirit only which developes the whole latent talent of the nation. It is this principle which has enabled the United States to make such giant strides, spreading such marvelous thrift and energy over the Free North;—and it is the absence of this spirit, which has spread such dilapidation and decay over the enslaved South.

It was the design of the rebels to overthrow these free institutions, and to introduce in their stead the reign of slavery. Capital was to own labor. The industrial classes were to be slaves, kept in forced ignorance. The privileged class were to live in indolence and luxury, maintained by the toil of their unpaid serfs.

Such was the plan, for grandeur of conception unparalleled in the history of revolutions. Nor less bold and audacious were the measures adopted for the execution of this plan. For years the conspirators had manœuvred to fill all the important posts in the Government with their accomplices. These men were all pledged to employ their powers, and exercise the trusts confided to them, to place everything in preparation for the successful striking of the final blow. Perhaps there never was before, in the history of the world, an instance in which conspirators planning a rebellion, had the audacity and the cunning to place themselves first in the chief posts of honor and of power in the government which they were wishing to destroy.

The rebellion in Texas and the wresting of that province from Mexico, the persistent efforts to secure Cuba, by purchase or by blood, the repeated and desperate fillibustering expeditions to Central America, and the unwearied endeavor to paralyze all Governmental opposition to the slave trade, were but parts of this deep-laid plot for the establishment of a great slave-holding confederacy, which should crush out all popular liberty, and overshadow this whole continent with the resistless powers of despotism.

Nothing is more surprising than to see, when the crisis came, how effectually at the South, all opposition was whipped down and scourged into the ranks of rebellion. The Hon. A. H. Stephens, long a member of the United States House of Representatives from Georgia, and one of the most influential and able men in that State, addressed an immense assemblage of his constituents, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Milledgeville, Ga., November 14, 1860. He then said:

"The first question that presents itself is, Shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly, that I do not think that they ought. In my judgment the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any State to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the Constitution of the country. To

make a point of resistance to the Government, to withdraw from it, because a man has been constitutionally elected, puts us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Constitution. Many of us have sworn to support it. Can we, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the Presidency, and that, too, in accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution, make a point of resistance to the Government, without becoming the breakers of that sacred instrument ourselves?

"But that this Government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good governments than any other on the face of the earth, is my settled conviction. Contrast it now with any other on the face of the earth. (England, said Mr. Toombs:) England, my friend says. Well, that is the next best, I grant; but I think we have improved upon England. Statesmen tried their apprentice hand on the government of England, and then ours was made. Ours sprung from that, avoiding many of its defects, taking most of the good, and leaving out many of its errors, and, from the whole, constructing and building up this model republic—the best which the history of the world gives any account of. Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit around our globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy? I think that one of the evils that beset us, is a surfeit of liberty, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which we are ungrateful.

"I look upon this country, with our Institutions, as the Eden of the world—the paradise of the Universe. It *may be*, that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous; but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear, if we rashly evince passion, and, without sufficient cause, shall take that step, that, instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous, and happy, instead of becoming gods, we will become demons, and, at no distant day, commence cutting one another's throats."

This speech was received with reiterated bursts of applause. In less than three months, on the 8th of February, this same A. H. Stephens accepted the office of Vice-President of the Confederacy of Rebellion, and traversed the slaveholding States, consecrating all his rare powers of eloquence to rouse the masses of the people to bloody war against the Government of the United States. On the 21st of March, 1861, he made a speech in Savannah, Ga., containing the following utterances:

"The New Constitution has put at rest *forever* all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions,—African slavery, as it exists among us,—the proper *status* of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the 'rock on which the Old Union would split.' He was right. What was conjecture with him is now realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which the rock *stood* and *stands*, may be doubted. The prevailing idea entertained by him, and most of the leading statesmen, at the time of the formation of the Old Constitution, was, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically.

"Those ideas were, however, fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it—when the 'storm came, and the wind blew, it fell.' Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas. Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, 'is become the chief stone of the corner' in our new edifice.

"It is true, I believe, I state but the common sentiment when I declare my earnest desire, that the Border States should join us. That they will ultimately join us, be compelled to do it, is my confident belief. Our growth, by accessions from other States, will depend greatly upon whether we present to the world, as I trust we shall, a better government than that to which they belong. If we do this, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas can not hesitate long; neither can Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. They will necessarily gravitate to us by an imperious law. We made ample provision in our Constitution for the admission of other States. Looking to the distant future, and perhaps not very distant either, it is not beyond the range of possibility, and even probability, that all the great States of the North West shall gravitate this way. Should they do so, our doors are wide enough to receive them, but not until they are ready to assimilate with us in principle.

"The progress of disintegration in the Old Union may be expected to go on with almost absolute certainty. We are now the nucleus of a growing power which, if we are true to ourselves, our destiny, and our high mission, will become the controlling power upon this continent. Wisdom, prudence, and patriotism have marked every step of our progress thus far. This augurs well for the future, and it is a matter of sincere gratification to me, that I am enabled to make the declaration of the men I met in the Congress at Montgomery, an abler, wiser, and more conservative, deliberate, determined, resolute, and patriotic body of men I never met in my life. Their works speak for them. The Provisional Government speaks for them. The Constitution of the Permanent Government will be a lasting monument of their worth, merit, and statesmanship."

Such is one of the kaleidoscopic changes of this malignant conspiracy.

In accordance with these views, Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, had said but a short time before, "And what was then (1833) the state of opinion in the South? Washington had emancipated his slaves. Jefferson had bitterly denounced the system, and had done all that he could to destroy it. Our Clays, Marshalls, Crawfords, and many other prominent Southern men, led off in the colonization scheme. The inevitable effect in the South was, that she believed slavery to be an evil—weakness—disgraceful—nay a sin. She shrunk from the discussion of it. She cowered under every threat. She attempted to apologize, to excuse herself under the plea,

—which was true—that England had forced it upon her; and in fear and trembling she awaited a doom that she deemed inevitable.

"But a few bold spirits took the question up,—they compelled the South to investigate it anew, and thoroughly,—and what is the result? Why, it would be difficult to find a Southern man, who feels the system to be the lightest burden on his conscience; who does not, in fact, regard it as an equal advantage to the master and the slave,—elevating both,—as wealth, strength, and power, and as one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilization, and who is not now prepared to maintain it at every hazard?"

It was with these views distinctly avowed and earnestly enforced, that the rebels undertook to break up the Government of the United States, and reorganize upon the basis of slavery established in all its States and Territories. At their leisure, and with long deliberation, they had arranged everything to their mind, to paralyze the power which they would have to encounter, when they were ready for the outbreak. And when the crisis came, and the great catastrophe burst suddenly upon us, the country, for a moment, was stupefied by the magnitude and audacity of the assault, and at the vast ramifications of the conspiracy.

As soon, however, as the Free North, all absorbed as it was in the great pursuits of peaceful industry, had time to comprehend the true state of the case, the nation arose as one man to meet the emergency. The plan of intercepting the President elect, on his way to Washington, or of otherwise preventing his inauguration, failed. The proposed attempt to seize the Capital was prevented by the energy of the Government, in providing the means of defense. The Northern friends of the slave power found themselves unable to carry any considerable portion of the Northern people with them, in sustaining the rebellion. The officers of the navy and army, who were prepared to betray their trusts, were dismissed. An immense force was called into the field to meet the insurgents. The plan of invading the Northern States had to be abandoned; and then the conspirators, thus unexpectedly frustrated, fell back within their own States, relinquishing, for a time at least, the idea of a revolution in the Government, and assuming the plan of a simple secession.

Now they affirmed, that all they intended was a peaceful withdrawal from a government which they did not like; all they wanted was to be "let alone;" and the attempt of the National Government to repossess itself of territory, forts, and arsenals, bought and built with its own money, and which had been traitorously and insultingly seized by the rebels, was complained of as "a ruthless invasion of the rights of an innocent and unoffending people."

On the 7th of January the "Dispatch" of Richmond, Virginia, announced that Virginia was already prepared efficiently to arm 25,000 troops; and that she had at least sixty bronze and rifled field pieces and howitzers. The editor added, "A contract has been made for 3,000 shells and shrapnells, in addition to those purchased with the Parrot guns. Five hundred barrels of Dupont powder have been purchased, and stored in magazines built for the purpose. The model of a new Vir-

ginia musket is determined upon. Other warlike preparations are also in progress."

Previous to this there had been the evacuation of Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, and the retreat of the garrison to Fort Sumter. We must now recur to the opening of the war at Charleston. There were three forts, belonging to the United States, erected for the defense of that harbor. Fort Moultrie was on Sullivan's Island, so called, though it was hardly separated from the main land. The fort consisted of an enclosed water battery. It mounted 54 guns, which commanded the water; the fort was but feebly protected from attack on the land side.

In the middle of the bay, entirely surrounded by water, rose the massive buttresses of Fort Sumter. It was deemed one of the most magnificent of the fortifications of our coast, built in an octagonal form, constructed upon the most approved principles of modern military science, richly supplied with all the munitions of war, and mounting 140 guns, many of them 10-inch columbiads of very extensive range.

There was still another small fort near the city, called Castle Pinkney, built on the extremity of a narrow tongue of land. It mounted about twenty guns, most of them eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

The United States Government owned also an important arsenal in Charleston, which Secretary Floyd had amply replenished with arms and munitions of war. Seventy thousand stand of arms, this traitorous Secretary had deposited in this arsenal, and then, by an official dispatch, had placed the arsenal in the hands of the rebel Governor of South Carolina, for safe keeping. It was thus taken possession of early in December. Major Robert Anderson, with but two companies of artillery, was stationed in Fort Moultrie, and was intrusted with the protection of all the forts. With so small a band, in that exposed position, he could hardly protect himself for an hour against the formidable force which Charleston could throw upon him. As the menaces of war grew louder, and he witnessed the preparations made for an attack, he, in the darkness of the night of December 25th, quietly abandoned Moultrie, taking the precaution first to spike the guns, and burn the gun-carriages. The troops, who had received no intimation of the movement, at midnight were embarked in row boats, and transported to Sumter. The tumult in Charleston created by this unexpected movement, was only equaled by the joy it enkindled in the hearts of all loyal people throughout the land. It seemed to touch every patriotic heart as with an electric spark. The Boston Courier expressed the universal sentiment in the words:

"We must own that the news of the transaction in Charleston harbor was learned by us yesterday with a prouder beating of the heart. We could not but feel once more, that we had a country, a fact which has been, to a certain degree, in suspense for some weeks past. What is given up for the moment is of no consequence, provided this one point stand out clear, that the United States means to maintain its position, where its rights exist, and that its officers, civil and military, intend to discharge their duty. The concentration of the disposable force in Charleston harbor, in a defensible post, is thus a bond of union."

President Buchanan contemplated this movement with characteristic inefficiency, neither approving nor condemning. But Secretary Floyd had the unparalleled audacity to send a communication to the President, in which he says, in earnest remonstrance against this movement, "One remedy is left, and that is to withdraw the garrison from the harbor of Charleston. I hope the President will allow me to make that order at once. This order, in my judgment, can alone prevent bloodshed and civil war."

As the President refused to be an accomplice in surrendering the forts of the United States to the enemy, Mr. Floyd resigned his secretaryship. There was nothing more he could do to assist the rebels, in that position, and he hastened to draw his sword beneath their flag. He was received with acclaim, and placed in high command.

Before the dawn of the morning, Major Anderson, and his little band of about eighty soldiers, were safely within the walls of Sumter. Most of the men who have developed heroism in this war have been men of piety and of prayer. It was the sense of duty which inspired the heart of Major Anderson. The imposing scene of raising the Stars and Stripes over Sumter is thus described by an eye-witness:

"A short time before noon, Major Anderson assembled the whole of his little force, with the workmen employed on the fort, around the foot of the flag-staff. The national ensign was attached to the cord, and Major Anderson, holding the ends of the lines in his hands, knelt reverently down. The officers, soldiers, and men clustered around, many of them on their knees, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The chaplain made an earnest prayer—such an appeal for support, encouragement, and mercy as one would make, who felt that 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As the earnest, solemn words of the speaker ceased, and the men responded Amen, with a fervency that perhaps they had never before experienced, Major Anderson drew the 'Star-spangled Banner' up to the top of the staff, the band broke out with the national air of 'Hail Columbia,' and loud and exultant cheers, repeated again and again, were given by officers, soldiers, and workmen. If," said the narrator, "South Carolina had at that moment attacked the fort, there would have been no hesitation upon the part of any man within it about defending that flag."

The most vigorous efforts were immediately made by the rebels for the capture of the fort, while President Buchanan, still intent upon compromise, would not consent to any corresponding preparations for its defense. The conspirators took prompt possession of Forts Moultrie and Pinkney, garrisoned them strongly, remounted the dismantled guns, and turned them upon Sumter, erected batteries, mailed with railroad iron, upon every point commanding the fort, filled the batteries with the heaviest guns used in modern warfare, many of which were obtained from England, and constructed a very formidable floating battery, cased in iron, which at their leisure they towed out, and anchored in the most eligible spot for assailing the fort. All these operations Major Anderson was compelled to look upon, day after day, without being permitted to fire a gun to disturb those thus working for his certain destruction.

After very earnest entreaty on the part of the friends of the Union, who

were gradually taking the places, in the Cabinet, of the traitors who resigned, President Buchanan consented to send an unarmed steamer, the Star of the West, with supplies and a reënforcement of 250 men, to the beleaguered fort. But Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, was still Secretary of the Interior, and watching with an eagle eye that he might apprise the rebels of every movement of the government. It was hoped that a merchant steamer, sailing unannounced from New York, might glide into the harbor, and land the men and supplies without provoking bloodshed. But Jacob Thompson instantly telegraphed the fact to the rebels in Charleston. They had their batteries all ready, the guns shotted, and the gunners at their post. Small steamers were stationed far down the harbor, to announce the first appearance of the Star of the West.

It was about 7 o'clock in the morning of the 9th of January, when the steamer approached the harbor. As they were moving rapidly along in the channel, about half a mile from Morris Island, a masked battery suddenly opened fire upon them. The heavy shot fell thickly around the ship. One just missed the pilot house. Another, with its unearthly shriek, passed between the smoke-stack and walking beam. Another struck the ship just abaft the fore rigging, leaving a deep scar, but not passing through. Another narrowly escaped carrying away the rudder.

For about five minutes the ship was thus under fire. It was two miles to Fort Sumter. It was necessary to pass within point blank range of all the formidable guns of Fort Moultrie; and at the same time an armed schooner was in tow of a steamer from Fort Moultrie to cut off their retreat. The defenseless merchantman had not a single gun. Capture or destruction was inevitable, if the ship continued on its course. After a moment of intense suspense, the captain, McGowan, shouted "Helm a-port!" In a short curve the steamer turned on its track, and the Stars and Stripes, thus humiliated, were driven from Charleston, South Carolina, the battery keeping up a constant fire. The indignation of the community was roused to the highest pitch. But the nation was helpless. President Buchanan held still the reins of government.

While the excitement was thus rapidly deepening and extending, the 4th of March drew nigh, when the President elect was to be inaugurated in Washington. Rumors filled the air, that he was to be assassinated on his passage through the Slave State of Maryland. Great anxiety was felt for his safety, as the desperate character of a portion of the populace in Baltimore, through which city he would naturally pass, was well known. On the 11th of February he left his home in Springfield, Illinois, intending to make a brief visit in the leading cities on his route. In the following touching address he took leave of his fellow-citizens at the railroad depot:

"My friends! No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. *He* never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which

he, at all times, relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. In the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which, success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

A few select friends, citizens and officers of the United States army, accompanied him. Multitudes were gathered at every railroad station, in the Free States, to greet him with shouts, and his progress was a constant ovation. At Indianapolis his arrival was announced with the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, and all possible demonstrations of popular rejoicing. The State Legislature, then in session, met him at the station, and joined in the *cortège*, as he was conducted in a carriage drawn by four white horses, to the hotel. From the balcony he addressed the crowd in one of those happy speeches for which he has ever been so remarkable. The same splendor of reception and popular enthusiasm met him at every city on his route.

At Cincinnati the crowd was so great as to block up the passage of the railroad train. The "Stars and Stripes" floated everywhere; and the city had never before witnessed so imposing a cavalcade. From the balcony of the Burnet House he addressed the vast crowd surging in the streets. The Slave State of Kentucky was just across the river, and many Kentuckians, who had voted against him, were present. In a playful manner he said to them:

"You, perhaps, want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the opposition. We mean to treat you, as nearly as possible, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way to interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always, that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly."

At Columbus, the capital of Ohio, the enthusiasm was equally conspicuous. Here the President was informed by telegraph of the peaceful counting of the electoral votes in Washington, and of the official announcement of his elevation to the chief magistracy. From Columbus he proceded to Pittsburg, Penn., by the way of Steubenville. Notwithstanding a severe storm, an immense crowd had congregated in front of his hotel. He addressed them in strains which elicited boundless applause. From Pittsburg he turned his steps north to Cleveland and Buffalo. At this latter city he was received by ex-President Millard Fillmore, and the crowd here was so great, and the pressure to get sight of the illustrious guest so intense, that it was with much difficulty the police could clear the way to the carriages. In the address here made he said:

"Your worthy Mayor has thought fit to express the hope that I shall be able to relieve the country from the present, or I should say the threatened,

difficulties. I am sure I bring a heart true to the work. For the ability to perform it, I trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land. Without that assistance, I shall *surely* fail. With it, I can not fail."

The President passed the Sabbath in Buffalo, and continued his journey on Monday morning. All the populous towns on the Central Railroad vied with each other, in the splendor of the reception which they attempted to give to the distinguished traveler. At Albany, the capital of the majestic State of New York, Mr. Lincoln was welcomed with greeting, befitting the place and the occasion. The Mayor, in his cordial address, said:

"We trust that you will accept the welcome we offer, not simply as a tribute of respect to the high office you are called to fill, but as a testimony of the good will of our citizens, without distinction of party, and as an expression of their appreciation of your eminent personal worth, and their confidence in your patriotism. We are aware that your previous arrangements with the State authorities, and the brevity of your stay, will compel us to forego the pleasure of extending to you, on the part of the city, other and more befitting hospitalities. But we are happy to know that his Excellency the Governor, and the Senators and Representatives in the Legislature, are about to receive you as the guest of the Empire State, and that, in so doing, they will represent the kind regards of the whole people, as well as the citizens of the capital."

In response to an admirable address from Governor Morgan, Mr. Lincoln replied in terms which will find an echo in every honest heart. "I thank you, and the people of the capital of the State of New York, for this most hearty and magnificent welcome. If I am not at fault, the great Empire State, at this time, contains a larger population than did the whole of the United States of America, at the time they achieved their national independence. I am notified, by your Governor, that this reception is tendered by citizens without distinction of party. Because of this I accept it more gladly. In this country, and in any country where freedom of thought is tolerated, citizens attach themselves to political parties. It is but an ordinary degree of charity to attribute this act to the supposition that, in thus attaching themselves to various parties, each man, in his own judgment, supposes he thereby best advances the interests of the whole country. And when an election is past, it is altogether befitting a free people that, until the next election, they should be *one people.*

"The reception you have extended to me to-day, is not given to me personally. It should not be so, but as the representative, for the time being, of the majority of the nation. If the election had fallen to any of the more distinguished citizens, who received the support of the people, this same honor should have greeted him that greets me this day, in testimony of the unanimous devotion of the whole people to the Constitution, the Union, and to the personal liberties of succeeding generations in this country."

In reply to an address from Senator Colvin, of the Legislative Committee, Mr. Lincoln said, "It is true that, while I hold myself, without mock modesty, the humblest of all the individuals who have ever been elected President of the United States, I yet have a more difficult task to perform

than any of them has ever encountered. You have here generously tendered me the support, the united support, of the great Empire State. For this, in behalf of the nation, in behalf of the present and the future of the nation, in behalf of the cause of civil liberty in all time to come, I most gratefully thank you.

"I do not propose now to enter upon any expressions of the particular line of policy to be adopted, with reference to the difficulties that stand before us, in the opening of the incoming administration. When the time comes, according to the custom of the Government, I shall speak, and speak as well as I am able, for the good of the present and the future of this country—for the good of the North and of the South, for the good of one and of the other, and of all sections of it."

In this gratifying reception at Albany all parties seemed to be merged in patriotic devotion to the country. This unanimity was increased by the mutterings loud and ominous, which were borne on every breeze from the conspiring slaveholders at the South. To these menaces we shall soon have occasion more particularly to refer. The reception in New York City was one of the most magnificent demonstrations of enthusiasm the city had ever witnessed. Nothing was omitted which could contribute to the splendor of the scene. The crowd in Broadway was to be numbered by hundreds of thousands. As the Presidential carriage passed along beneath triumphal arches and streaming banners, the huzzas of the multitude were deafening. Eloquently a reporter of one of the journals wrote:

"We but reflect the popular opinion when we say that the ovation was one of the grandest ever witnessed. Though the President-elect was evidently jaded, careworn, and oppressed with a weighty responsibility, he was also firm, self-possessed, and appeared equal to the stupendous task before him. He seemed to impress the people with this conviction as he rode along, and a glimpse of his plain, straight-forward, honest face, so full of deep, earnest thought, of direct singleness of purpose, of thorough purity of motive and patriotic impulse, so won upon the multitude, that they burst into such spontaneous, irrepressible cheers, as gladdened the heart, and moistened the eye, and made everybody forget the turbulence and anarchy of secession, now raging in the land, in their implicit confidence in the incoming man."

At Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln's reception was as enthusiastic as in New York. He there attended upon the ceremony of raising the United States flag over the Old Hall of Independence. After appropriate ceremonies, the President raised, hand over hand, the glorious banner to the summit of the staff. On this occasion he uttered the following memorable and heartful words:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the Colonies from the mother land; *but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world, for all future time.* It was that which gave promise, that, in due time, the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This was a sentiment embodied in the

Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help save it. If it can not be saved on that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance, that there will be no bloodshed, unless it be forced upon the Government, and then it will be compelled to act in self-defense.

"My friends, this is wholly an unexpected speech. I did not expect to be called upon to say a word when I came here. I supposed that it was merely to do something towards raising the flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. I have said nothing but what I am ready to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

In Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, the same enthusiasm greeted the President which had thus far accompanied him through every stage of his journey. Again the President uttered those conciliatory and peaceful sentiments which constituted so essential a part of his generous nature. He was conducted to the hotel in a barouche drawn by six white horses, and accompanied by a very imposing military array. In response to the address of welcome, he said:

"I recur, for a moment, to the words uttered about the military support, which the General Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake, do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure, that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise, in this country, for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of the military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise here to use that force upon a proper emergency, I desire to repeat, to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that, so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

To go from Harrisburg to Washington, it was necessary to pass through the slaveholding State of Maryland, and through the City of Baltimore, where the spirit of secession had manifested itself in its most envenomed type. The loyal citizens of Baltimore were preparing to give the President a courteous reception. The partisans of the slaveholders had formed a conspiracy for his assassination. The plan was discovered by the police. It consisted in getting up a riot, very easily accomplished in Baltimore, at the depot, during which the unarmed and unprotected President was to be stabbed or shot. The detectives who ferreted out the plot, assumed to be secessionists from Louisiana. The conspirators were to mingle with the crowd, pretending to be friends of the President, when, at a given signal, a great tumult was to be raised, and some were to shoot at him with their pistols, and others to throw hand grenades into his carriage. In the inevi-

table confusion the assassins expected to escape to a vessel waiting for them in the harbor, which would convey them to Mobile, in Alabama, where they would be safe from all harm. General Scott and Senator Seward had been apprised, by the police, of this danger, and immediately dispatched Mr. Frederick W. Seward, a son of the Senator, to Philadelphia, to inform Mr. Lincoln of his peril. After consultation with friends, it was deemed advisable, in the then excited state of the country, when even a slight disturbance would plunge the country into all the horrors of civil war, that Mr. Lincoln should frustrate the plans of the conspirators, by taking an earlier express train, and passing through Baltimore *incognito*, as an ordinary traveler. The wisdom of this decision few now, upon reflection, will dispute. Mr. Lincoln received this information at Philadelphia, but, according to his plan, proceeded to Harrisburg.

After the public reception at Harrisburg, the President, with a few of his confidential friends, retired to his private apartments, in the Jones House, at six o'clock in the evening. As he was known to be weary with the toils of the day, he was exposed to no interruptions. As soon as it was dark, he, in company with Col. Lamon, unobserved, entered a hack, and drove to the Pennsylvania railroad, where a special train was waiting for him. The telegraph wires were in the mean time cut, so that the knowledge of his departure, if discovered or suspected, could not be sent abroad. The train reached Philadelphia at 10½ o'clock that night. They drove immediately across the city to the Baltimore and Washington depot. The regular night train was just leaving at ¼ past 11. The party took berths in a sleeping car, and, without any change, passed directly through Baltimore to Washington, where they arrived safely, and all unexpected, at ½ past 6 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lincoln did not find it necessary to assume any disguise, but journeyed in his ordinary traveling dress.

The Hon. Mr. Washburn of Illinois, who had been privately informed of the arrangement, was at the station to receive the President. They drove directly to Willard's Hotel, where they were met by Senator Seward. The active agents in this infamous plot were of course well known by the detectives; but it was deemed, at that time, desirable to avoid everything which could add to the excitement of the public mind, already so sorely agitated. The President-elect thus silently entered Washington, Saturday morning, February 23. The news of his arrival was immediately flashed over the land, and the next day his family entered the city by the special train designed for the Presidential party. Mr. Lincoln's friendly feelings towards the South may be inferred from the following words he used, in a speech in Peoria, Illinois:

"I think that I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we should not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses, North and South. Doubtless there are individuals, on both sides, who would not hold slaves under any circumstances; and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew, if it were out of existence. We know that some Southern men do free their slaves, go north, and become tip top abolition-

ists; while some Northern men go south, and become most cruel slave masters."

By this time it had become quite evident, that the secessionists wished for no compromise. They felt strong, sure of success, and with unflinching determination advanced in their measures to break up the Union, form a Confederacy of the Cotton States, on a thoroughly pro-slavery Constitution; then draw in the Border States, which, without any doubt, would be eager to follow them, and then, through their partisans in the Middle and North Western States, draw those States in, and thus thoroughly reconstruct and reunite the country, leaving New England out, in a cold corner, to be attached to Canada, or, if independent, to be so weak as to be quite at the disposal of the great pro-slavery republic, which, grasping Cuba and Mexico, would overshadow the whole land. The plot of the secessionists to seize defenseless Washington was so palpable, and manifestly so feasible, surrounded as it was by slaveholding Virginia and Maryland, that even President Buchanan became alarmed. General Scott was there urging him to decisive measures. During the first week in January, General Scott had succeeded with some difficulty in collecting about three hundred troops in the vicinity of Washington. President Buchanan was excessively averse to any show of power, lest it might be regarded as a menace, by a foe whom he dreaded, and who had gained almost entire dominion over his mind.

Every fort in the Southern States, the traitorous Secretary of War had left so defenseless, that his associate conspirators could seize them at any moment they pleased. Fortress Monroe in Virginia, which had cost the Government $2,400,000, and which mounted 371 guns, was garrisoned by but eight companies of artillery. The forts in Charleston harbor, which had cost $800,000, were protected by but eighty men, who were in Fort Moultrie. The Norfolk Navy Yard, where there was property of the United States to the amount of many millions, was left so defenseless that a thousand armed men from any of the neighboring slaveholding cities, where rebellion was rampant, could at any moment seize it. The Southern conspirators, in the Senate and in the House, so adroitly held the balance of power, as to prevent any action of the Government to reënforce these forts. They represented such movements as insulting to the South, as a menace which would inevitably and immediately plunge the country into bloodshed. They ridiculed the idea that the South contemplated the seizure of these forts, even at the very moment when they were making all their arrangements for the perpetration of the treacherous act.

In this alarming state of affairs, a resolution was offered in the Senate, by Mr. Clarke of New Hamphire, to inquire into the condition of the forts in Charleston harbor. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, the Catiline of this conspiracy, with audacity which Catiline never exceeded, rose in his seat, on the 20th of December, 1860, and opposed this resolution in the following language:

"I propose to show that it is improper that we should make this inquiry —we know that it must inflame the public mind to agitate this question— whatever the garrison may be, the fact is that the President has not the

power to increase it; that he could not send a company there without the fact being known before the company arrived. This would certainly precipitate action, and it would convey a threat, attended by preparation to execute it, and naturally result in bringing about the very collision which every man who loves the peace of his country is now endeavoring to avert.

"In every view of the case, it is in my view, utterly improper that we should institute such an inquiry as this. Senators here this morning spoke as if the garrison at Fort Moultrie were in hostile attitude to the City of Charleston. If so the garrison should be removed. The site was given, as the army is maintained, for defense. Who will or can reverse the purpose?

"I trust there will be no collision. I trust that these troops are but to perform the ordinary, and so far as our country is involved, the peaceful function of holding that fort until transferred to other duty. But if there be danger, permit me here to say, it is because there are troops in it, not because the garrison is too weak. Who hears of any danger of the seizure of forts where there is no garrison? There stand Forts Pulaski and Jackson, at the mouth of the Savannah river. Who hears of any apprehension lest Georgia should seize them? There are Castle Pinkney and Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. Who hears of any danger of seizure there? The whole danger rises from the presence of the United States troops."

Thus spoke Mr. Davis, on the 20th of December. In six days from this time, the little garrison in Fort Moultrie, alarmed by the preparations making in Charleston for their capture, evacuated the fort at night, and took refuge in Fort Sumter. The next morning the rebels in Charleston robbed the arsenal, where the traitor Floyd had stored, for their use, ten years' ordinary supplies; and armed bands from the city, thus supplied with stolen weapons and munitions of war, immediately seized Forts Moultrie and Pinkney, and commenced throwing up batteries for the bombardment of Sumter. And all this they called a peaceful operation, which the United States had no right to resist. Nay more, they went so far as clamorously to assert, that the action of the United States Government, in moving a feeble garrison from one of its own forts, where it was menaced with an assault which it could not resist, to another fort, where it would be more secure, was an insult to the State of South Carolina, and a declaration of war.

The rebels seized Forts Moultrie and Pinkney on the 27th of December. On the 4th of January an unarmed steamer, the Star of the West, was sent by the United States Government from New York, with supplies for the starving garrison in Fort Sumter, and with a reënforcement of 250 men. In consequence of this decision of the Cabinet Council, the traitorous Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, as we have before mentioned, telegraphed to the rebels this measure of the Cabinet, then sent in his resignation, and hastened to join the rebellion. On the 9th, the steamer entered the harbor. The rebels had thrown up batteries, and immediately opened fire upon it with heavy guns. The unarmed steamer narrowly escaping destruction, having been struck by one shot, and

balls falling like hailstones around her, put about, and returned to New York, without communicating with the fort.

The rebels, animated by the imbecility of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, for the pure patriots there were bound hand and foot, by the agents of the rebels who had the ascendency, plied all their energies in preparation for the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter. Mr. Buchanan moaned in anguish, yet knew not what to do. When we come to the campaign in South Carolina these scenes must be more minutely described. We can now only say, that on the 12th of April, when all the preparations were consummated, ten thousand men from their iron-clad batteries opened a terrific fire upon the seventy men in Fort Sumter, and after a long bombardment, compelled them to surrender the fort. And all this the rebels affirmed, was a legitimate movement, which the United States Government had no right to resist.

On the 20th of December, the very day on which Mr. Davis made his speech against strengthening the garrisons in the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston, a convention of a few score of slaveholders, in South Carolina, assumed to break up the Government of the American Union, and to demolish the United States as one of the nations of the earth, by passing the following resolution:

"We the people of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the 23d of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying the Amendments of said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

So little did these men comprehend the difficulty of the enterprise in which they were engaged, so confident were they that the United States had no vitality left to resist, that one of the secessionists, Mr. Calhoun, coolly remarked, "We have now pulled a temple down that has been built three-quarters of a century. We must clear the rubbish away, to reconstruct another."

Throughout the Southern States the slaveholding secessionists brought into requisition all the energies of a reign of terror to crush out any opposition to their measures. The Southern Confederacy, a paper published in Atlanta, Georgia, and which had fought gallantly for the Union, but whose voice was soon silenced, ventured to say, on the 8th of January:

"It is a notable fact, that wherever the 'minute men,' as they are called, have had an organization, those counties have voted, by large majorities, for immediate secession. Those that they could not control by persuasion and coaxing, they dragooned and bullied, by threats, jeers, and sneers. By this means thousands of good citizens were induced to vote the immediate secession ticket through timidity. To be candid, there never has been so much lying and bullying practiced, in the same length

of time, since the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, as has been in the recent campaign."

The Raleigh (North Carolina) Banner ventured to offer the following remonstrance. But it was immediately silenced. It said,

"The big heart of the people is still in the Union, and we hope to see it yet assert its supremacy. It is now subjugated temporarily to the will of the politicians. Less than a *hundred thousand politicians are endeavoring to destroy the liberties and to usurp the rights of more than thirty millions of people.* If the people permit it, they deserve the horrors of the civil war which will ensue; they deserve the despotism under which they will be brought, and the hard fate which will be their lot."

Forts Caswell and Johnson, in North Carolina, were seized by the rebels, the 8th of January. On the 9th, a convention in Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession. On the 11th, an armed band from New Orleans seized the United States Marine Hospital, two miles below the city, ejected all the patients, and converted the building into barracks for the rebel troops. The secessionists of Florida and Alabama also voted those States out of the Union, on the 11th. Fort Barancas and the navy yard at Pensacola were also seized. The Mississippi was blockaded by the rebels at Vicksburg, a battery being planted there which compelled every vessel to heave to, to be searched, which passed up or down the river. On the 15th, the rebels in Florida surprised and captured the United States Coast Survey schooner Dana. On the 19th, a convention in Georgia, by a vote of 288 to 89, voted that State out of the Union. Though Mississippi voted herself out of the Union, on the 9th, Jefferson Davis retained his seat in the Senate, representing that State, until the 21st, when he withdrew, to place himself at the head of the rebels. On the 26th, the Louisiana Convention passed the act of secession. It was a packed convention, elected through the influence of terror, and consequently the vote passed with but seventeen voices opposed to one hundred and thirteen. The rather childish pageant was enacted of presenting each rebel with a gold pen, with which to sign the act of rebellion. On the 31st, the rebels in New Orleans, silencing, by the threats of Lynch law, every honest patriot who would utter a word of remonstrance, seized the Custom House and the United States Mint, containing Government funds to the amount of $511,000.

Everything thus seemed to go prosperously with the conspirators, and they were loud in their declarations, that God was manifestly smiling upon their enterprise. The Government was apparently powerless, and all over the land the friends of this movement, by which the Constitution of our country was to be changed from the advocacy of Freedom to be the great bulwark of Slavery, were crying out, "No coercion!" Any attempt to regain, or to defend, United States property in the Southern States, was denounced as "coercion" and despotism.

On the 4th of February, forty-two of the secessionists met in Montgomery, Alabama, representing the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and North Carolina. They proceeded immediately to organize a new nation, the Southern Confederacy, to consist of the above mentioned seven States, and such others as might

subsequently be added. And then these forty-two men chose Jefferson Davis, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. In all the Southern States there were large numbers opposed to all these measures of revolt, and in some of the States there were, undoubtedly, a decided majority; but the leading slaveholders had got the power entirely in their hands, and all opposition was overawed. On the 18th, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President at Montgomery.

The ample preparation the rebels had made for war was divulged in the following words, incautiously uttered, immediately after the inauguration, by a member of the Military Committee:

"My colleague, however, greatly errs, when he states we are unprepared for war, and have no arms, and I am unwilling to let the assertion go undenied. Sir, we have arms, and in abundance, though no armories. Every State has amply provided itself to meet any emergency that may arise, and is daily purchasing and receiving cannon, mortars, shells, and other engines of destruction, with which to overwhelm the dastard adversary. Organized armies now exist in all the States, commanded by officers brave, accomplished, and experienced; and even should war occur in twenty days, I feel confident that they have both the valor and the arms successfully to resist any force whatever. Let the issue come, I fear not the result."

These rebels, accustomed to be obeyed, at that time really supposed that the United States, as a body, would repudiate their old Constitution, and adopt in its stead the new and slaveholding Constitution, formed by half a dozen slaveholders—that they would eject President Lincoln contemptuously from office, and accept Jefferson Davis, and that the new government would march, with floating banners, to take possession of Washington, and that thus the revolution would be peacefully accomplished. They had made such ample preparation for war, that they thought that the freemen of the North would not venture to strike a blow for liberty.

These forty-two delegates, without the slightest misgiving, undertook to revolutionize a nation of thirty millions. They deemed themselves umpires from whom there was no appeal. They framed a Constitution, adopted articles of Confederation, chose a President and Vice-President, confirmed Cabinet and Ministerial appointments, and set in operation all the machinery of what they believed would prove a powerful and perpetual government. History affords no parallel to such an audacious usurpation. The *people* had no voice in the organization of the government. And yet so sagaciously was the whole thing managed, that the ignorant masses at the South were led as obediently as slaves on the plantations. Those who ventured to utter the slightest murmurs were instantly silenced with the most inexorable cruelty. Fidelity to history compels us to record the following well-authenticated facts, in illustration of the Reign of Terror, by which all patriotism at the South was subjugated. It is stated in the Richmond Whig, of March 16, 1861:

"It is a melancholy fact, that a larger amount of mob violence has been developed in Virginia, since this secession movement began, than in

the whole previous life time of the State. There has been manifested an intolerance of spirit never before known, and what is more, such intolerance is evidently on the increase, and bodes no good to law and order, and to the peace and prosperity of the citizens of the State; and, if not checked and repressed, and that without delay, it will lead to riot, revolution, and fraternal bloodshed."

General Scott was burned in effigy by the students of Franklin College, Georgia. The Montgomery (Alabama) Mail, of February 6, commenting upon this indignity offered to one of the purest, noblest, and most patriotic men in our land, whose name will descend to posterity by the side of that of Washington, says:

"This is well. If any man deserves such infamy, it is the Lieutenant General of the (Yankee) United States. And we have a proposition to make, thereanent, to all the young men of the South, wherever scattered, at school or college, and that is, that they burn this man in effigy, all through the South, on the evening of the 4th of March next. General Scott deserves this grand infamy. It is meet that his name should descend to our posterity as a word of execration."

An Englishman, by the name of Gardiner, took a farm on shares, near Wilmington, North Carolina. All things were going on prosperously with him, and he was just ready for his spring planting, when, in February, a gang surrounded his house, arrested him, and threw him into prison as a "dangerous" man—one not in favor of slavery. They then sent him, his wife, and children, out of the State. Utterly penniless, he was landed in New York. All his little property and improvements passed into the hands of the rebels.

Two Jerseymen were hung, near Charleston, without trial, on *suspicion* of talking to slaves about liberty. The captain of an English vessel was tarred and feathered in Savannah, for allowing a colored stevedore, who had been at work on board his vessel, to sit at the table with him.

Mr. M. A. Smith, of New Orleans, was in Eufaula, Alabama. He was arrested by the Vigilance Committee, under the charge of having said, that "Bob Toombs was a traitor, and that the secessionists were thieves and robbers." The result was, that he was taken, without any legal proceedings, to a grove, and hung. His horse and buggy, and his purse containing $356, were the spoils which fell into the hands of the victors.

Mr. Jones, of Rock Island, whose narrative is well authenticated, escaped from Louisiana under the following circumstances. He had been at work for three months, and eighty dollars were due him, when his employer charged him with being an abolitionist. He was given five dollars, and ordered to leave the State instantly. The remainder of the narrative is given in his own words.

"It would have been madness for me to have staid to collect the money due me. I had seen enough to know that any man charged with being an abolitionist was certain to be hung or thrown into the river by Lynch law, and there were my employer's two brothers to swear, as they told me they would, that I was an abolitionist. Not very long before I left, a planter had been robbed and murdered on the highway; and there came along on

the levee where we were working a crowd of about forty ruffians, all armed to the teeth, and accompanied by about forty hounds, such as are used to track runaway negroes. They searched our cabin, and inquired particularly after any 'strangers.' Three hours after, they returned with a white man whom they had seized. He was tied to the tail of a mule, by a halter around his neck. I afterwards heard that they took him into the timber, and half hung him to make him confess; and would have hung him outright, but for a planter who persuaded them to wait until the next day, when the real murderer was caught, and this man was released."

Mrs. Mary Crawford minutely details the murder of her husband in Terrant County, Texas, on the 17th of July, 1860. He was accused of being an abolitionist, and after being first shot down was then hung. The unhappy man was at work in the field with his two little boys, when the gang of assassins, under the name of a "Vigilance Committee," seized him, and dragged him into the woods. The boys, in their terror, ran home to their mother. Mrs. Crawford immediately started in search of her husband. She had not proceeded far before she met some of the assassins, who coolly informed her that her husband was hung. A man by the name of Turner, a lawyer and owner of forty slaves, was the ringleader of these murderers. Mrs. Crawford, in her touching narrative of this event, says:

"They took me back to the place we had been living in. My grief, my indignation, my misery, I have no words, no desire to describe. The body was not brought to me until night, and only then by the direction of Captain Dagget, a son-in-law and partner of Turner (for whom Crawford had done much work), who had been a friend to my husband, and was the only man of any influence who dared to befriend me. He had been away from home, and did not return until after the murder had been done. He denounced the act, and said they killed an innocent man.'

The local Newspaper—the Fort Worth Chief—thus chronicled the tragedy:

"Man Hung.—On the 17th inst. was found the body of a man by the name of William H. Crawford, suspended to a pecan-tree about three-quarters of a mile from town. A large number of persons visited the body during the day. At a meeting of the citizens the same evening, strong evidence was adduced proving him to have been an abolitionist. The meeting endorsed the action of the party who hung him. Below we give the verdict of the jury of inquest:

"'We, the jury, find that William H. Crawford, the deceased, came to his death by being hung with a grass rope tied around his neck, and suspended from a pecan limb, by some person or persons to the jurors unknown. That he was hung on the 17th day of July, 1860, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 1 o'clock P. M. We could see no other marks of violence on the person of the deceased.'"

This lawless but energetic association boasted that, in three months, they had whipped and banished, or hung, over two hundred persons, including three Methodist ministers, all of whom they stigmatized as abolition emissaries.

Mr. John Watt, a citizen of Michigan, was working near Vicksburg, Miss., in January. He was accused of uttering "dangerous sentiments," and, without any formality of accusation or trial, was dragged into the woods, and hung to the limb of a tree.

Mr. H. Turner, of New Hampshire, had, for several years, spent the winter on the plantation of Woodworth and Son, near Charleston, South Carolina. He ventured one day to say to a fellow-workman, that he was in favor of Lincoln. The Vigilance Committee soon called upon him, and asked him if he said so. He did not deny it. He was immediately arrested as an abolitionist, and taken to Charleston jail. A mob surrounded the jail, with yellings demanding him. He was placed in a bare cell, and for fourteen weeks was kept in close confinement in a dark and damp dungeon, with no food but a piece of black bread and a pint of bad water each day. He was then taken to a steamer, amidst the howlings of the mob, and being robbed of his wages due, $248, and a fine watch, was left to work his passage to New York, where he arrived utterly destitute.

No American can write such narratives about his own countrymen without extreme reluctance. But these facts must be known, or one can not understand how every voice of opposition was silenced at the South. The apparent unanimity at the South, was simply the silence enforced by the bludgeon, the lash, the halter, and the stake. Hume has remarked upon the barbarizing influence of slavery in ancient Rome. Its influence has been equally debasing in our own land. Its influence upon woman's character has been still more marked than upon the character of men. That there are noble men, and lovely and lovable women, at the South, all must gladly affirm. The writer knows many such whose memory he must ever cherish with affection. But this rebellion has proved beyond all dispute, that such are the exceptions. It is the unanimous declaration of our army, that the venom exhibited by the secession females of the South is amazing and very general. Ladies, so called, would spit upon our soldiers in the streets of Baltimore. One clergyman testifies, that a woman, a member of his church, whom he had always considered a worthy member, said to him, that "she would be perfectly willing to go to hell, if she could but shoot a Yankee first." Another *lady* said, to a gentleman who related it to the writer, that she hoped yet "to sleep under a blanket, made of the scalps of Northerners."

But to this spirit there were many glorious exceptions,—men who suffered every conceivable indignity, and women who braved the fiercest outrages of martyrdom, in love for their native land in all the beauty of its united strength, and who detested those traitors who were willing to deluge this land in blood.

We may close this revolting record with the following statement made by the Cincinnati Gazette, of May 18th:

"Nearly every day some fresh arrivals of refugees from the violence and ferocity of the new Dahomey bring to this city fresh and corroborative proofs of the condition of affairs in the rebel States. Many of these have come thence at the peril of their lives, and to avoid threatened death, have taken a hurried journey surrounded by thick dangers from

the madmen who now fill the South with deeds of violence and bloodshed.

"The people in that section seem to have been given up to a madness that is without parallel in the history of civilization—we had almost written barbarism. They are cut off from the news of the North, purposely blinded by their leaders as to the movements and real power of the Government, and in their local presses receive and swallow the most outrageous falsehoods and misstatements.

"Yesterday, one William Silliman, a person of intelligence and reliability, reached this city, returning from a year's residence in Southern Mississippi. He was one of a party who, in 1860, went from this city, and engaged in the construction of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

"Mr. Silliman, for several months past, has lived in Cupola, Itawamba County, one of the lower tier of counties, two hundred miles from New Orleans, and one hundred and sixty miles from Mobile. He says a more blood-thirsty community it would be difficult to conceive. Perfect terrorism prevails, and the wildest outrages are enacted openly by the rebels, who visit with their violence all suspected of loyalty, or withholding full adherence to the kingdom of Jefferson Davis. Could the full history of these outrages be written, and that truthfully, many and most of its features would be deemed incredible and monstrous, belonging to another age, and certainly to another country than our own.

"The party who is suspected of hostility, or even light sympathy, with the rebellion, is at once seized. He is fortunate if he is allowed to leave in a given time, without flogging. He is still fortunate if only a flogging is added to the order to depart. Many have been hung or shot on the spot. Mr. Silliman details five instances of the latter as having occurred among the amiable people of Itawamba County, within the past ten weeks, of several of which he was the eye-witness, a mob wreaking their vengeance upon their victims under the approval of local authorities. These five men were Northerners, at different times assailed by the rebels. Three of them were strangers to all about them.

"On Saturday of last week a man was hung at Guntown, who refused to join the rebel army, and also refused to leave. He was taken to a tree in the outskirts of the village, and left hanging to a limb. He had a family in the place. Guntown is ten miles from Cupola. The same day, at Saltillo, a man was hung under similar circumstances, and still another at Vanona, where a traveler was seized in passing through the place. All these towns are within twenty miles' circuit of Cupola, where Mr. Silliman resided. He says that he can recall twelve instances of killing, whipping, and other outrages, thus visited upon the victims of the rebels in that vicinity, within the past two months. Many have been waiting in the hope that the storm would 'blow over,' but have, one after the other, been forced to submit, or seek safety in flight."

The Savannah (Georgia) Republican urged, soon after the commencement of hostilities, that all United States prisoners should be sold into slavery. "I know," says the writer, "a rich planter who would gladly take two hundred of the Yankees, on his plantation. One good black

driver to every forty Yankees, would ensure good order and lively work among them.

Those unacquainted with the state of public opinion at the South, can form but a faint conception of the arrogant assumptions of these slaveholders. On their remote plantations, surrounded only by their colored menials, not one of whom could testify in any court of justice, they ruled with a despotic power which felt no restraint. They could torture, maim, kill at pleasure. Thus they have formed a character of arrogance and of ferocity, which must excite the amazement and the execration of the civilized world. The evidence upon this point can not be resisted by any honest mind.

CHAPTER III.

THE WAR COMMENCED.

ENERGY OF THE CONSPIRATORS.—VIEWS OF SECESSIONISTS AND UNIONISTS.—TESTIMONY OF WEBSTER AND CLAY.—IGNOMINIOUS CONDUCT OF THE TRAITORS.—INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—ANECDOTE.—FALL OF SUMTER.—UPRISING OF THE NORTH.—DEVELOPMENTS OF TREASON.—RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR 75,000 VOLUNTEERS.—NOBLE SPEECH OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—UNION OF ALL PARTIES.—TREACHERY OF REBELS IN VIRGINIA.—DESTRUCTION OF GOSPORT NAVY YARD.

ON the 22d of February, four days after the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, in Montgomery, the Collector of Customs, appointed by the rebel government in Charleston, S. C., issued the manifesto, that all vessels, from any State out of the Confederacy, would be treated as foreign vessels, and subject to the port dues and other charges established by the laws of the Confederate States. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, the immense commerce of the Northern States was declared to be foreign commerce, beneath the guns of the forts which the United States had reared, at an expense of millions of dollars.

As these outrages were progressing, the people of the Free States were waiting quietly, but with intense latent emotion, for the inauguration of President Lincoln. Nothing could be hoped for while Mr. Buchanan remained in the presidential chair; and *he* was probably more impatient than any other man in the United States, for the hour to arrive which would release him from the burdens of an office, which were infinitely too heavy for him to bear. He was apparently the unwilling servant of the Secessionists, and could not escape from the toils, in which he had become involved. But the Secessionists had no idea of allowing President Lincoln to be inaugurated. Though frustrated in their plan of securing his assassination, on his passage to the Capital, they were quite confident of their ability to seize Washington, and make it the metropolis of their Confederacy. One of the leading New York journals, under date of January 1, said:

"It is now well known, that military companies have been organized and drilled, for months past, in Maryland and Virginia, some of them under the eye of an officer of the regular army, and that the distinct object of their organization is, to aid in the seizure of Washington City, or the prevention, by force, of Lincoln's inauguration. Some of the less prudent of their leaders boast, in private circles, that they have five thousand well armed and organized men, ready to strike the blow instantly, upon the concerted signal being given."

Very energetic secret societies were organized, all through the Southern States, under the names of "Minute Men," "Vigilance Committees," and "Knights of the Golden Circle," pledged to sustain the Southern Confederacy, to extend the institution of slavery, and to watch over, and, if necessary, to exterminate all suspected of disaffection. Great numbers of men, who ventured to speak freely, were treated with every indignity, and hung. The Hon. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, stated boastfully in the Senate of the United States, "A Senator from Texas has told me that a great many of those free debaters were hanging from the trees of that country." Future generations will find it hard to believe that in a civilized community such atrocities could be committed as were enacted by the advocates of slavery at the South.

Very great ability was displayed by the leaders of this conspiracy. They were men of thought, of wealth, and were long accustomed to the exercise of power. They were few in numbers, and could thus act with almost the energy of a single despotic mind. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, by his talent in debate, his self-confidence, and his imperious, inexorable will, held Cobb, Crawford, and Iverson, as the willing vassals of his baronial spirit, and thus molded as he pleased the State of Georgia. When Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, withdrew from the Senate, he uttered the following arrogant menace:

"Georgia is one of six States, which, in less than sixty days, have dissolved their connection with the Federal Union, and declared their separate independence. Steps are now in progress, to form a Confederacy of their own, and, in a few weeks at furthest, a provisional government will be formed, giving them ample powers for their own defense, with power to enter into negotiations with other nations, to make war, to conclude peace, to form treaties, and to do all other things which independent nations may of right do. Provision will be made for admission of other states to the new Union, and it is confidently believed that, within a few months, all the Southern States of the late Confederacy will be formed into a Union far more homogeneous, and, therefore, far more stable than the one now broken up.

"You may acquiesce in the revolution, and acknowledge the independence of a great Confederacy, or you may make war on the seceding States, and attempt to force them back. If you acknowledge our independence, and treat us as one of the nations of the earth, you can have friendly relations and intercourse with us; you can have an equitable division of the public property and of the existing public debt of the United States. But if you make war upon us, we will seize and hold all the public property in our borders, and in our reach, and we will never pay one dollar of the public debt, for the law of nations will extinguish all public and private obligations between the States.

"The first Federal gun that is fired upon the seceding States—the first drop of blood of any of their people, shed by the Federal troops—will cancel every public and private obligation of the South, which may be due either to the Federal government or to the northern people. We care not in what shape or form, or under what pretext you undertake *coercion*. We shall

consider *all* efforts to exercise authority over us, as acts of war, and shall meet and resist them, accordingly. You may send armies to invade us by land, or you may send ships to blockade our ports, and destroy our trade and commerce with other nations. You may abolish our ports of entry, and by an act of Congress, attempt to collect the Federal revenues by ships of war. You may do all or any of these or similar acts. They will be acts of war, and so understood and considered, and, in whatever shape you make war, we will fight you."

The views of the Secessionists can not be better expressed than in the above extracts. The following speech, delivered by the Hon. Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, in the Senate of the United States, on the 27th of December, contains in briefest compass the views of the Unionists. It is so important, that the true nature of the conflict should be rightly understood, that we introduce this comprehensive statement, even at the risk of a slight repetition.

"The Constitution of the United States speaks in language clear enough that it is not in the power of one out of ten, or of one hundred, or of all the citizens of a State, to annul an act of Congress, because the Constitution of the United States and an act in pursuance of it is a supreme law of that State, and binding upon every citizen of that State, and every citizen must act at his peril. Now if this doctrine is true, that a State by its own mere motion can assemble in convention a mass of its citizens, by resolutions dissolve its connection with the Federal Government, and put an end to the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States, several other consequences must follow. If one State can secede from all the rest, I suppose the Senator from Louisiana will not deny but that all the rest can secede from one, and that of necessity gives to this Government the power to expel a State. Your right of secession involves the right of expulsion.

"Let us go a little further, and see how this doctrine would apply in time of war. We were engaged in a war with Great Britain in 1812, and the New England States, it is said, were rather disaffected, and met in Convention at Hartford. Now, if the doctrine of the gentleman is correct, any of the New England States could have resolved itself out at its pleasure, and gone over to the enemy. Our fortresses in Boston harbor, which we had manned, built, and filled with munitions and guns, they might have withdrawn from and surrendered to the enemy, and turned our own guns upon us.

"This is the consequence of this doctrine. But, again, take it in time of peace. Apply the doctrine to Pennsylvania, that she, by a simple resolution of her people, can withdraw from the United States. She could cut off all the mail routes going across Pennsylvania, and we could not go from Virginia to New York without going across a foreign country. So, too, with Illinois; if this doctrine is correct, we of the North-West could be cut off entirely from the East; and especially if the Union is to be broken up, we could not go to New York except by leave of Illinois; or without going through the State of Kentucky; and you propose to make that a foreign jurisdiction.

"Apply this doctrine further. How is it with Florida, a little State of the Gulf that has 76,686 white inhabitants—almost as many as some of the counties in the State where I live? We purchased this peninsula, and paid for it, to get rid of the foreign jurisdiction over it—also to get possession of the key, and command the entrance to the Gulf. We paid $35,000,000 to take the Seminoles off from it, and now these 76,686 people, whom the good people of the United States permitted to go there and settle their territories—they had hardly population enough to be admitted as a State, but we have admitted them to full fellowship—Florida now attempts, by mere resolution of her people gathered together, to resolve herself out of the Union, and take all those fortresses, which we have spent thousands of dollars to make, with all our own guns, and turn them against us?

"How is it with Louisiana? The Government of the United States upon wise national principles of great national policy, purchased from the Emperor of France, or the First Consul, the Territory of Louisiana, at an expense of $15,000,000. We purchased it to obtain possession of the great valley of the Mississippi, and above all things, to hold the mouth of that river which controls all its commerce, and discharges it upon the high seas of the world. Now, can it be contended here that because the people whom the Federal Government has permitted to go in there, and occupy its lands, and permitted to be introduced into the family of this reunion, that she, in a moment of passion and excitement, by the mere resolution of her citizens, can resolve herself outside of the confederacy, declare that she is a foreign power, and take with her the control of the mouths of the Mississippi. I tell you, Mr. President, and I tell the Senator from Louisiana, that if any such doctrine had been understood when Louisiana was admitted, she would never have been admitted. I tell you, sir, if any such doctrine had been asserted, her people would never have been permitted to take possession of the swamps of Louisiana. They will not willingly consent that she should hold the mouths of the Mississippi, and thus control the commerce that goes out into the Gulf.

"How has it been with Texas? The Federal Government admitted Texas at a time when she had a sparse population, and there were many debts against her treasury, and her credit was impaired and broken. We took her, as one of the States, into this Confederacy. The result of her annexation brought the Mexican war, which cost us 40,000 lives and nearly $100,000,000. Now, when we have made her a good State, built fortifications, paid her debts and raised her to a position of a State in this Confederacy, with prospects as glorious, perhaps more so than any other Southern State, is she now, in a single hour or moment of passion, to resolve herself out of the Union and become a foreign power? Suppose we had paid $200,000,000 for Cuba, and acquired her, with all her fortifications, she could now go out, and turn our own guns against us? What is all our great boasted nationality? Is it a farce and a delusion?

"Gentlemen sometimes complain that the Republican party are disposed to do injustice to the citizens of the South, and to their social institutions especially. But what has been the history of the Government

since it was formed under the Constitution? We have acquired Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and the Territory from Mexico. We have surrendered a part of Maine, and given up our claim to a large part of Oregon. Florida cost us $40,000,000. It has been given up to the social institutions of the South.. We purchased Louisiana Territory, and two-thirds of the good land has been given up to the social institutions of the South. The annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the acquisition of all those territories from Mexico, may be regarded as one transaction. Now I ask you, gentlemen, in all fairness and candor, to say whether we have not surrendered to your social institutions, your full share, comparing the number of persons who are employed in your system of labor, with the free white citizens of the United States? When you speak of injustice, it is without foundation. You have had your full share, and more than your share, of the Territories we have acquired from the beginning up to this hour.

"I am sick and tired of hearing gentlemen stand up here and complain of the injustice done to this institution of the South. There is no foundation for it in our history—none whatever. * * * What do we deny to you that we do not deny to ourselves? What single right have I in New Mexico that you have not? You say this law excludes your social institution. So it excludes our banking institutions and our manufacturing corporations. Your social institution is a kind of close corporation, existing under the laws of your States, not existing by the common law of the country. We deny you no right which we do not deny ourselves. * * * If we acquire Territory, you are asking too much when you ask us to convert it to Slave Territory. It is impossible that we can have peace upon any such doctrine as that. You must allow the Free Territories to remain free. We will not interfere with your institution where it exists. Sir, that is peace. I repeat, that non-interference by the General Government or by the Free State men, with Slavery in the States, and non-interference by the General Government or by the slaveholders, against freedom in the Territories, is peace."

In the spirit of these remarks, the Hon. Daniel Webster had said, in one of his latest speeches, made at Buffalo, May 22, 1851:

"If the South wish any concession from me, they won't get it—not a hair's breadth of it. If they come to my house for it, they will not find it. I concede nothing * * * No matter what may be said at the Syracuse Convention, or any other assemblage of insane persons, I never would consent that there should be one foot of Slave Territory beyond what the old Thirteen States had at the time of the formation of the Union. Never, never! The man can't show his face to me, and prove that I ever departed from that doctrine. He would sneak away, or slink away, or hire a mercenary Heep, that he might say, what a mercenary apostate from liberty Daniel Webster has become. He knows himself to be a hypocrite and falsifier. * * * All that I now say is, that, *with the blessing of God, I will not now or hereafter, before the country or the world, consent to be numbered among those who introduced new slave-power into the Union. I will do all in my power to prevent it.*"

Henry Clay was equally explicit upon this point of admitting slavery into

the free territory of the United States. "So long," said he, "as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, *never*, NEVER, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage." And he was no less emphatic in denouncing the insane doctrine of secession. "If any one state," said he, "or a portion of the people of any state, choose to place themselves in military array against the government of the Union, I am for trying the strength of the government. I am for ascertaining whether we have a government or not; practical, efficient; capable of maintaining its authority, and of upholding the interests which belong to a government. Nor am I to be alarmed or dissuaded from any such course by intimations of the spilling of blood."

Upon the retirement of the traitor Floyd from the government to join the rebels, Joseph Holt, one of the noblest sons of Kentucky, was entrusted with the portfolio of the War Department. In coöperation with General Scott, immediate measures were adopted to protect Washington from the menaced capture by the Rebels. This unexpected vigor greatly alarmed the Secessionists. More loudly than ever, the cry of "No coercion" rang through the land. On the 18th of February, Mr. Holt addressed a letter to the President, in reply to a resolution of the House, inquiring into the state of the defenses in Washington. The following extracts from this letter give a vivid description of the condition of affairs at that time:

"The scope of the question submitted by the House will be sufficiently met by dealing with the facts as they exist, irrespective of the cause from which they have proceeded. That revolution has been distinguished by a boldness and completeness of success, rarely equaled in the history of civil commotions. Its overthow of the Federal authority has not only been sudden and widespread, but has been marked by excesses which have alarmed all, and been sources of profound humiliation to a large portion of the American people. Its history is a history of surprises, and treacheries, and ruthless spoliations. The forts of the United States have been captured and garrisoned, and hostile flags unfurled upon their ramparts. Its arsenals have been seized, and the vast amount of public arms they contained appropriated to the use of the captors, while more than half a million of dollars, found in the mint at New Orleans, have been unscrupulously applied to replenish the coffers of Louisiana. Officers in command of revenue cutters of the United States, have been prevailed on to violate their trusts, and surrender the property in their charge; and instead of being branded for their crimes, they, and the vessels they betrayed, have been cordially received into the service of the seceded States.

"At what time the armed occupation of Washington City became a part of the revolutionary programme is not certainly known; more than six weeks ago, the impression had already extensively obtained, that a conspiracy for the accomplishment of this guilty purpose was in process of formation, if not fully matured. The earnest endeavors made by men known to be devoted to the revolution, to hurry Virginia and Maryland out of the Union, were regarded as preparatory steps for the subjugation of Washington. This plan was in entire harmony with the aim and spirit

of those seeking the subversion of the Government, since no more fatal blow at its existence could be struck than the permanent and hostile possession of the seat of its power. It was in harmony, too, with the avowed designs of the revolutionists, which looked to the formation of a confederacy of all the Slave States, and necessarily to the conquest of the capital within their limits.

"In view of the violence and turbulent disorders already exhibited in the South, the public mind could not reject such a scheme as at all improbable. That a belief in its existence was entertained by multitudes there can be no doubt, and this belief I fully shared. My conviction rested not only on the facts already alluded to, but upon information, some of which was of a most conclusive character, that reached the Government from many parts of the country, not merely expressing the prevalence of the opinion that such an organization had been formed, but also often furnishing the plausible grounds on which the opinion was based. Superadded to these proofs were the oft-repeated declarations of men in high political positions here, and who were known to have intimate affiliations with the revolution, if, indeed, they did not hold its reins in their hands, to the effect that Mr. Lincoln would not, or should not, be inaugurated at Washington. Such declarations from such men could not be treated as empty bluster. They were the solemn utterances of those who well understood the import of their words, and who, in the exultation of their temporary victories gained over their country's flag in the South, felt assured that events would soon give them the power to verify their predictions. Simultaneously with these prophetic warnings, a Southern journal of large circulation and influence, and which is published near the City of Washington, advocated its seizure as a possible political necessity.

"The nature and power of the testimony thus accumulated may be best estimated by the effect produced upon the popular mind. Apprehensions for the safety of the capital were communicated from points near and remote, by men unquestionably reliable and loyal. The resident population became disquieted, and the repose of many families in the city was known to be disturbed by painful anxieties. Members of Congress, too, men of calm and comprehensive views, and of undoubted fidelity to their country, frankly expressed their solicitude to the President and to this department, and formally insisted that the defenses of the capital should be strengthened. With such warnings, it could not be forgotten that, had the early admonitions which reached here in regard to the designs of lawless men upon the forts of Charleston harbor, been acted on by sending forward adequate reënforcements before the revolution began, the disastrous political complications that ensued might not have occurred.

"Impressed by these circumstances and considerations, I earnestly besought you to allow the concentration at this city of a sufficient military force, to preserve the public peace from all the dangers that seemed to threaten it. An open manifestation on the part of the Administration of a determination, as well as of the ability to maintain the laws, would, I was convinced, prove the surest, as also the most pacific means of baffling and

dissolving any conspiracy that might have been organized. It was believed, too, that the highest and most solemn responsibility resting upon a President withdrawing from the Government, was to secure to his successor a peaceful inauguration. So deeply, in my judgment, did this duty concern the whole country and the fair fame of our institutions, that to guarantee its faithful discharge, I was persuaded no preparation could be too determined or too complete. The presence of the troops alluded to in the resolution, is the result of the conclusion arrived at by yourself and Cabinet, on the propositions submitted to you by this department.

"Already this display of life and loyalty on the part of your Administration, has produced the happiest effects. Public confidence has been restored, and the feverish apprehension which it was so mortifying to contemplate has been banished. Whatever may have been the machinations of deluded, lawless men, the execution of their purposes has been suspended, if not altogether abandoned, in view of preparations which announce more impressively than words, that this Administration is alike able and resolved, to transfer in peace to the President-elect the authority that, under the Constitution, belongs to him. To those, if such there be, who desire the destruction of the Republic, the presence of these troops is necessarily offensive; but those who sincerely love our institutions cannot fail to rejoice that, by this timely precaution, they have possibly escaped the deep dishonor which they must have suffered had the Capital, like the forts and arsenals of the South, fallen into the hands of revolutionists, who have found this great Government weak only because, in the exhaustless beneficence of its spirit, it has refused to strike even in its own defense, lest it should wound the aggressors.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Joseph Holt, *Secretary of War.*"

Northern men had so generally been engaged in lucrative employments of industry, that comparatively few sought offices in the army or the navy, where, in a period of profound peace, there was but little scope for enterprise, and where neither wealth nor fame was to be won. But the sons of Southern planters, with nothing opening before them but an indolent life, were eager for these offices. The consequence was that now, in our hour of trial, the large proportion of the officers, in both the army and navy, were from the slaveholding States, and were eager to coöperate with their friends in revolutionizing the government. One after another they resigned their commissions, and entered the service of the Confederacy, where they were nominally reinstated in the possession of the same rank and pay which they had been enjoying. The resignation of men unblushingly avowing their treasonable intent, was accepted by Secretary Toucey, and they were honorably discharged.

One Breshwood, a Virginian, was in command of the United States revenue cutter *McLelland*. He infamously surrendered his vessel to the rebels at New Orleans. Capt. J. J. Morrison followed the same ignoble example, by surrendering the revenue cutter *Cass* to the rebels at Mobile. Gen. John A. Dix, one of America's untitled noblemen, just then appointed

Secretary of the Treasury, sent a secret agent, Hemphil Jones, to endeavor to rescue these vessels from their perfidious commanders. To this agent he gave the spirited order, "to shoot down on the spot any man who attempted to haul down the American Flag."

When great depravity is developed, great nobility of character also becomes conspicuous. Lieut. John N. Maffit was in command of the Crusader at Mobile. His steam gunboat was exposed to the fire of Fort Morgan, which the Rebels had just seized. He was commanded to surrender his vessel to the "Alabama Navy."

"I may be overpowered," was his reply, "but in that event what will be left of the Crusader will not be worth taking."

He rescued the vessel, which subsequently rendered signal service in the Gulf. Capt. Porter was ordered by Lieut. J. H. Hamilton, of South Carolina, to surrender his ship to the Rebels. His reply, dated United States Ship St. Marys, Panama Bay, Feb. 3, 1861, contains the following noble sentiments:

"You, sir, have called upon your brother officers, not only to become traitors to their country, but to betray their sacred trust, and deliver up the ships under their command. This infamous appeal would, in ordinary times, be treated with the contempt it deserves. But I feel it a duty I owe myself and brother officers, with whom I am associated, to reply and state, that all under my command are true and loyal to the 'Stars and Stripes,' and to the Constitution. My duty is plain before me. The constitutional government of the United States, has entrusted me with the command of this beautiful ship, and before I will permit any other flag than the 'Stars and Stripes' to fly at her peak, I will fire a pistol in her magazine, and blow her up. This is my answer to your infamous letter."

The week preceding the 4th of March, when Mr. Lincoln was to be inaugurated, was one of intense solicitude and excitement. The air was filled with rumors of conspiracies, to prevent the inauguration by a bloody tumult, and by seizing the Capital. Washington was thronged with strangers, many from the South, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. Apparently there would have been but little difficulty in a few thousand men, at a concerted signal, making a rush which would sweep all opposition before them. Gen. Scott and Secretary Holt were in the meantime making quiet, but effectual preparations, to meet any emergency. An imposing military escort was provided to conduct the President to the Capitol, and back again, after the inauguration, to the White House.

The eventful morning dawned propitiously. At an early hour, Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged, the centre of attraction being Willard's Hotel, where, thus far, the President elect had occupied apartments. The procession began to form about 9 o'clock. It was very brilliant and imposing. One very striking feature was a large triumphal car, the Constitution, bearing thirty-four very beautiful girls, robed in white, as representatives of the several States. It was thus manifest that the government had no idea of recognizing the Union as dissolved. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln sat, side by side, in the carriage. They ascended the steps of

the Capitol arm in arm. It was noticed that Mr. Buchanan looked pale, sad, and nervous; he sighed audibly and frequently. Mr. Lincoln's face was slightly flushed, and his lips compressed, with an expression of much gravity and firmness.

The President elect took his stand upon the platform of the portico of the Capitol. The Supreme Court, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Foreign Ministers, and a vast crowd of privileged persons, soon occupied every seat. A countless throng filled the grounds below, a surging mass of friends and foes. There were exasperated secessionists, watching for a chance to strike a blow, and pure patriots ready to repel that blow, at any hazard of life. Senator Baker of Oregon, introduced the President to the people. Mr. Lincoln then, with strength of voice which arrested every ear, delivered his inaugural address. Speaking of secession, he said:

"Physically speaking we can not separate,—we can not remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country can not do this. They can not but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens, than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war; you can not fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you."

In reference to the policy to be pursued he said, "To the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part. I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none, unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion,—no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

Mr. Lincoln closed his noble inaugural with the following words, alike firm and conciliatory: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We

must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The oath of office was then administered by Chief Justice Taney; the procession was again formed, and Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the White House. Though President Lincoln used with the utmost sincerity the language of conciliation, he was too well informed to believe that the South could be conciliated. The following anecdote, which he once narrated with great effect, proves that he well understood the deadly nature of the conflict.

"I once knew," he said, "a good sound churchman, whom we will call Brown, who was in a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and, at last, Brown said, he had a friend named Jones, who had built several bridges, and could build this. 'Let us have him in,' said the committee. In came Jones. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' 'Yes,' replied Jones. 'I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary.' The sober committee were horrified. But when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states, soberly and positively, that he can build a bridge to Hades, why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.'" So Mr. Lincoln added, "When politicians said they could harmonize the northern and southern wings of the democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubt about the abutment on the southern side."

The Charleston Courier, under date of February 12th, says, "The South *might* after uniting under the new Confederacy, treat the disorganized and demoralized Northern States as *insurgents*, and deny them recognition. But if peaceful division ensues, the South, after taking the Federal Capital, and being recognized by all foreign powers, as the government *de facto*, can, if they see proper, recognize the Northern Confederacy, or Confederacies, and enter into treaty stipulations with them. Were this not done it would be difficult for the Northern States to take a place among nations, and their flag would not be respected or recognized."

The Mobile Advertiser, of about the same date, said, "The Spartans were small in number, but each man a host. Their narrow territory was peopled by two classes proper,—laborers and fighters. The laborers were slaves, and the freemen fighters. The South could detach one-half of its whole male population to wage war, with as much ease as the North could one-fifth; and in case of need the proportionate array of fighters which we could marshal would astonish the world."

The result has proved this statement correct. The slaves furnished the supplies for the war. Though in heart with the North, they were compelled to work for the support of their masters who went to the field. Every voice from the South indicated the undoubting confidence with which the conspirators were moving toward the accomplishment of their plans.

Effectual arrangements were now made for the bombardment and cap-

ture of Sumter. Iron-clad batteries had been reared so numerous and so formidable, that no wooden frigate could pass them, and thus it became impossible to send any assistance to the heroic little garrison there beleaguered. On the 12th of April, the rebels sent a demand to the starving garrison to surrender. Major Anderson replied that "his sense of honor and his obligations to the government would prevent his compliance;" but at the same time he admitted that the garrison were nearly starved out, and that, if no supplies reached them before the 15th, they would then be compelled to surrender.

At half past four o'clock on the morning of the 12th of April, the rebels opened the fire upon a fort and the flag of the United States, thus commencing, with tremendous energy, all the horrors of civil war. In that frenzied and exultant hour, little did they imagine the misery and ruin they were inviting upon their own heads. The government, in the hands of the traitors who dominated over the councils of President Buchanan, had succumbed so ignobly to menaces of the conspirators, that they now looked upon that government with contempt, and had no apprehension that it would ever manifest sufficient life to chastise them for their treason.

The fire was almost simultaneously opened upon the fort, from Fort Moultrie, the iron-clad floating battery in the harbor, and from heavy batteries on Mount Pleasant and on Cummings Point. A small fleet, with supplies, was seen outside the harbor, but it was certain destruction for the ships to attempt to pass the forts and batteries, and they could, consequently, render no assistance in the conflict. For two hours the little garrison, secure in their casemates, received the bombardment without reply, solid shot crashing down their walls, and shells exploding everywhere around them. After taking a comfortable breakfast, at half past six o'clock, the command was divided into three reliefs, and the first relief, under Captain Doubleday and Lieutenant Snyder, of the Engineer corps, opened the returning fire. The encircling batteries poured such a storm of shells upon the parapet that no one could stand there, and the guns in the casemates were mainly used. There is perhaps no work more exhausting than manning heavy guns. The garrison, enfeebled by months of siege, with but a scanty supply of provisions, having eaten that morning their very last biscuit, were in a poor condition to contend against an army of ten thousand men, stationed behind the strongest ramparts which modern science could construct. Less than one hundred men were thus arrayed against ten thousand.

Major Anderson, though aware that the fort must fall, yet resolved upon a heroic resistance, while taking the utmost care of his men. A sentinel was kept constantly upon the look-out, who cried out "shot" or "shell," at every shot the enemy made, and thus the men easily obtained shelter. It is difficult for one, not familiar with war, to imagine the power of the missiles which modern science has constructed. Solid walls of brick were crumbled down like powder. Cannons weighing thousands of pounds were thrown from their carriages by the explosion of shells. Red hot shot and bursting shells soon set the wooden barracks of the soldiers on fire, and nearly the whole interior of the fort blazed like a furnace. For thirty-six

hours, this terrific bombardment continued all day and all night, with but occasional lulls, from the early dawn of Friday morning till near the close of Saturday afternoon. The garrison in Sumter soon became so exhausted, that they could make but a feeble response. An eye-witness thus describes the scene within the fort:

"The fire surrounded us on all sides. Fearful that the walls might crack, and the shells pierce and prostrate them, we commenced taking the powder out of the magazine before the fire had fully enveloped it. We took 96 barrels of powder out, and threw them into the sea, leaving 200 barrels in it. Owing to a lack of cartridges, we kept five men inside the magazine, sewing, as we wanted them, thus using up our shirts, sheets, blankets, and all the available material in the fort. When we were finally obliged to close the magazine, and our material for cartridges was exhausted, we were left destitute of any means to continue the contest. We had eaten our last biscuit thirty-six hours before. We came very near being stifled with the dense, livid smoke from the burning buildings. Many of the men lay prostrate on the ground, with wet handkerchiefs over their mouths and eyes, gasping for breath. It was a moment of imminent peril. If an eddy of wind had not ensued, we all, probably, should have been suffocated. The crashing of the shot, the bursting of the shells, the falling of walls, and the roar of the flames made a pandemonium of the fort. We nevertheless kept up a steady fire."

Such was the state of affairs, when, near the close of the day, a small boat suddenly made its appearance at one of the embrasures, with a white flag, and Major Wigfall, formerly a United States Senator from Texas, and who had been one of the most fierce and conspicuous of the Secessionists, was permitted to crawl through the embrasure. The fort was on fire, the garrison utterly exhausted, and yet the tattered banner of Stars and Stripes floated proudly and defiantly over the ruins. After some conference, and the arrival of another deputation, it was agreed that the garrison should surrender the fort, taking with them, as they retired at their leisure and in their own way, all their individual and company property, their side arms, and the war-scathed flag, which they were to salute with a hundred guns, before they hauled it down.

The battle now ceased. The fire was ere long extinguished, having destroyed nearly everything combustible, and the wearied men had a night of such rest as could be found in the midst of the ruins which surrounded them. About half past 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, the evacuation commenced. The booming of cannon echoed over the bay, as the heroic and indomitable band saluted the Flag sinking from its staff, and then, as with the proud step of victors, the band playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," they marched out of the main gate, with the Stars and the Stripes waving over them, and entered the transport Isabel, which conveyed them to the United States Ship Baltic, in the offing, by which they were carried in triumph to New York.

Fort Sumter was the Bunker Hill of this Civil War. In both cases, a proud aristocracy were determined to subject this country to its sway. In both cases, the defeat was a glorious victory. This little band of heroes

withstood the attack of an army, provided with the heaviest batteries which Europe and America could afford. For thirty-six hours they continued the unequal conflict. And then, when they had not another cartridge to fire, and not another biscuit to divide, they evacuated the ruins, the Stars and Stripes still waving over them, and they stepping proudly to the air of "Hail Columbia." The nation regarded it as a victory, and welcomed them as heroes. And the people of the United States will never cease to regard each member of the intrepid garrison of Fort Sumter with admiration and homage.

From the statistical report, given in the Charleston Mercury of May 3, it appears that the Rebels threw into and upon the fort, from fourteen batteries, 2361 solid shot, and 980 shells. Among the incidents of the battle related by an eye-witness, one is that a ten-inch shell entered the fort just above the magazine, cut its way through a block of granite, a foot thick, as if it had been cheese, and then exploded, casting a fragment of the shell, weighing twenty pounds, against the massive iron door of the magazine with such force, that the door was so bent that it could not be closed. Soon after this a red-hot shot passed quite through the outer wall of the magazine, and penetrated the inner wall to the depth of four inches, when it fell to the floor. All this time grains of powder, spilled by the men, were lying loosely about, so that it is a wonder, almost approaching to a miracle, that the magazine was not fired, and the fort and all its defenders blown into the air.

It is a marvelous fact, but one now apparently well authenticated, that during this long and terrific bombardment no one was killed on either side. After the battle was over, by the accidental explosion of a gun in saluting the national flag, one of the Federal soldiers was killed and several wounded. But in the battle, no one was seriously hurt. The Rebels had been for months preparing for the conflict, and the balls from Sumter which struck their batteries, cased, at a sharp angle, with railroad iron, glanced off, in the express language of an eye-witness, like marbles thrown by the hand of a child against the back of a tortoise. The men in Sumter were so few in number, and in casemates behind walls sixty feet high, and from twelve to fifteen feet thick, that it is not so very incredible that they should have escaped unharmed. And yet when we reflect that fifty tons weight of iron was thrown upon them with force which crumbled down the most massive masonry, it does indeed seem surprising that "nobody was hurt."

Three times the fort was on fire, and twice the flames were extinguished, by the whole garrison ceasing to fire, and passing along water. To do this it was necessary for the men to go outside the walls, and hand the buckets in through the port-holes, all the time exposed to the incessant fire from the batteries. The third time the flames burst out, all their efforts to extinguish them were baffled, and they burned until almost everything combustible was consumed. The scene in Charleston, during this bombardment, must have been such as can not easily be imagined. From the steeples, the house-tops, and Battery, the whole bay was spread out before the eye; and never before, perhaps, was there so perfect a panorama of

battle. One of the rebels, who was in Charleston at the time, thus describes the scene:

"At the gray of the morning on Friday, the roar of cannon broke upon the ear. The expected sound was answered by thousands. The houses were in a few minutes emptied of their excited occupants, and the living stream poured through all the streets leading to the wharves and battery. On reaching our beautiful promenade, we found it lined with ranks of eager spectators, and all the wharves, commanding a view of the battle, were crowded thickly with human forms. On no gala occasion have we ever seen so large a number of ladies on our Battery as graced the breezy walk on this eventful morning. There they stood, with palpitating hearts and pallid faces, watching the white smoke as it rose in wreaths, upon the soft twilight air, and breathing out fervent prayers for their gallant kinsfolk at the guns."

The avowed object of the rebels, in their attack upon Sumter, was to cross the Rubicon in the actual inauguration of civil war, and thus to "fire the heart of the South." It was supposed that the South, being thus committed, would be compelled, by pride, to continue the conflict, for southern pride would scorn to entertain the thought of apology and submission. This outrage upon our country's flag, this inauguration of civil war, which was to cost more than a hundred thousand lives, to impoverish countless families, and to imperil our very national existence, was received throughout the rebellious cities, with all the demonstrations of pride and joy. Those who still loved their country did not dare to utter a remonstrating word, for an iron tyranny crushed them.

But the uprising in the North was such as the world never witnessed before. The slaveholders at the South had so long been threatening blood and ruin, that the North had quite ceased to regard their menaces. There was hardly a man to be found in all the North, who had any idea that the Southern rebels would venture to commence civil war. The bombardment of Sumter created universal amazement and indignation. As the news of the insult to the national flag, of the battle, and of the capture of the fort by the rebels, was flashed along the wires, excitement, perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world, pervaded every city and hamlet, and almost every heart. All party distinctions seemed to be forgotten. There were henceforth but two parties in the land,—the rebels with their sympathizers, and the friends of the Union.

On the next day, Monday, April 15, the President issued a call for three months' service of 75,000 volunteers, and summoned an extra session of Congress to meet on the 4th of July. The response of the loyal States to this call for troops was prompt and cordial in the highest possible degree. Never perhaps were a people found less prepared for war, than were the people of the Northern States. Accustomed only to peace, and not anticipating any foe, many of the States had not even the form of a military organization. All the energies of the people were consecrated to the arts of industry, not to those of destruction. We had neither soldiers nor officers. The men who had received military education at West Point, weary of having absolutely nothing to do, but to wear away the irksome hours, in

some fort on the shore or in the wilderness, had generally engaged in other pursuits. They had become civil engineers, railroad superintendents, instructors in scientific schools, and thus had become in reality merely civilians who had studied the science and theory of war, but with no practical acquaintance with the duties of the field.

This was not our shame, but our glory. We were men of peace and industry, and of great prosperity. We had not dreamed that traitors would rise to plunge this happy land into anarchy, and to destroy this best government,—best notwithstanding all its imperfections,—earth has ever known. Floyd had emptied the arsenals, and placed the guns in the hands of the rebels. Our little standing army, consisting of but 10,755 men, officers and privates all told, he had scattered at almost illimitable distances over our vast frontier. Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy had equally dispersed the fleet; in fact our neglected navy had fallen almost into decay. And more than all this, the majority of the officers in the army and in the navy were men of slave-holding connections, many of whom openly avowed their sympathy with rebellion, and they had become so lost to all sense of honor, that the betrayal to the enemy of the Flag which they had sworn to protect,—a deed which all the rest of the world called *infamous*, they deemed *chivalrous*. Such was the condition of the North, when the war commenced.

Mr. Lincoln, in organizing his cabinet, had gratified the whole country by showing but little reference to party. Aware of the peril impending he had selected the ablest men wherever found, whose patriotism and zeal could not be doubted, to fill these important posts. William H. Seward of New York, was Secretary of State. Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War. Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy. Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Postmaster General. Edward Bates of Missouri, Attorney General. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior. These were all patriots in whose ability and integrity the community in general, reposed confidence. Mr. Cameron thus describes the condition of the War Department, as he entered upon its duties:

"Upon my appointment to the position, I found the department destitute of all the means of defense; without guns, and with little prospect of purchasing the *materiel* of war. I found the nation without an army, and I found scarcely a man throughout the whole War Department in whom I could put my trust. The Adjutant General deserted. The Quartermaster General ran off. The Commissary General was on his death-bed. More than half the clerks were disloyal. I remember that upon one occasion General Scott came to me, apparently in great mental tribulation. Said he, 'I have spent the most miserable day in my life; a friend of my boyhood has just told me I am disgracing myself by staying here, and serving this fragment of the government, in place of going to Virginia, and serving under the banner of my native State; and I am pained to death.' But the old hero was patriotic, loyal, and wise enough to say that his friend was wrong, and he was right in remaining where he was."

The conspirators, however, had been busy for years preparing for the

conflict. In the rebel convention which met in South Carolina to consummate the conspiracy, Mr. Inglis said, "Most of us have had this subject under consideration for the last twenty years." Mr. Keitt said, "I have been engaged in this movement ever since I entered political life." Mr. Rhett said, "It is nothing produced by Mr. Lincoln's election, or the non-execution of the fugitive slave law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years." In many of the States there was an efficient military organization, and the troops were under active drill. Agents had been despatched to England, to try to win sympathy there, and to enlist the coöperation of leading journals, by promises of free trade. Nothing which wealth or intrigue could accomplish, had been neglected by the traitors, to prepare the way for their great purpose. The Richmond Enquirer, to encourage the friends of the conspiracy with the assurance that all things were ripe for the outbreak, published the following notice, the more memorable, as proclaimed by a sheet which was the recognized mouthpiece of Floyd:

"The facts we are about to state are official and indisputable. Under a single order of the late Secretary of War, the Hon. Mr. Floyd, made during the last year, there were 115,000 improved muskets and rifles transferred from the Springfield armory, Mass., and Watervliet arsenal, N. Y., to different arsenals at the South. The total number of improved arms, thus supplied to five depositories in the South, by a single order of the late Secretary of War, was 114,868." In addition to this, the Memphis Appeal (Tenn.) stated, at the same time, that, by this action of Floyd, by the seizure of forts and arsenals, and by purchase from abroad, the rebel states had then, distributed at various convenient points, 707,000 stand of arms, and 200,000 revolvers.

The response from the loyal States to the President's call for troops was so enthusiastic, that far more men were ready to march than were called for, and millions of dollars were immediately offered to replenish the exhausted treasury. Within fifteen days, it is estimated that 350,000 volunteers offered themselves in defense of our national flag. In all the slaveholding States, even in those border States where the majority of the population were in favor of the Union, the conspirators had contrived to place their own friends in all the important offices. Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee were undoubtedly, by the popular vote, in large majority for the Union. But the Governors of these States assumed that the United States had no right to defend its own property and forts, or to protect its own troops, within the limits of the slaveholding States, now that they demanded the surrender of these forts and property, and the departure of these troops. C. M. Jackson, Governor of Missouri, in response to the President's call, said:

"Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its objects, inhuman, and diabolical, and can not be complied with. Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish, to carry on such an unholy crusade."

B. Magoffin, Governor of Kentucky, responded in the following laconic note:

"Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically, that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States."

Similar responses came from several of the Governors of States still professedly in the Union. But the people in these States rushed by tens of thousands to defend our common country, and overthrow the traitorous rulers who wished to carry them off into rebellion.

The news of the capture of Sumter was received by the Rebel Congress in Montgomery with the greatest exultation. An immense crowd serenaded Jeff. Davis and his Secretary of War, Leroy P. Walker, at the Exchange Hotel. Jeff. Davis was sick, probably sick at heart, in view of the woes which the rebellion was bringing upon the land. He had thought that the North would yield without a struggle. He saw now that a civil war had commenced of such magnitude, that it must deluge the land in blood, and that the chances were that the rebellion would be crushed. He was sick. There was no tonic in the tidings to raise his head from his pillow. But his Secretary, Mr. Walker, appeared upon the balcony, and, in an exultant speech, said:

"No man can tell where the war, commenced this day, will end. But I will prophecy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington, before the 1st of May. Let them try Southern chivalry, and test the extent of Southern resources, and it may float eventually over Faneuil Hall itself."

The unanimity with which the whole North arose, in this crisis, all party differences being merged in enthusiastic devotion to the Union, is one of the most extraordinary events of history. Men who but a few days before had been bitterly hostile, were at once seen standing side by side, upon the same platform, in earnest coöperation to resist the audacious rebellion. Senator Douglas, one of the candidates for the Presidency, at this crisis, came forward with zeal and power which will forever entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen. The overwhelming majority of his party followed their illustrious leader in the magnanimity of his patriotism. On the 1st of May, Senator Douglas reached Chicago, Illinois, on his return from Washington. He was met at the depot, by an immense assemblage of citizens, who conducted him in a triumphal procession to the great "Wigwam," where ten thousand persons, of all parties, were seated awaiting him. The Senator addressed them in the following strain, which thrilled the heart of the nation, and which will give him ever-during and grateful remembrance.

"I beg you to believe that I will not do you or myself the injustice to think that this magnificent ovation is personal to myself. I rejoice to know that it expresses your devotion to the Constitution, the Union and the flag of our country. I will not conceal gratification at the uncontrovertible test this vast audience presents—that, what political differences or party questions may have divided us, yet you all had a conviction that, when the country should be in danger, my loyalty could be relied on. That the present danger is imminent, no man can conceal. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I say before God,

my conscience is clean. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those States, what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity.

"The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our Capital, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque, to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, Are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?

"What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us, for breaking up the best Government, on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of the Presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot box? I understand it that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the Constitution, must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted to be done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that so far as the constitutional rights of slaveholders are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain.

"There has never been a time from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every Administration?

"If they say the Territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have heard, have been of the too vigorous and faithful fulfillment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Then what reason have they?

"The Slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since, formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago.

"But this is no time for the detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; *only patriots—or traitors.*

"Thank God, Illinois is not divided on this question. I know they expected to present a united South against a divided North. They hoped in the Northern States, party questions would bring civil war between Democrats and Republicans, when the South would step in, with her cohorts, aid one party to conquer the other, and then make easy prey of the victors. Their scheme was carnage and civil war in the North.

"There is but one way to defeat this. In Illinois it is being so defeated

by closing up the ranks. War will thus be prevented on our own soil. While there was a hope of peace, I was ready for any reasonable sacrifice or compromise to maintain it. But when the question comes of war in the cotton fields of the South, or the corn fields of Illinois, I say the farther off the better.

"I have said more than I intended to say. It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect it will be, I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally around the flag of his country.

"I thank you again for this magnificent demonstration. By it you show you have laid aside party strife. Illinois has a proud position—united, firm, determined never to permit the Government to be destroyed."

Immediately after the fall of Sumter, on the 17th of April, and in response to the President's call for 75,000 men, Jefferson Davis, the head of a band of conspirators and rebels, who had not been recognized as a nation by any government on the globe, issued a proclamation authorizing privateers to be fitted out from all the ports of the South, to prey upon the vast commerce of the United States. The merchant marine of the United States, whitening the gulf, and spread over all seas, was utterly defenseless. And now the government began to feel the treachery which had dismantled and dispersed our fleet. We could send no convoys. We could blockade no ports. We had not a single half dozen vessels of war, which we could immediately call into service. Was ever a nation before so betrayed? And the very men in whom we had confided, whom the people had placed in the highest posts of office and of honor, had thus left us naked to our enemies. Within a few weeks the rebels boasted that they had seized ships to the amount of several millions of dollars. Those which they could not conveniently carry into port, they plundered and burned at sea.

On the 19th of April, as a protection against this piratical proclamation, and as the nation's reply, the President announced the blockade of all the ports of the seceded States. And never before was a navy created with such magical rapidity. In less than three months over three hundred vessels of war, ploughing the waves beneath the Stars and Stripes, and the heroic men who trod their decks, were eager to avenge any insult to that flag, which never yet has been dishonored.

The Star of the West, an unarmed merchant steamer, which had attempted unavailingly to convey supplies to Fort Sumter, was afterwards sent to Indianola, Texas, with supplies of provisions for the United States troops in garrison there. These troops had been stationed along the frontier, to protect the Texans from invasion by the savages. On the night of April 17th, a band of eighty rebels from Galveston, under the command of one Van Dorn, threw themselves, by stratagem, on board the ship, and seized it without a struggle. The crew were as little anticipating an attack, as they would have been in the harbor of New York. The ship was taken to Galveston, and being plundered of all its provisions, was put in commission as the Receiving Ship of the Confederate Navy, at New Orleans.

In the steamer, when captured, there were three free colored men from the North. They were taken to Montgomery, Alabama, the capital of the Confederacy, whose boasted corner-stone was slavery. Here, under the secession flag, they were sold at auction into endless slavery. Two of them, it was said, were husbands and fathers, having wives and children in New York. They are probably, while I write, if still living, toiling beneath the overseer's lash on some barbaric plantation in Alabama, with no hope of ever seeing wife or child again. These men were in the employ of the United States. They were sailing under the protection of its flag. Such were the outrages with which the rebels inaugurated civil war, exclaiming all the time, "No coercion; we only want to be let alone."

The rebels now prepared to make an immediate strike for the possession of Washington, before the North could find time to gather its forces for defense.

The Richmond Examiner, of April 23, says, "The capture of Washington City is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the effort by her constituted authorities; nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the onset. There never was half the unanimity among the people before, nor a tithe of the zeal upon any subject, that is now manifested to take Washington, and drive from it every Black Republican who is a dweller there. From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City, at all and every hazard. Our people can take it; they will take it; and Scott, the archtraitor, and Lincoln, the beast, combined, cannot prevent it."

In reference to the plot for the capture of Washington, the following facts are well authenticated. A conspiracy was formed by leading Virginians, with prominent Secessionists in Washington, and many traitors of influence and wealth in Baltimore, to accomplish the infamous and cowardly act in the following manner. Virginia did not then pretend to be out of the Union, and was fully represented in the House and also in the Senate.

The Virginians, at the head of between two and three thousand desperate men, were to make a rush upon Harper's Ferry, seize the arsenal there, which contained twenty-five thousand stand of arms, and thus supply themselves with an abundance of weapons and ammunition. They were then rapidly to descend the Potomac to Washington, and make a fierce onset in the streets of the city. Traitors there, in strong bands and armed to the teeth, were prepared to receive them. Incendiaries were appointed to fire the city at several points. In the midst of the uproar and terror of this sudden assault, the conspirators were to seize the most important government buildings, and convert them into fortresses, where they could bid defiance to any immediate attack from the bewildered Government, and whence they could command the city.

In the meantime the conspirators in Baltimore were to cut off all communication with the North, by burning bridges, tearing up railways, and by seizing the post-office and telegraph stations. Should any troops attempt to descend from the North, for the rescue of the National metro-

polis, the mob was to be aroused to destroy them in the streets of Baltimore. At the same time troops were to be ready, from the South, to rush to the captured city, with infantry, artillery and cavalry, and to occupy all the important military stations. The star-spangled banner was to be torn from its proud position, and the secession banner was to be spread over the dome of the Capitol. Virginia and Maryland were thus to be dragged into secession, and Washington was to be the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

The Government were made acquainted with this plot, just on the eve of its execution. It did not seem possible to avert the menaced doom. Washington was filled with rebels. No reliance could be placed upon the militia. Perjured Southern traitors were occupying the most important posts in the army, and the Government knew not whom to trust. Never, perhaps, before, was a Government surrounded with more serious difficulties. A gentleman of high position, and intimately connected with the movements of the Government, and who was in Washington at this time, has given me the following account of some of the scenes which occurred there, in this hour of peril:

"On the 18th of April, 1861, it was confidentially made known among the loyal guests at Willard's Hotel, that a party of some twenty-five hundred men had arrived at or near Harper's Ferry, and that early on the evening of that day, the United States arms, in the arsenal at the Ferry, were to be seized, and the locomotives and cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company were also to be taken, and an immediate descent to be made upon Washington.

"It was further stated that, on the near approach of said force, signals were to be made to the rebel occupants of the city of Washington, who were in much larger number than the loyal men. They were immediately to rise, and every barn and many other buildings were to be set on fire, to overwhelm the people with confusion and terror. The conspirators within the city, well organized, were to unite with the invaders, and thus they expected to obtain easy possession of the public property and of the national Capital.

"A few trusty friends of the Government, visitors in Washington, immediately commenced vigorous but secret measures to assist the Administration in this fearful crisis. They hastened, by committees, to all the hotels, and sought out those known to be true to the Union, informed them of the peril, and appointed a meeting that very evening, in the church in the rear of Willard's Hotel, where they would not attract attention. Solemnly and with intense emotion they administered the oath anew, of fidelity to the national flag, to every one to whom they confided their secret, and then gave to each the pass which would admit him to the church. This work was speedily accomplished, for there was not a moment to be lost, and soon about two hundred men were assembled in the church.

"After listening to a few words of eloquence, which yet burn in the souls of some of the volunteers in that dark night of the nation's peril, the company formed themselves into the noted, 'Cassius M. Clay Battalion.' These noble men, many of whom were among the most distin-

guished in wealth and position to be found in our land, were enrolled, under efficient officers, into small patrol parties, and marched all night long, through the streets of the city, to guard against incendiaries, and to prevent the assembling of the conspirators. They had orders to shoot down promptly any who should resist their authority."

Another party of three hundred men were also appointed under Gen. Lane, to repair, unobserved, to the White House, and *bivouac* in the East Room, ready to give a warm reception to any parties who might make a sudden attack upon the Presidential mansion. For three weeks, the East Room was thus occupied. Gen. Scott, with his characteristic promptness, took quiet and unobserved possession of the Capitol, behind whose massive walls a few hundred men could maintain a desperate defense. This magnificent building was immediately stored with provisions and military stores. Thus a citadel was extemporized, into which the General could withdraw the President and his Cabinet, with some chance of maintaining a siege, until troops could fight their way down, for their rescue, from the North. A band of very trusty men were selected to execute these movements, the utmost care being taken to elude the vigilance of the spies and traitors who swarmed on every side.

The whole city was in a state of commotion, for though but few were aware of the definite plans of the conspirators, it was universally known that for months, in Maryland and Virginia, military companies had been organized and drilled, with the avowed object of a raid upon the Capital. Some of these troops were under the guidance of an officer in the regular army, still holding his commission, and receiving his pay. It was openly boasted by the Rebels, that they had five thousand men ready to strike the blow whenever the signal should be given.

The Government, with the very limited means in its possession, was vigilant in guarding against surprise. The long bridge across the Potomac was patrolled by a party of dragoons. A detachment of artillery was also posted, at night, on the Washington side with guns to sweep the bridge.

Lieutenant Jones, of the United States Army, was in command at Harper's Ferry, with but forty-three men. Heroically he made his preparations to blow up the arsenal, should he find the enemy coming upon him in overpowering numbers. At 10 o'clock at night, of the 19th of April, he received positive information, that nearly 3000 State troops, dispatched by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, would reach Harper's Ferry in two hours, approaching from Winchester, and that 300 troops, from Hallstown, were within 20 minutes' march of the arsenal.

The combustibles had been previously prepared, and the torch was at once applied. In three minutes, all the buildings of the armory were in a blaze. The arsenal at the Ferry was in the State of Virginia. Many of the citizens in that vicinity were in league with the conspirators. Lieut. Jones, with his little band of forty men, retreated across the bridge into Maryland, and thence, by a march all night, reached a place of safety in Carlisle, Penn. The Secessionists at the Ferry rushed to the arsenal, in the vain attempt to extinguish the flames. In their rage they then pursued the heroic band, and firing upon them, succeeded in killing two of their

number. Before morning there were nearly 5000 Virginia troops holding the important post.

While the traitorous Letcher was, as Governor of Virginia, executing these plots, the State was still nominally in the Union. Letcher had not even yet pretended to absolve himself from the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States.

On the 17th of April, a Convention in Virginia, in secret conclave, passed an ordinance of secession. It was, for a time, kept a profound secret from the community, that measures might be adopted for seizing Fortress Monroe, the Gosport Navy Yard at Norfolk, and the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. The Virginia rebels immediately sent a *private messenger* to the Confederate Government to inform them of their action.

The Norfolk Navy Yard was one of the most extensive and valuable naval depots in the United States. Government property was accumulated there to the amount of many millions of dollars. The spacious yard, three-fourths of a mile long, and one quarter of a mile wide, was covered with machine-shops, founderies, storehouses, and dwellings for the officers. There were three large ship-houses and a magnificent dry-dock of granite. In fact it was almost a city in itself of shops and magazines of every kind, and an immense amount of naval and military stores were accumulated there. This all, the land included, was the property of the United States.

But Mr. Floyd, a Virginian, had taken good care that there should be no troops there to defend it; and Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy had been equally skillful in depriving it of all naval support. There was then floating in the splendid harbor the new steam frigate Merrimac, which had cost $1,200,000; the Pennsylvania, the largest line-of-battle ship in the world; the Germantown, the Dolphin, and many other noble vessels of war, partially dismantled. The whole property of the yard was estimated at over 9,000,000 of dollars. Capt. McCaulay was at that time in command of the yard. The secession feeling, in Norfolk and Portsmouth, was general and bitter. Every effort had been made by the conspirators to inflame the populace. Public meetings were held, in which distinguished speakers urged the claims of what they called Southern Rights, and denounced the General Government. John Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, in his response to the President's appeal for troops, had said, "The militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington, for any such use or purpose as they have in view. You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and, having done so, we will meet it in a spirit as determined, as the Administration has exhibited towards the South."

On the night of the 16th of April, by order of this Governor Letcher, a large number of boats, laden with stones, were sunk in the channel, so as to render it impossible to tow out these large ships. Immediate arrangements were then made for seizing the yard. Most of the sub-officers in the yard were traitors from the South, and they baffled all the endeavors of the loyal men to do anything for the protection of the property, and for the honor of the flag of the United States.

As this yard was in the heart of one of the most fanatic of the slave-holding States, many of the workmen were easily won over to the side of

rebellion. The military companies of Portsmouth and Norfolk were called out, some batteries were hastily constructed commanding the yard, and on the morning of April 18, the rebel General Taliaferro arrived at Norfolk to take charge of the troops. All things being thus prepared, the rebel naval officers resigned their commissions, and passed over to the service of the Confederates. We doubt whether the history of this world can show, among civilized men, any acts of dishonor, so flagrant. The rebels seemed to have lost all sense of the meaning of the word *honor*.

It was now manifest that the Yard could not be preserved, and that it must fall into the hands of the rebels, with its immense store of war materials, and its three thousand heavy cannon, unless it could be destroyed. Not a moment was to be lost. At 7 o'clock Saturday night, April 21, the steamship Pawnee cast off from the dock at Fortress Monroe, with six hundred trusty men on board, to aid in the destruction of the yard, and to bring off the loyal men. It was a calm, moonlight night. The steamer passed rapidly up the Elizabeth river, winding its way with some difficulty through the sunken vessels which encumbered the channel. About 9 o'clock it reached Gosport Navy Yard. Their arrival was anticipated, and they were received with enthusiastic cheers. The crews of the Cumberland and the Pennsylvania, several hundred in number, were especially hearty in their acclaim. "They welcomed us," said one, "with a hurricane of heartiness."

The traitors were quite surprised at this sudden appearance of the Pawnee, and all the inhabitants of Norfolk and Portsmouth were speedily aroused; the guilty, trembling with the apprehension that their cities were to be bombarded, and the innocent, apprehensive that the insulted Government was about to punish the traitors for their crimes. For a few hours the Pawnee could overawe all resistance. But in a couple of days, rebellious Virginia could send twenty thousand men, well armed, to consummate her treason. It was therefore necessary to act without an hour's delay. The Pawnee made fast to the dock, immediately landed the troops, and seized all the gates of the yard that no foes could enter. The magnificent Pennsylvania could not be towed out over the obstructions of the channel, but it was thought that the Cumberland, of lighter draft, might be saved.

Everything of value in the Pennsylvania and the other vessels, except the heavy guns, was transferred to the Pawnee, and the Cumberland. Busy hands, nearly two thousand in number, worked with intense activity all night long. Everything which could not be removed, and which might prove valuable to the Rebels, the utmost efforts were made to destroy. Shot and shell, revolvers, carbines, stands of arms, were thrown overboard. It is estimated that there were nearly 3000 heavy guns in the yard, many of them columbiads and splendid Dahlgrens. These could only be spiked. They subsequently manned the innumerable batteries of the Rebels, and opened their thunders upon the Stars and Stripes in the disaster at Manassas. This great reservoir became an inexhaustible source of supply to the rebels, and enabled them to bring into the field, at the commencement of

the conflict, an armament far superior to any with which the Government could furnish its troops.

The work of destruction and preparations for the great conflagration were prosecuted with unwearied energy, by the light of the moon, until it sank beneath the horizon, about 12 o'clock. The barracks were then set on fire, and the crackling flames, leaping into the sky, illumined the whole scene with almost the glare of day. Four o'clock in the morning came. The combustibles were all arranged, the trains laid, the matches prepared, to set on fire ships, houses, shops—everything that would burn. The Pawnee, taking the Cumberland in tow, and receiving on board the two ships all the men from the yard, excepting a few to fire the trains, left its moorings, ready to depart, and sent up a rocket. The scene which ensued can not be better described than in the language of an eye-witness:

"The rocket sped high in the air, paused a second, and burst in shivers of many colored lights. And as it did so, the well-set trains at the ship-houses, and on the decks of the fated vessels left behind, went off as if lit simultaneously by the rocket. One of the ship-houses contained the old New York, a ship thirty years on the stocks, and yet unfinished. The other was vacant; but both houses and the old New York burned like tinder. The vessels fired were the Pennsylvania, the Merrimac, the Germantown, the Plymouth, the Raritan, the Columbia, the Dolphin. The old Delaware and Columbus, worn-out and dismantled seventy-fours, were scuttled and sunk at the upper docks on Friday.

"I need not try to picture the scene of the grand conflagration that now burst, like the day of judgment, on the startled citizens of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and all the surrounding country. Any one who has seen a ship burn, and knows how, like a fiery serpent, the flame leaps from pitchy deck to smoking shrouds, and writhes to their very top, around the masts that stand like martyrs doomed, can form some idea of the wonderful display that followed. It was not 30 minutes from the time the trains were fired, till the conflagration roared like a hurricane, and the flames from land and water, swayed and met, and mingled together, and darted high, and fell and leaped up again, and by their very motion showed their sympathy with the crackling, crashing roar of destruction beneath.

"But in all this magnificent scene, the old ship Pennsylvania was the centre-piece. She was a very giant in death as she had been in life. She was a sea of flame, and when 'the iron had entered her soul,' and her bowels were consuming, then did she spout forth, from every porthole of every deck, torrents, and cataracts of fire, that to the mind of Milton would have represented her a frigate of hell, pouring out unremitting broadsides of infernal fire. Several of her guns were left loaded, but not shotted, and as the fire reached them, they sent out on the startled and morning air minute guns of fearful peal, that added greatly to the alarm that the light of the conflagration had spread through the surrounding country. The Pennsylvania burned like a volcano for five hours and a half, before her mainmast fell. I stood watching the proud but perishing old leviathan, as this emblem of her majesty was about to come down. At precisely 9½ o'clock, the tall tree that stood in her centre tottered, and fell,

and crushed deep into her burning sides, while a storm of sparks flooded the sky."

The dispatch to the rebels at Richmond announcing the successful sinking of stone vessels in the channel of Elizabeth River says, exultingly, "Thus have we secured for Virginia, three of the best ships in the Navy." They were disappointed; the Pennsylvania was utterly destroyed. The Cumberland escaped. The Merrimac burned to the water's edge, and sunk. She was subsequently raised, and, coated with iron armor, plunged into the Cumberland, and sunk her; and then, like Judas, appropriately committed suicide. Notwithstanding the immense destruction of property by the fire, still millions were left to strengthen the arm of the rebels.

CHAPTER IV.

UPRISING OF THE NORTH.

Riot in Baltimore.—The Annapolis Route opened.—March of the Seventh, New York.—Enthusiasm of the North.—Designs upon Washington.—Prof. Mitchell.—Extent of Treason.—Anecdotes.—Attempts to burn Washington.—Energy of General Butler.—Northern Troops.—Jacob Thompson.—Patriotism of General Scott.—Efficiency of the President.—Moral Poison.—Noble Principles of the President.

In immediate response to the appeal of the President, four hundred Pennsylvania volunteers, escorted by three hundred United States troops, were the first who reached Washington. They went from Carlisle Barracks, and arrived in Washington at 10 o'clock in the night of the 18th, and bivouacked in the Capitol. On the same day, the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers left Boston for Washington. They reached Baltimore, forty miles from the Capitol, on the 19th, and there met a regiment from Philadelphia. Both of these bodies of citizen troops had started so suddenly, that they were quite unprepared for hostilities. The Massachusetts troops were partially armed, but the Pennsylvania men had scarcely a musket. They were expecting to be supplied with arms in Washington. The Massachusetts regiment occupied eleven cars, and reached Baltimore, through New York and Philadelphia, without accident. But here, in the first slaveholding city they entered, they found a large crowd assembled, with menacing looks and words, and hostile demonstrations of a very serious character began to be made.

It was necessary to pass directly through the city, a distance of two and a half miles, in the cars, drawn by horses instead of engines, to the Washington station. In this way, nine out of eleven of the cars passed in safety, though insults and curses pursued them all the way, and not a few stones and brickbats were hurled at them. The excitement rapidly increased, and denser multitudes flooded the streets, until there was a mass of ten thousand men, not all indeed sympathizing with the rioters, who surrounded and arrested the progress of the two last cars, which contained but one hundred men, and many of them unarmed.

A hideous scene of uproar and clamor ensued. There was no police power to stay the tumult. Heavy anchors and other obstructions were thrown upon the track, and the rails torn up. A secession flag was waved defiantly, and the most bitter curses of the Union were blended with huzzas for the Confederacy. Thus far the soldiers had remained quietly in the cars, making no reply, by word or look, to their insulting foes.

Finding further progress by the cars impossible, the soldiers left their seats, and formed into line on the sidewalk. Captain Follensbee then drew them up in solid square, and endeavored, advancing with fixed bayonets, to force his way through the crowded streets, in double quick time, to the station. The mob now fell upon them with the fury of tigers, fearful of losing their prey. Never did Indian warwhoop rise more fierce than the hootings and yellings of these savage men, as from housetops and windows, and behind corners, they assailed with stones, clubs, bricks, and occasionally pistol shots, the almost defenseless band. The officers were humanely reluctant to give the command to fire, since the streets were filled with women and children, and loyal citizens, drawn to the spot by curiosity, and the bullets would strike friends as well as foes. The active rioters probably numbered but a few hundred.

At length a burly ruffian sprang upon a youthful soldier, wrested his musket from his hands, and discharged its contents into his bosom. The column was thus staggering along, beaten down by this storm, many mangled and bleeding, some so sorely wounded that they were borne in the arms of their friends, when self-preservation rendered it necessary to fire. It was indeed mistaken humanity which delayed so long. And still, when the command was given to fire, it was obeyed, not by deadly volleys, which swept through and through the ranks of the mob, but singly, here and there one, selecting some audacious villain, and being very careful to hit no one else. This course did not disperse the mob. Thus fighting, the soldiers struggled along, pursued and pelted by their foes, until they reached their companions at the Washington station, and entered their cars. It is to be regretted, that then the soldiers did not teach the mob a lesson never to be forgotten. But it was an hour of terrible perplexity, the scene was new, the soldiers were young men, fresh from their homes, who recoiled from the necessity of taking human life; and it was deemed infinitely important, by all the friends of the Union, to avoid every act of exasperation, so far as possible. But history may be searched in vain for another record of such forbearance. The spirit of conciliation but emboldened crime.

Corporal Tyler, one of the soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixth, describing his personal experience in this mob, says, "I saw a man with three stones under his arm, and one in his hand, pelting away at the troops,—when I fired at him, and *the man dropped the bricks, and laid down.*"

The Pennsylvania regiment were preparing to follow the Massachusetts troops in eleven cars. They were without arms, and the mob, now having tasted of blood almost with impunity, turned fiercely upon them. Under these circumstances it was not deemed prudent to attempt to cross the city, and these unarmed citizens, who were rushing to the rescue of their national capital, at the call of their country, after very severe handling by the mob, succeeded in escaping, and were conveyed back to Philadelphia. The fact that these men were compelled to embark on such an enterprise, *unarmed*, shows how effectually Floyd had robbed the Northern arsenals.

The first young man who fell a victim to this rebellion, and sealed his

patriotism with his blood, was Luther Crawford Ladd, a native of Alexandria, New Hampshire, but a resident of Lowell, Mass. He was but seventeen years of age, when, in view of the approaching peril, he joined the City Guards, assigning as a reason for choosing that company, that he thought they would be called into service first. He was so young that his friends urged him not to go. But he replied, "I shall go for the Stars and Stripes any way." Exchanging his tools of peaceful industry for the musket, he started with a brave heart for the Capital. His companion in death was A. O. Whitney. Several others were severely wounded. Seven rioters were killed, and many wounded. The following telegraphic dispatch from Governor Andrews of Massachusetts, to the Mayor of Baltimore, touched a chord which vibrated through the nation:

"I pray you cause the bodies of our soldiers dead in Baltimore to be immediately packed in ice, and *tenderly* sent forward by Express to me. All expenses will be paid by this commonwealth."

How much there is in a word fitly spoken. *Tenderly!* It moistened ten thousand eyes. The remains of the honored dead were received with every mark of respect along the route, and were consigned to their burial with signal demonstrations of public grief.

As these heroic men, the Massachusetts Sixth, but partially armed, worn and weary, the advance guard of an army of six hundred thousand, entered Pennsylvania Avenue, they were greeted by the patriots with the most hearty joy. Though but few in number, for the regiment, starting almost at an hour's notice, was by no means full, still they were determined men, ready to face any of the terrors of battle. And they brought the first intelligence to beleaguered Washington, that the North was thoroughly aroused, and that troops, by tens of thousands, were already on the march for the protection of the Stars and Stripes. An anecdote may illustrate the character of some, at least, of the noble Sixth.

As they were passing through Trenton, New Jersey, a person residing there asked one of the soldiers, if he had good whisky in his canteen to stimulate his courage. The soldier drew a *Bible* from his pocket, and said, "This is my stimulant;"—an answer worthy of a son of the Puritans,—a stimulant which never fails in the hour of trial.

The promptness and energy displayed by Massachusetts, in this crisis, excited the surprise and admiration of the whole country. There was no dissent from the generous eulogy pronounced by the Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal: "Massachusetts was the first to start a regiment for Washington. Massachusetts' blood was the first shed in the war; a Massachusetts regiment was the first to reënforce Fort Monroe; the first to open a pathway from Annapolis to Washington; the first to reach the Capital, and is the first to invade Virginia. God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The question has often been asked, how it happened that Massachusetts was able, with such unprecedented celerity, to dispatch her troops to the Capital. It was owing first, to the almost miraculous prescience of Governor Andrew, and secondly, to the inborn energy of Massachusetts men. On the 16th of January, 1861, an order was issued, through the Adjutant-

General, William Schouler, to ascertain and enroll, with the greatest accuracy, the number of officers and men in the volunteer militia, who could respond instantly to any call which might be made upon them, by the President of the United States. This order was very energetically obeyed. All the men who, from age, physical defect, business, or family causes, could not respond at once, were discharged, and their places filled by others.

On the 3d of April, the Governor, after conferring with prominent members of the Legislature, and the highest military officers of the State, induced the Legislature to pass a bill, appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of overcoats, blankets, knapsacks, two hundred thousand ball cartridges, etc., for two thousand troops. The militia soldiers had uniforms of their own. They had also, in their armories, three thousand rifle muskets of the best pattern. All manner of ridicule was for a time heaped upon this measure, but its wisdom soon became manifest.

For three months, the militia were almost nightly drilled in their armories. On the 15th of April, the first telegram came from Washington to Boston, calling for help. The citizen soldiers were all at their work, in their offices, on their farms, in their workshops, their ship-yards, and at their nets and barges, scattered over several counties. Orders were instantly dispatched to Lowell, Quincy, New Bedford, and Lynn, for the companies to repair to Boston. The next morning, in a drenching rain, three companies came in from Marblehead, and marched to their quarters in Faneuil Hall, to the music of Yankee Doodle. Through all the day troops were arriving from all points of the compass. Captain Pratt, of the Worcester company, received his order to join the Sixth Regiment, late in the afternoon of the 16th. Early on the morning of the 17th, he was in Boston with his full command. It was 9 o'clock in the evening of the 16th, when the Governor decided to add to the 6th Regiment the company of Capt. Dike, of Stoneham. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Stoneham, with orders for Capt. Dike. He was called from his bed, at his house, at 2 o'clock in the morning. As he read the order he said, "Tell the Adjutant-General, that I shall be at the State House, with my full company, by 11 o'clock to-day." He was there at the appointed hour. That afternoon the heroic Sixth left for Washington, via New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Almost at the same hour, on the evening of the same day, the Third and Fourth Regiments left for Fortress Monroe in Virginia; the one by steamer from Boston, the other by rail to Fall River, and thence by steamer. Two days after this, the Sixth Regiment was fighting its way through Baltimore. Capt. Dike was shot down, receiving a wound in the leg, which crippled him for life. Thus, while one Massachusetts regiment was forcing its passage at the point of the bayonet to Washington, two others were on the sea, hastening to the protection of an important military post. The next day, General Butler left with the 8th Regiment, via Philadelphia, and finding his path through Baltimore obstructed, sagaciously opened a route through Annapolis, as will hereafter be shown.

On the 19th of April, Colonel Sam. C. Lawrence was ordered to report with his regiment, the Fifth, ready for service. The companies were mustered with hardly an hour's delay. At 4 in the morning of the 20th, Major Asa F. Cook was ordered to have his company of light artillery in readiness to proceed to Washington. At 10 o'clock he reported his company prepared to march; and on the same day the regiment was on its way towards the Capital.

It was on Monday morning, April 15th, that the telegram came from Washington, calling for two Massachusetts regiments, which was speedily followed by a call for two more. At 9 o'clock Sabbath morning, April 21st, these four regiments were either in Washington, or in Fortress Monroe, or on their march, drawing near to the Capital. Col. Wardrop, of the Third, on the very day of his arrival at Fortress Monroe, was put, with his command, as has been already shown, on board the United States steamer Pawnee, to assist in the hazardous, yet brilliantly successful movement of destroying the United States vessels and military stores, which the rebels were just on the point of seizing, at the Gosport Navy Yard.

Nothing in this war seems more providential than that there should have been such a noble set of men in the gubernatorial chairs of the Free States. Sprague of Rhode Island, Buckingham of Connecticut, and all the other governors of the New England States, the Middle States, and the great West, advanced in solid phalanx, the vanguard,—the revered commanders-in-chief—of the multitudinous army of the patriots.

Never was there a war waged upon this earth, which enlisted so much of Christian sympathy and prayer, which was so imbued with the spirit of Christ, as this war waged by the patriots of our land, to rescue the United States from the anarchy which dissolution would render inevitable, and to defend it from lapsing into barbarism by extending the institution of slavery over its wide domain. The following letter breathes the spirit then cherished by almost every Christian mother, throughout our land. The lady, of New York, who wrote it was absent from home, when the alarm came that the rebels, in arms, were marching upon Washington, and her five sons all immediately volunteered for the war.

"My dear Husband,

"Your letter came to hand last evening. I must confess I was startled by the news referring to our boys, and for the moment I felt as if a ball had pierced my own heart. For the first time I was obliged to look things full in the face. But although I have always loved my children with a love that none but a mother can know, yet when I look upon the state of my country, I can not withhold them; and in the name of their God, and their mother's God, and their country's God, I bid them go. If I had ten sons, instead of five, I would give them all, sooner than have our country rent in fragments. The Constitution must be sustained at any cost. We have a part to act, and a duty to perform, and may God, our Father, strengthen us, and nerve us to the task, and enable us to say, Whatever thou requirest, that will I cheerfully give and do! May He bless and protect our dear children, and bring them home to us in safety! I hope you

will provide them each with a Bible, and give them their mother's love and blessing, and tell them our prayers will accompany them, and ascend on their behalf night and day."

On the 19th of April, the Seventh Regiment of New York City, a regiment composed entirely of young men of wealth and high position, under Col. Lefferts, left New York, to hasten to the rescue of the Capital. Never did a band of men display more heroism or more true nobility and grandeur of spirit, than was manifested by these citizen soldiers, as regardless of fatigue and danger, they plunged into all the hardships and perils of war. They have richly merited, as the emblazonry of their escutcheon, the device, "The Generous, Gallant, Glorious Seventh." The terrible riot in Baltimore, by which the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment came so near destruction, was known by both officers and men. A fearful conflict was anticipated in forcing their way through Baltimore, against overpowering numbers, assailing them with bullets, and hurling down upon them paving stones, from the windows and roofs of houses.

All New York seemed to crowd Broadway, as this, its favorite regiment, with throbbing yet determined hearts, marched to the stern realities of war. By rail they proceeded to Philadelphia. Here they learned that the mob from Baltimore had torn up the rails, and burned the bridges, so effectually that it was impossible to reach that city, about forty miles distant, but by marching most of the way. They also learned that the whole city seemed to be in a blaze of rebel rage, every patriot voice being silenced, by terror, and that the city, thus in the hands of all "the lewd fellows of the baser sort," was prepared to resist the march of the volunteers, with the utmost desperation. Every house was converted into a fortress. Paving stones were collected upon the roofs, and howitzers planted in second story windows to sweep the streets.

To attempt to fight their way, under those circumstances, through a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, where traitors, by thousands, had long been secretly arming and organizing for the conflict, was almost certain destruction. And even should they succeed, and eventually fight their way through, such delay would be occasioned, that the rebels in Virginia, in possession of all the railroads there, could pour thousands of troops into Washington, before any defenders could reach the city.

The situation of the regiment was embarrassing in the extreme. All communication with the Capital was cut off; for the rebels had seized the post office and the telegraph wires. Under these circumstances, the colonel quietly, without letting his design be known, chartered a small steamer, to descend the Delaware, enter the Chesapeake, and ascend the Potomac to Washington, should that plan be found feasible. Should he find the Potomac blockaded by the rebels, he could disembark his troops at some convenient point, and march to the Capital.

A few hours before the Seventh New York Regiment reached Philadelphia, the Eighth Massachusetts had arrived there from Boston. They, of course, met the same difficulties the Seventh encountered. General Butler promptly seized a steamer, the Maryland, and embarked his troops;

no one knew but himself for what point. The captain and officers of the steamer were traitors, and would gladly have wrecked the vessel, but for the vigilant watch which was kept over them. As it was they ran the steamer ashore, in entering the harbor at Annapolis, and thus gave the rebels time to tear up the railroad, to destroy the locomotives and cars, and to gather armed bands to shoot down the patriots on their march. The spirit of these Massachusetts troops may be seen in the letter of a young man from Salem, one of their number, when they were expecting to have to fight their way through Baltimore. He wrote from Philadelphia:

"We have got to push our way through Baltimore, in the morning, at the point of the bayonet. But our boys are determined and in for it. Our bayonet exercise has got to put the whole regiment through. To tell you the truth, our boys expect to be split to pieces. But we have all made up our minds to die at our post. We have one great consolation before us: the famous Seventh Regiment of New York will join us to-night, and at three o'clock in the morning we expect to take up our line of march. There is an unheard-of hot time before us. We are furnished with no ammunition as yet, and are to rely on our bayonets and revolvers solely. Perhaps before you receive this, I may be lying on the field with those recorded with the dead. But what is more glorious than to die for one's country? I am in as good spirits as our dubious position will admit; and I will die like a soldier, and like a true one if I must."

The young and eloquent writer, Fitz James O'Brien, who soon after died sadly, though bravely, in the hospital, of a severe wound, so graphically describes some of these scenes, that, by using his words, we can almost enable our readers to witness them. He was a member of the Seventh Regiment, and accompanied it on this memorable march.

All along the track through New Jersey, shouting crowds, hoarse and valorous, sent to the troops as they passed, their hopes and wishes. When they stopped at the different stations, rough hands came in through the windows, as if detached and isolated, until they were grasped by those within; and then the subtle magnetic thrill told that there were bold hearts beating at the end. This continued until night closed, and indeed until after midnight.

Within the cars the sight was strange. A thousand young men, the flower of the North, in whose welfare a million of friends and relatives were interested, were rushing along to expected hostilities, with the same smiling faces that they would wear going to a "German" party of Fifth Avenue. It was more like a festivity than a march.

April 20th, at 4.20 P. M., they left the Philadelphia dock, on board the steamer Boston. The regiment was in entire ignorance of its destination. The first evening, April 20th, passed delightfully. All were in excellent spirits, and the calm, sweet evenings, that stole upon them as they approached the South, diffused a soft and gentle influence over them. April 21st was Sunday; a glorious, cloudless day. The steamer had gone on all night, and at 10 o'clock was in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay. At 11 o'clock service was performed, and at 1 P. M. they were seven miles from

the coast. The day was calm and delicious, and they drank in with delight the serenity of the scene. A hazy tent of blue was hanging over them. On one side the dim thread of shore hemmed in the sea. Flights of loons and ducks skimmed along the ocean, rising lazily, and dashing the waves as they flew against the wind, until they rose into the air, and wheeling, swept into calmer feeding grounds.

At 5 o'clock they passed a light-ship, and hailed her, their object being to discover whether any United States vessels were in the neighborhood, to convoy them up the Potomac River. They had heard that the forts at Alexandria were ready to open upon them, if they attempted to pass up, and the steamer was of such a build that, had a shell or shot struck her, she would certainly have been destroyed. It therefore behooved them to be cautious. Although the feelings of the men were unanimous in wishing to force the Potomac, wiser counsels, as it proved, were to prevail, and they kept on.

About this time, a curious phenomenon occurred. Some men in the regiment, who had fine voices, and there were many such, had been singing, with all that delicious effect that music at sea produces, several of the finest psalms in the liturgy. The ocean softens and delicately repeats sound, and those airs trembled along the almost unrippled surface of the sea. While they were singing, the moon swung clear into the air, and round her white disk were seen three circles, clear and distinct, *red, white and blue!* The omen was caught by common instinct, and a thousand cheers went up to that heaven that seemed, in its visible signs, to manifest its approval of the cause in which they that witnessed it were engaged.

All this time the troops were entirely ignorant of their destination. The officers kept all secret, and the conjectures of the men were vain. On the morning of the 22d, they were in sight of Annapolis, and there found the Eighth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers on board the Maryland. They were aground, owing, it was supposed, to the treachery of the captain, whom they put in irons and wanted to hang. During the greater portion of that forenoon, the Boston was occupied in trying to get the Maryland off the sandbar. The men on board the Maryland were without water and without food; but they were well-conducted and uncomplaining, and behaved in all respects like heroes.

On the afternoon of the 22d, the Boston arrived at Annapolis. "Then," says the narrator of these scenes and incidents, "for the first time in his life, your correspondent was put to the work of rolling flour barrels. He was entrusted with the onerous duty of transporting stores from the steamer to the dock. Later still, he descended to the position of mess servant, when, in company with gentlemen well known in Broadway for immaculate kids, he had the honor of attending on his company with buckets of cooked meat and crackers. After this, I had the pleasing office of performing three hours of guard duty on the dock, with a view to protect the baggage and stores. It was monotonous, being my first guard, but not unpleasant. The moon rose calm and white. A long dock, next to the one on which I was stationed, stretched away into the bay, resting on its numerous piles, until it looked in the clear moonlight like a centipede. All was still and calm, until, at certain periods, the guard

challenged persons attempting to pass. There was a holy influence in the hour, and somehow the hot fever of anxiety, that had been over us for days, seemed to pass away under the magnetic influence of night. The regiment was quartered in buildings belonging to the Naval School.

The same evening, the Massachusetts men landed, fagged, hungry, thirsty, but indomitable. The two days that were spent at Annapolis were welcome. The men had not enjoyed a fair night's sleep since they left New York; and even the hard quarters at Annapolis were a luxury, compared to the decks of the Boston. At 9 o'clock in the evening, April 23d, their repose was disturbed by rockets being thrown up in the bay. The men were scattered all over the ground; some in bed, others walking or smoking, all more or less undressed. The drummer beat the roll call to arms. From the stroke of the drum until the time that every man, fully equipped and in fighting order, was in the ranks, was exactly, by watch, *seven minutes*. The alarm, however, proved to be false, so that, after an unpremeditated trial of their readiness for action, the men were permitted to retire to their various couches, formed by blankets spread on the floor, and military overcoats to cover them.

A soldier of the New York regiment speaks of a difference between the Massachusetts men and theirs. "The Massachusetts men," he says, "to whom all honor be given for the splendid manner in which they afterwards acted, in a most trying situation, presented a singular moral contrast to the members of the Seventh. They were earnest, grave, determined. Badly equipped, haggard, unshorn, they yet had a manhood in their look that hardship could not kill. They were evidently thinking, all the time, of the conflict into which they were about to enter. Their gray, eager eyes seemed to be looking for the heights of Virginia.

"With us, it was somewhat different. Our men were gay and careless, confident of being, at any moment, capable of performing, and more than performing, their duty. They looked battle in the face with a smile, and were ready to hob nob with an enemy, and kill him afterwards. The one was courage in the rough; the other was courage burnished. The steel was the same in both, but in the last a little more polished."

As has before been mentioned, the New York Seventh was composed almost entirely of young gentlemen of fortune, connected with the most distinguished families in the city of New York. The Massachusetts Eighth, which the Seventh met at Annapolis, consisted almost exclusively of energetic, enterprising young mechanics and seamen, from the workshops and ports of Essex county, a noble band of intelligent, temperate, and religiously-disposed young men. Gen. Benj. F. Butler accompanied the regiment, over which Col. Timothy Munroe was in command. It is said that as they were contemplating a locomotive shattered by the rebels, Gen. Butler inquired if there were any machinists in the ranks who knew how to repair a broken-down engine. Half a dozen men immediately stepped forward, and offered their services. One of these men, after looking at the engine very narrowly, and examining the makers' mark, patted the iron horse fondly, and said, "I think I ought to know how to repair this engine, since I built it." In two hours, by the aid of such tools as

they found in the workshops of Annapolis, the engine was in running order.

And thus it was through all the perplexities of these disastrous days. The Massachusetts Eighth had mechanical skill, and power of endurance in labor, which enabled them to meet any emergency. Carriages were repaired, rails laid, bridges rebuilt, as by magic. The entire road from Annapolis to the Junction was placed in the hands of men from the Cushing Guard, of Newburyport. For two days the volunteers had nothing to eat but poor pork and hard bread. Two young men, butchers, took a tramp into the pastures, selected a fat ox, paid for him amply, and he was speedily butchered in truly scientific style. The troops were soon feasting upon the finest cuts of sirloins and steaks. The exploits of the Eighth Massachusetts in all the arts of utility rendered them quite famous.

The United States frigate Constitution was at Annapolis, in the service of the Naval Academy there, as a school-ship. The rebels had resolved to seize her. Though Maryland was, by an overwhelming majority, for the Union, slavery being weak in that State, there was still a numerous and very envenomed class of rebels, their leaders being men of property, who wielded the energies of as ferocious a mob as has ever been seen. The rebels hoped to drive the State into the rebellion, and had made thorough arrangements for stealing the most venerated ship in our navy, and delivering it to the Confederate Government. Treason in the cabinet had left the ship almost defenceless. There were but twenty men on board, officers included. The vessel was in a trap, as she was on the other side of a bar, over which she could only be drawn by a steam-tug.

Menacing troops were daily drilling upon the shore. Mysterious signals were made. Plans were manifestly maturing for an assault. Fortunately the officers and crew were loyal. For four days and nights they had stood at their quarters, with shotted guns. Affairs were in this condition when suddenly the steamer Maryland entered the harbor, with the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, under the charge of the prompt and energetic Gen. Butler, ever ready for decisive action. He steamed up alongside. The Constitution had four anchors and seven chains out. One anchor was hove up for use. All the others were slipped. The Maryland performed the friendly services of a tug. There were but nineteen feet on the bar. By lightening and careening, the majestic ship was forced over. The captain, pilot, and engineers of the Maryland, which had been seized by Gen. Butler, were all secessionists, and refused to aid in the rescue of the Constitution. Gen. Butler put them under a guard of determined Massachusetts men, with revolvers, and by the influence of this *moral suasion* they were induced to do the work of patriots.

The ship being thus rescued, Gen. Butler inquired if there were any men in the ranks who knew how to navigate her. Fifty-four men immediately stepped forward, hardy seamen from Gloucester and other points upon the coast. The majestic frigate was thus speedily manned with all the necessary officers and crew, and sent in safety to New York.

On the morning of the 24th of April, the Seventh New York, accompanied by a portion of the Eighth Massachusetts, to assist in removing

obstructions and repairing damages, set out on its march for Washington. The Secessionists of Annapolis and its vicinity had uttered many threats that the troops should never reach Washington alive. It was well known that bands were armed to harass them on their march, and that ambuscades were to be placed in every defile, and well-mounted horsemen were prepared to cut through their line at every cross-road.

There never, perhaps, has been exhibited a more beautiful manifestation of man's fraternity, than in the brotherly relations which sprang up between the New York Seventh and the Massachusetts Eighth in these hours of trials. It was peculiarly fitting, that, on this occasion, the falsehood should be demonstrated of that insolent assumption of the slaveholders that there can be no sympathy between labor and capital—that one class of the community are destined by our common Father to degrading toil, to be stigmatised as "greasy mechanics" and "mudsills," while another class, in proud antagonism, as gentlemen and cavaliers are to live, sustained by unpaid labor in idleness and luxury. As the Seventh Regiment left Annapolis on its perilous march, the Eighth passed a series of resolutions, expressive of the most heartfelt affection.

"We deeply appreciate," say these grateful men, "the hearty welcome extended to us on landing at Annapolis; especially are our thanks due to the noble Seventh for the generous entertainment, so spontaneous, so bounteous, so heartily appreciative of our condition, furnished on the afternoon of Saturday, April 24th, that no words can do it justice, or do justice to our gratitude. In one other and very especial particular does their generosity and benevolence touch our hearts. We refer to the voluntary subscription raised among them, for the benefit of one of our officers accidentally wounded. The term so often used in connection with the volunteer militia, 'holiday soldiery,' has, in all the conduct of the regiment, to which we are so much indebted, been triumphantly refuted. It will hereafter be worthy of the highest fame,—fame that will now attach to the name of the *Generous, Gallant, Glorious Seventh.* Wherever the Seventh may go, we would go. Where they lodge, we would lodge. If ever their colors go down before the hosts of the enemy, the Eighth of Massachusetts will be the first to avenge their fall, with the heart's blood of every man."

Some of the authorities in Annapolis, infected with rebel sympathies, ventured to call upon General Butler, and remonstrate against the passage of Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil. General Butler replied, in voice and manner so instructive and persuasive, that the remonstrance was never, to him, repeated:

"We came here, not as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the Capital of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offense; but there must be no fugitive shots or stray bricks on the way."

The secessionists in Maryland were quite overawed by the unexpected exhibition of energy and power which the United States Government had developed. A very gentlemanly, intelligent soldier was one day standing by the side of a 32-pounder, at Annapolis, over which floated the Stars

and Stripes. Several Secessionists came up to him, and entering into conversation, one of them said,

"I would just like to know now, what you all expect to do?"

The gentleman, who himself narrates the incident, says, "It was a civil question, and the answer was not difficult. But the thought came across me, that, for the first time in my life, I was perfectly secure in expressing, on Southern soil, and to Southern men, my exact sentiments. So, with the gun for a seat, the flag for my protection, and slaveholders for my audience, I replied,

"'We expect to enforce the laws of the United States, in all the States. We intend, that persons living in Charleston, S. C., who desire to subscribe for any Northern paper, may, with perfect safety, take such paper from its wrapper, and read it with impunity in the public rooms of your hotels. And when vessels with colored sailors, having regular papers from the United States Custom Houses, go to Southern ports, we intend, that those sailors shall not be molested, in any manner whatever.'

"'Why,' exclaimed the astonished auditor, 'you are an abolitionist.'

"'No, sir, not a bit of it,' was the reply. 'But I am an American citizen, having certain rights, which have not, heretofore, been protected; but which hereafter, thanks to your folly, will forever be secured. Why, only a year ago, when I was at Wilmington, a colored man, who had bought himself and a small schooner, was engaged in the coasting trade hereabouts, and happened to find himself in trouble, not far from this very point. His vessel ran aground, and he was obliged to stay several days in this place. He was put in jail, had no funds to pay some infernal fine with, and would have been sold by the State into slavery, had not several of us, who happened to hear of it, raised $800, and secured his liberty.'

"'Why, you surprise me,' rejoined the querist, 'I never heard of that.'

"'No,' was the reply, 'and you never would have heard of it under your state of things. But now you will find that papers will print different matter from what they used to. And *that*, my friend, is one of the things that we expect to do.'"

The march from Annapolis to the Junction, like most of the other scenes and incidents which we have to describe, is brought very vividly before our minds by the words in which eye-witnesses relate it. The dawn found the camp in motion. Knapsacks, with blankets and coats strapped upon them, were piled on the green. A brief and insufficient breakfast was taken; the canteens were filled with vinegar and water; cartridges were distributed to each man, and, after mustering and loading, the regiment started on its first march through a hostile country. General Scott has stated, it is said, that the march they performed was one of the most remarkable on record. The tracks had been torn up between Annapolis and the Junction; and here it was that the wonderful qualities of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment came out. Engineers were wanted. Nineteen stepped out of the ranks. The rails were torn up. Practical railroad makers, out of the regiment, laid them again. As the New York troops marched along the track that the Massachusetts men had laid, the

latter greeted them with ranks of hungry but smiling faces. One boy said, with a laugh on his young lips, that he had not eaten anything for thirty hours. There was not a haversack in the New York regiment that was not emptied into the hands of these heroes, nor a flask that was not at their disposal. They thus relieved the necessities of their comrades, to the extent of their power.

The march lay through an arid, sandy, tobacco-growing country. The sun poured down its rays like hot lava. The sixth and seventh companies were sent on for skirmishing duty, under the command of Captains Blake and Nevers, the latter commanding as senior officer. A car, on which was placed a howitzer, loaded with grape and canister, headed the column, manned by the engineer and artillery corps, commanded by Lieut. Bunting. This was the rallying point of the skirmishing party, on which, in case of difficulty, they could fall back. In the centre of the column came the cars laden with medical stores, and bearing the sick and wounded, while the extreme rear was brought up with a second howitzer, loaded also with grape and canister.

After marching about eight miles, during which several of the men gave out from exhaustion, and one young gentleman was sun-struck and sent back to New York, they halted, and after the brief rest of an hour, again commenced their march,—a march which lasted until the next morning. The colonel decided to keep to the railroad in preference to the common road, inasmuch as he had obtained such secret information, as led him to fear an ambuscade on the other route. Events justified his judgment. There were cavalry troops posted in defiles to intercept him. They might not have succeeded in this; but they would have greatly harassed the march. It would be very difficult to describe the scenes which were presented to view when night came on. "I have dim recollections," says one of the soldiers, "of deep cuts through which we passed, gloomy and treacherous looking, with the moon shining full upon our muskets, while the banks were wrapped in shade, and each moment expecting to see the flash and hear the crack of the rifle of the Southern guerilla. The tree frogs and lizards made mournful music as we passed. The soil on which we traveled was soft and heavy. The sleepers lying at intervals across the track made the march terribly fatiguing. On all sides dark, lonely pine woods stretched away, and high over the hooting of owls or the plaintive petition of the whippoorwill, rose the bare commands of 'Halt!' 'Forward March!' And when we came to any ticklish spot, the word would run from the head of the column along the line, 'Holes,' 'Bridge; pass the word along.' Then afterwards, as the night wore on, the monotony of the march became oppressive. Owing to our having to explore every inch of the way, we did not make more than a mile or a mile and a half an hour. Most of us had not slept for four nights, and as the night advanced our march became almost a stagger. I myself fell asleep walking in the ranks. Numbers, I find, followed my example. But never before was there shown such indomitable pluck and perseverance as the Seventh showed in that march of twenty miles. The country we marched through seemed to be entirely deserted. Houses were empty. The people had retired into the

interior, burying their money, and carrying their families with them. They, it seems, were under the impression that we came to ravage and pillage, and they fled as the Gauls must have fled, when Attila and his Huns came down on them from the North."

The necessity for this forced march, as well as the unexpected descent on Annapolis, which then rested on Colonel Leffert's judgment, has since been sustained by events. Finding that the line along the Potomac was closed, and the route to Washington, by Baltimore, equally impracticable, he came to the conclusion, that Annapolis, commanding, as it did, the route to the Capital, must of necessity be made the basis of military operations. It was important to the Government to have a free channel through which to transport troops, and this port presented the readiest means."

The determination of the rebels in Baltimore, that the United States troops should not march through Maryland, for the defense of the Capital, may be seen in the following extract from a letter, from Baltimore, published in the New York Evening Post, of April 29th:

"Every shot gun, rifle, or boys' pop-gun for killing tom-tits, is brought into use throughout the State; and the sentiment is universal, that no more Northern troops shall cross the State, without fighting their way every step; and every rock and tree on the roadside will cover a sharp-shooter. This city alone has appropriated half a million of dollars, and a million more has been given by private subscription. Winans is running 700 men, night and day, in his immense establishment, casting cannon, shot and shells, putting up grape and canister, and preparing other munitions of war. Everything is moving on a grand scale."

At the Junction, where the Annapolis branch meets the Baltimore and Washington road, the Seventh took the cars, and arrived in Washington about noon, April 25th. The heroic Massachusetts Sixth were already there, encamped outside the Capitol. They were there alone, few in numbers, in the very heart of pro-slavery hostility to the Government, and thousands of troops were marching upon them from the South, breathing only the most deadly hate. As the New York Seventh stepped from the cars, and, with unfurled banners and triumphant music, formed in military array, a burst of huzzas rose from the lips of Massachusetts, and was caught and echoed back by New York, with such heartiness of acclaim, that the whole city was roused, and through all its streets there was an inundation of the people flowing toward the station.

The Seventh, with their march enlivened by their magnificent band, though looking worn and weary, yet with elastic step, passed along the avenue to the White House, to pay their patriotic homage to the President. The cheers and smiles of true hearts greeted them, while baffled Secession slunk into bye-streets, and scowled, and swore. Never did a greater change in one half hour pass over a city, than was effected by the coming of the Seventh. Washington now began to breathe freely. The North was thoroughly aroused. From all her green hills, thousands, in battle array, were crowding down, for the defense of their country, their flag, and their capital. General Butler and the Massachusetts Eighth had opened a door,

and held it open, for the passage of all these troops, and great confidence was felt, that no power or fraud of the rebels would be able to close that door again. Hope began to take the place of almost despair.

Baltimore was for the moment entirely in the hands of the rebels. It was a great humiliation to the North, to feel that the soldiers could not fight their way through every obstruction. But the peril of the Capital was so great, that it was deemed necessary, without an hour's delay, to press forward troops for its protection. There was, however, the determination in every patriotic heart, that so soon as Washington was safe, the United States Volunteers should march, by the direct route to their Capital, straight through the streets of Baltimore, even were it necessary to lay every building in ashes, and to traverse pavements deluged in blood. The pride and indignation of both Government and people was roused, that a mob in the streets of a city should thus set at defiance the authority of the United States.

With the heroic Massachusetts Eighth holding Annapolis, the road, and the Junction, but little fear was felt, that this route could again be obstructed. The next day, April 26th, the Seventh, Seventy-first, and Twelfth New York Regiments passed over this road to Washington, and announced the arrival at Annapolis of the Eighth, Sixty-Ninth, and Fifth Regiments of New York. And now the flow of Northern troops into Washington was majestic and unceasing, and the doom of the rebels was sealed.

General Butler, with characteristic promptness, immediately took possession of heights which commanded Annapolis, and thus held the rebels there in an iron clutch.

Under Providence we are doubtless primarily indebted to General Butler for the safety of Washington. It was his sagacity which devised the route through the "forgotten colony" of Annapolis; and it was his genius and bravery which accomplished the plan. Providence placed in his hands just the instruments he needed for his bold enterprise—the Massachusetts Eighth and the New York Seventh. They will be forever entitled to the nation's gratitude, for their heroism, their endurance, and above all, that brotherly spirit, that heartfelt sympathy and coöperation, with which they clasped hands, and marched shoulder to shoulder in these hours of trial. But for the mechanical skill and hardy endurance of the Eighth, and the perfect drill and ample equipments of the Seventh, the midnight march from Annapolis could not have been successfully accomplished.

On the 2d of May, the Marine Flying Artillery of Rhode Island arrived in Washington, having a battery of six pieces. The energy manifested by this gallant little State, under its young but noble governor, William Sprague, attracted universal admiration. This battery was apparently perfect in every appointment of military art, that can give efficiency to this most effective arm of modern warfare. One hundred and sixty well drilled cannoniers accompanied the battery, leaving behind an equal number ready to join them at the first signal. The Rhode Island regiment of infantry met them on parade in Pennsylvania Avenue, where they were highly

complimented for the perfection of their outfit and their high military bearing. The artillery, at 5 o'clock, visited the President. He received them in front of the White House, and was greeted with hearty cheers.

The New Orleans Picayune, of the same date, says, "A Southern victory at Washington would not only strike terror into the ranks of the North, but would go far towards releasing the good and estimable people of the North from a thralldom which has become as terrible as it is degrading. We hope to have the pleasure, ere many days, of chronicling the glorious achievement."

The Rhode Island regiment were quartered in the Interior Department building. Governor Sprague, in full uniform, accompanied them. Our national banner was raised over the vast edifice, and cheered; while Secession looked sullenly on, gnashing its teeth. The heroic little band entered their quarters singing "Our flag still waves."

But a few days after this, the Richmond Whig ventured upon the following announcement: "We are not enough in the secret of our authorities, to specify the day on which Jeff. Davis will dine at the White House, and Ben McCullough take his siesta in Gen. Sickles' gilded tent. We should dislike to produce any disappointment, by naming too soon or too early a day; but it will save trouble if the gentlemen in Washington will keep themselves in readiness to dislodge at a moment's notice. If they are not smitten with more than judicial blindness, they do not need this warning at our hands. They must know that the measure of their iniquities is full, and the patience of outraged freedom is exhausted. Among all the brave men from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, and stretching over into insulted, indignant, and infuriated Maryland, there is but one word on every lip, 'WASHINGTON,' and one sentiment on every heart: vengeance on the tyrants who pollute the Capital of the Republic."

The determination and expectation of capturing Washington seems to have been adopted with entire unanimity by the rebels. We have already recorded the boast of the rebel Secretary of War, at Montgomery, on the 12th of April, "The flag which now flaunts the breeze here, will float over the dome of the Old Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May." The Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig, of April 20th, says, "Major Ben McCullough has organized a force of five thousand men, to seize the Federal Capital the instant the first blood is spilled." The Raleigh (N. C.) Standard, of April 24th, says, "North Carolina will send her full quota of troops to unite in the attack on Washington City. Our city is alive with soldiers and officers, many of the latter being here to tender their companies to the governor. Washington will soon be too hot to hold Abraham Lincoln and his Government." The Richmond Examiner, of the 23d, said, "From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard." The Milledgeville (Ga.) Recorder, of April 30th, said, "The Government of the Confederate States must possess the City of Washington. It is folly to think that it can be used any longer as the headquarters of the Lincoln Government, as no access can be had to it except passing through Virginia and Maryland. The District of Columbia can not remain under the juris-

diction of the United States Congress, without humiliating Southern pride and defeating Southern rights." The Montgomery (Ala.) correspondent to the Charleston Courier wrote, April 30th, "The desire for taking Washington, I believe, increases every hour, and all things, to my thinking, seem tending to this consummation. We are in lively hopes that, before three months roll by, the Government, Congress, Departments, and all, will have removed to the present Federal Capital."

Early in May, the Second Regiment of South Carolina left that State for Richmond. Col. Kershaw, handing the colors to Sergeant Gordon, said, "To your particular charge is committed this noble gift. Plant it wherever honor calls. If opportunity offer, let it be the first to kiss the breeze of heaven from the dome of the Capitol at Washington."

These citations render it certain, that the country was not too speedily and intensely aroused for the protection of its Capital, and that the few who were still urging peace and compromise, were uninformed respecting the true nature of the peril with which our land was menaced.

Troops were now pouring in every day, by thousands, from the North, the rail track from Annapolis to Washington being carefully guarded, and placed in good running order. By ship from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, recruits and supplies were thrown into Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, into the immense Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of James River, in Virginia, and into several of the forts on the Gulf of Mexico, so that they were no longer in danger of being taken by surprise.

The Secessionists in Washington now began to lose all hope of aiding in the capture of the city and in its surrender to the rebels. They consequently made the most desperate efforts to burn it. The city was repeatedly set on fire, but by unceasing vigilance it was saved. On the 3d of May, the young and gallant Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, with his far-famed New York Fire Zouaves, arrived in Washington. This regiment consisted of the firemen of New York, all armed with Sharp's rifles, and probably as energetic and intrepid a band as ever marched to martial music. Their almost idolized colonel, with a peculiar tact for managing such men, trained them to the highest proficiency in the Zouave drill. In selecting these men for his command, he said, to a friend,

"I want the New York firemen, for there are no more effective men in the country, and none with whom I can do so much. Our friends at Washington are sleeping on a volcano, and I want men who are ready at a moment to plunge into the thickest of the fight."

The march of this regiment from New York excited general admiration, from their perfect equipments and the magnificent bearing of the men. The Fire Department presented them with a stand of colors. As the president of that department placed the colors in the hands of Col. Ellsworth, he said:

"Take them, place them in the midst of your gallant band, and wherever the fight is the thickest, and the bullets fly the fastest, let these banners be borne. And may you and your comrades, in the hour of trial and battle, remember the proud motto emblazoned upon them,

"'The Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave.'

"Let this be your war-cry, as you rush to the onset. Wave this banner in triumph only, and do you bring it back though it be tattered and torn in the fight. When the fire bell rings in the night the citizen rests securely, for he knows that the New York firemen are omnipotent to arrest the progress of destruction. You are now called to exhibit your gallantry in another field. You are called to quench the flames of rebellion, and we know that, whether in the midst of burning cities, or in the tented field, you will sustain your own high character, and these banners will ever wave in triumph, even though it be in the midst of ruins."

Col. Ellsworth briefly replied, that, though his acquaintance with his men had been brief, he thoroughly understood their feelings, and he was sure that, as long as one of them lived, that flag would never be disgraced.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Major-General Dix also took part in these imposing ceremonies. Five thousand firemen accompanied the regiment in procession to the Baltic, which was lying at the foot of Canal Street. A banner was borne upon which were inscribed the words,

"If our country calls the rest are ready."

The regiment marched on board to the tune, "The Red, White and Blue," the soldiers and the attendant multitude joining sublimely in the chorus. Hurried adieus were made. Mothers, wives, and sisters took their last embrace, sobbing bitterly. Even strong, stern men wept. The paddle-wheels commenced their revolution, and the steamer soon disappeared on its path to the sea. They went to Washington by the way of Annapolis.

General Butler, on the 5th of May, took possession of the Relay House, on the railroad, nine miles from Baltimore. He planted eight howitzers on the viaduct, and invested the entire neighborhood. On the 14th, with a strong force, he advanced to Baltimore, and marched through the streets of the city, with music and banners, thus practically saying to the rebels, "Now attack us if you dare." The patriots, who were in the majority, were overjoyed in being thus rescued from the mob. The streets were thronged with people who cheered at every step. Ladies, waving their handkerchiefs, joined in the applause. The Federal forces then took possession of the heights about Baltimore, which commanded the city, and treason no longer dared to raise its hideous front. On the evening of the 16th, General Butler, having performed these signal services, was serenaded at his hotel in Washington. In the brief speech he then made, he said, in terms which met with a response in every patriotic heart,

"There is this difference between our Southren brethren and ourselves, that, while we love our State with the true love of a son, we love the Union and the Country with an equal devotion. We place no States' Rights before, beyond, or above the Union. To us, our country is first, because it is our country, and our State is next and second, because she is a part of our country, and our State. Our oath of allegiance to our country, and our oath of allegiance to our State, are interwreathed harmoniously, and never come in conflict, or clash. He who does his duty to the Union, does

his duty to the State. And he who does his duty to the State, does his duty to the Union, one and inseparable, now and forever.

"We will hold as a brother, him who stands by the Union. We will hold as an enemy, him who will strike from its constellation a single star. But I hear some one say,

"'Shall we carry on this fratricidal war? Shall we shed our brothers' blood, and meet in arms our brothers of the South?'

"I would say, 'As our fathers did not hesitate to strike the mother country, in the defense of our rights, so we would not hesitate to meet the brother as they did the mother.' If this unholy, this fratricidal, war is forced upon us, I say, 'Woe to them who have made the necessity.' Our hands are clean, our hearts are pure; but the Union must be preserved, at all hazards of money, and, if need be, of every life this side the Arctic regions.

"If the 25,000 Northern soldiers here are cut off, in six weeks 50,000 will take your place. And if they die by fever, pestilence, or the sword, a quarter of a million will take their place. He is mistaken who supposes we can be intimidated by threats, or cajoled by compromise. The day of compromises is past."

This glowing address was interrupted with repeated bursts of acclaim. The alacrity with which citizens of foreign birth entered into this war, for the defense of our national integrity, was one of the most remarkable features of the times. There is hardly a country in Europe which was not represented in the Union armies. And Germany and Ireland in particular furnished soldiers by the thousand, often organizing full regiments, for the defense of the land of their adoption. Kentucky and Maryland, though border States in which the rebels had plied every power of misrepresentation, persuasion, and terror, to force them into the ranks of Secession, came forward with large majorities in favor of the Union. On the 4th of May, fourteen companies of Kentuckians tendered their services to the Secretary of War.

The seventy-five thousand troops first called for, was only summoning men to rush for the protection of the endangered Capital. Their services were required only for three months. It now became evident, that an arduous and perhaps protracted war was before us. The rebels were acting with demoniac energy, confiscating the property of all Union men; mobbing and hanging all who ventured to speak against the rebellion, or in favor of the Government; compelling every man, capable of bearing arms, to enter their ranks; issuing paper money to any amount they desired, and punishing with revolting violence any who refused to receive it. A more terrible despotism was never developed. Under these circumstances, the President, on the 4th of May, called for an increase of the regular army and navy, and for 42,000 volunteers for three years' service. The patriotic contributions from the North, in three weeks, amounted to $23,277,000. At the South, dictatorial power was practically placed in the hands of Jefferson Davis, as it were by the unanimous assent of the rebels. The Richmond (Va.) Examiner, of May 8th, said:

"No power in executive hands can be too great, no discretion too

absolute, at such moments as these. *We need a dictator.* Let lawyers talk when the world has time to hear them. Now let the sword do its work. Usurpations of power by the chief, for the preservation of the people from robbers and murderers, will be reckoned as genius and patriotism by all sensible men in the world now, and by every historian that will judge the deed hereafter."

In accordance with these views, the Confederate Congress authorized Jeff. Davis to raise such forces for the war as he might deem expedient, and it may be added, that he proceeded to the most atrocious acts of violence to compel enlistments.

The Vermont troops, "Green Mountain Boys," and the hardy sons of New Hampshire and Maine, now began to make their appearance in the streets of Washington. The First Regiment of Vermont, under Colonel Phelps, consisting of ten companies of 77 men each, attracted much attention for their stalwart frames and broad shoulders. They were all higly esteemed citizens, who, at the call of their country, had abandoned profitable business at home. As the cars were leaving Rutland, Vermont, one of the privates, in response to the cheers of the people, said:

"The Vermont Regiment, citizens in peace, soldiers in war, give you the sentiment embodied in the charge of the Grecian matron to her son:—*We will bring back our shields, or be brought back upon them.*"

The waves of patriotic excitement spread across the wide continent, even to the shores of the Pacific. At San Francisco, Cal., there was a magnificent Union demonstration, on the 11th of May. All business was suspended. The Stars and the Stripes waved everywhere. The city was thronged. Three stands were erected for the speakers. Senators Latham and McDougal, and Generals Sumner and Shields, addressed vast audiences. But one voice was heard, and that was, "The Administration must be preserved in its endeavor to crush rebellion, and perpetuate the Union."

Every day brought tidings of new acts of atrocity by the rebels. Their armies were gathering fast in Virginia, privateers were rapidly fitted out to prey upon our commerce; all Northern property in the South was confiscated. On the 21st of May, Jeff. Davis approved the act of the Confederate Congress, prohibiting Southerners, owing money to Northern merchants, from paying the same, and compelling them to pay it into the treasury of the rebels.

Notwithstanding these apparent successes of the rebels, few Northern men doubted, for a moment, the ability of the United States to crush the rebellion. The whole seven revolted States had only a white population of 2,656,481, less by more than a million and a half than the single State of New York, which had 3,887,542. If all the Slave States were to make common cause, they had only 8,907,894 whites, with 4,000,000 of slaves; while the remaining free Union had 20,000,000 of homogeneous people, as powerful in peace and war as the world has ever seen.

At the almost miraculous uprising of the North, after the assault of the rebels upon Sumter, there was a great Union meeting at Union Square, New York, on the 20th of May. Such a gathering, both as to the masses assembled and the enthusiasm manifested, New York had never witnessed

before. The most illustrious men of the State and of the nation there spake in strains, which moved the hearts of patriotic men, all over our land, like bugle notes. Prof. O. M. Mitchel, a graduate of West Point, was, at that time, in charge of the observatory at Cincinnati, Ohio, intensely absorbed in scientific pursuits, and was probably the most illustrious astronomer in the land. The speech he made upon this occasion was so soulful and thrilling, and Prof. Mitchel, subsequently as General Mitchel, so signalized himself upon the field of battle, that his words are worthy of permanent record. The nation will not forget him as one of her sons whom she will love to honor.

"I know that I am a stranger among you. I have been in your State but a little while; but I am with you, heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and all that I have and am belongs to you and our common country, and to nothing else. I have been announced to you as a citizen of Kentucky. Once I was, because I was born there. I love my native State, as you love your native State. I love my adopted State of Ohio, as you love your adopted State, if such you have; but, my friends, I am not a citizen now of any State. I owe allegiance to no State, and never did, and God helping me I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. I did not abjure the love of my own State, or of my adopted State, but over all that rose proudly, triumphant and predominant, my love for our common country. And now, to-day, that common country is assailed, and alas! alas! that I am compelled to say it, it is assailed, in some sense, by my own countrymen.

"My father and my mother were from Old Virginia, and my brothers and sisters from Old Kentucky. I love them all; I love them dearly. I have my brothers and friends down in the South now, united to me by the fondest ties of love and affection. I would take them into my arms to-day with all the love God has put into this heart; but if I found them in arms I would be compelled to smite them down. You have found officers of the army, who have been educated by the Government, who have drawn their support from the Government for long years, who, when called upon by their country to stand for the Constitution and the right, have basely, ignominiously, and traitorously, either resigned their commissions, or deserted to traitors, rebels, and enemies.

"The rebels and the traitors in the South we must set aside. They are not our friends. When they come to their senses we will receive them with open arms; but till that time, while they are trailing our glorious banner in the dust, when they scorn it, condemn it, curse it, and trample it under foot, then I must smite. In God's name I will smite, and as long as I have strength I will do it. I know these men. I know their courage; I have been among them; I have been with them. They have courage; and do not pretend to think that they have not. I tell you what it is; it is no child's play you are entering upon. They will fight, and with a determination and a power which is irresistible. Make up your mind to it. Let every man put his life in his hand, and say, 'There is the altar of my country; there I will sacrifice my life.' Lead me to the conflict. Place me where I can do my duty. There I am, ready to go. I care not where

it leads me. I am ready. God help me to do my duty. I am ready to fight in the ranks, or out of the ranks. Having been educated at West Point, having been in the army seven years, having served as commander of a volunteer company for ten years, and having served as an adjutant-general, I feel I am ready for something. I only ask to be permitted to act; and in God's name give me something to do."

In accordance with the spirit of this speech, which roused the audience to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm, Prof. Mitchel soon assumed command, and, as will be subsequently shown, performed deeds of heroism and of successful generalship unsurpassed during the progress of the war.

Throughout the South, among the leaders of the rebellion, there seems to have been no love for our common country, and no recognition of its authority. When General Quitman was governor of Mississippi, he was seriously implicated in the piratic raid of Lopez upon the Island of Cuba, and was in danger of arrest by the United States authorities. The Hon. Jacob Thompson, whose treason has already been alluded to, when he was a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, as Secretary of the Interior, wrote, on the 2d of September, 1850, in the following strain to General Quitman:

"When the President of the United States commands me to do an act, and the Executive of Mississippi commands me to do another thing, inconsistent with the first order, I obey the government of my State. To Mississippi I owe allegiance, and because she commands me I owe obedience to the United States. But when she says I owe obedience no longer, right or wrong, come weal or woe, I stand for my legitimate sovereign, and not to obey her behests is, in my conscience, treason."

Such were the principles of the man who took the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, assumed the important office of Secretary of the Interior, and then availed himself of all the information and power which his office gave him, to overthrow that Government which he had sworn to uphold.

There were such appalling cases of treason daily arising, that no one knew whom to trust. Even the loyalty of the noble General Scott was suspected, very unjustly. In a speech which Senator Douglas made in Ohio, about this time, he said:

"I have been asked whether there is any truth in the rumor that Gen. Scott was about to retire from the American army. It is almost profanity to ask that question. I saw him only last Saturday. He was at his desk, pen in hand, writing his orders for the defense and safety of the American Capital. Walking down the street, I met a distinguished gentleman, a member of the Virginia Convention, whom I knew personally, and had a few minutes' conversation with him. He told me, that he had just had an interview with General Scott; that he was chairman of the committee appointed by the Virginia Convention, to wait upon General Scott, and *tender him the command of the forces of Virginia in this struggle.* General Scott received him kindly, listened to him patiently, and said to him:

"'I have served my country, under the flag of the Union, for more

than fifty years; and as long as God permits me to live, I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own native State assails it.'"

This remarkable statement shows not only the patriotism of Gen. Scott, but the reasonableness of the anxiety which oppressed the public mind. Such unparalleled examples of treachery had so appalled the community, that no one was exempt from suspicion. And even our purest patriots had bosom friends, near relatives, members of their own families, who were in league with the rebels, and kept them informed of every movement.

The conspirators had succeeded in so filling all the offices of the Government with their confederates, and throwing such obstacles in the way of any vigorous action, that it seemed impossible that anything could be done, under the ordinary forms of law, to thwart their deadly machinations. There was no adequate organization for the public defense, and the rebels were so entirely dead to all sense of honor, that men, while retaining the most important stations in the Government, and hypocritically assuming to be patriotic, regardless of the most solemn oaths, were doing everything in their power to betray and ruin their country.

Under these unparalleled circumstances of embarrassment, the President, on the 20th of April, summoned the members of the Cabinet, whom he had selected, and in whom, consequently, he could repose confidence, to meet at the office of the Navy Department. There they unanimously agreed to send an armed revenue cutter to protect the treasure ships expected from California. The commandants of the Navy-Yards of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were each called upon to furnish five steamships, for public defense, as soon as possible. Very efficient agents, men of the highest distinction, were employed in making arrangements for the transportation of troops and munitions of war. In reference to these movements, which met the warm approval of the nation, the President subsequently said:

"The several departments of the Government, at that time, contained so large a number of disloyal persons, that it would have been impossible to provide safely, through official agents only, for the performance of the duties thus confided to citizens favorably known for their ability, loyalty, and patriotism. The several orders, issued upon these occurrences, were transmitted by private messengers, who pursued a circuitous way to the seaboard cities, inland across the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the Northern lakes.

"I believe that by these and other similar measures, taken in that crisis, some of which were without any authority of law, the Government was saved from overthrow. I am not aware that a dollar of the public funds, thus confided without authority of law to unofficial persons, was either lost or wasted, although apprehensions of such misdirections occurred to me as objections to these extraordinary proceedings, and were necessarily overruled."

The question will rise, with future generations, how could it happen that hostility so wide-spread and venomous, could spring up against a government so mild, efficient, and just, as that of the United States,—a government which had filled the land with plenty, and, in less than one

century, had raised up a nation second to no other upon the globe, in intelligence, wealth, and power. It requires some knowledge of the workings of the human heart to comprehend the potency of that malignant influence of slavery which infused its poison into our whole system. But the careful student of history will see nothing in it that is strange. The spirit of aristocratic usurpation has been the same in all nations and in all times. It has no existence in Heaven. It comes from beneath, and burns with all the fierceness of infernal fire.

The South, seeing their aristocratic institution endangered by the gradual progress of intelligence and piety, roused itself to this desperate endeavor. "Evil be thou my good," became their law. "Wrong be thou my right," became the fundamental principle of their ethics. "The laborer is not worthy of his hire; you shall not give unto your servants that which is just and equal; you shall not do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you; you shall not break the yoke of bondage; you shall not let the oppressed go free; the ignorant shall not be educated; husbands shall not be entitled to their wives; parents shall not possess their own children;" this became their religion: the expurgated satanic edition of their Christianity.

Now this is moral poison of the most malignant kind. It is the corrosive sublimate of the soul. And yet the South determined to feed upon it, and resolved that the North should eat it. Is it strange that convulsions ensued? It is amazing that in the nineteenth century there could be such audacity in the human mind. Mr. Calhoun advocating these fiend-born principles, says:

"Slavery is the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world." Mr. McDuffie calls it "the corner-stone of the Republican edifice." Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, declares that "its forms of society are the best in the world." Senator Brown, of Mississippi, boasts "that it is a great moral, social, and political blessing." Senator Hunter, of Virginia, has the effrontery to declare in the ears of men who know what slavery is, that the "social system of the slaveholding states is the normal condition of human society, beneficial to the non-slaveholder as it is to the slaveholder, best for the happiness of both races,—the very key-stone of the mighty arch, which, by its concentrated strength, is able to sustain our social superstructure, consists in the black marble block of African slavery. Knock that out," he says, "and the mighty fabric, with all that it upholds, topples and tumbles to its fall." Senator Mason, of Virginia, ventures to say that slavery is "ennobling to both master and slave;" subsequently, however, changing the phrase to "ennobling to the master and elevating to the slave." Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, very justly remarks that "slavery supersedes the necessity of an order of nobility."

Thus defiantly was this degrading institution, which John Wesley, thoroughly acquainted with its workings in Georgia and the two Carolinas, had declared to be the "sum of all villanies," and which Jefferson had denounced as the most atrocious outrage upon the laws of God and the rights of man, forcing its way to undermine our free institutions, and to corrupt our Christianity. It is not possible that there should be greater antagon-

ism than that between freedom and slavery;—between the Christianity which says, "Break every yoke," and the Christianity which says, "Let the strong put the yoke on the neck of the weak." These were the antagonisms, relentless as death, which the great rebellion developed.

"A slave," says the civil code of Louisiana, "is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master." "The cardinal principle of slavery," says Stroud's Law of Slavery, "that the slave is not to be ranked among *sentient* beings, but among *things*,—is an article of property—a chattel personal, obtains, as undoubted law, in all of these (slave) states."

The Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, commenting upon these statements, in his truly magnificent speech upon the "Barbarism of Slavery," delivered in the Senate of the United States, June 4th, 1860, says:

"Out of this definition, as from a solitary germ, which, in its pettiness, might be crushed by the hand, towers our Upas tree and all its gigantic poison. Study it, and you will comprehend the whole monstrous growth. Look at its plain import and see the relations which it establishes. The slave is held simply for the use of his master, to whose behests his life, liberty, and happiness are devoted, and by whom he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, invoiced, shipped as cargo, stored as goods, sold on execution, knocked off at public auction, and even staked at the gaming-table, on the hazard of a card or a die,—all according to law.

"Nor is there anything, within the limit of life, inflicted on a beast, which may not be inflicted on a slave. He may be marked like a hog, branded like a mule, yoked like an ox, hobbled like a horse, driven like an ass, sheared like a sheep, maimed like a cur, and constantly beaten like a brute,—all according to law.

"And should life itself be taken, what is the remedy? The law of slavery, imitating that rule of evidence which, in barbarous days and barbarous countries, prevented a Christian from testifying against a Mahomedan, openly pronounces the incompetency of the whole African race, whether bond or free, to testify in any case against a white man, and thus, having already surrendered the slave to every possible outrage, crowns its tyranny, by excluding the very testimony through which the bloody cruelty of the slave-master might be exposed."

It is indeed refreshing, in contrast with these principles of oppression, to read the healthy views of President Lincoln, upon the subject of liberty. They were uttered in a speech which he made, when a candidate for the Senate of the United States, in opposition to Judge Douglas:

"These communities (the thirteen colonies) by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the whole world of men: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the Universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His

creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to *all* His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on, and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages.

"Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that, when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began—so that truth, and justice, and mercy, and all the humane and Christian virtues, might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

"Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me—take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever—but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. *But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity—the Declaration of American Independence.*"

CHAPTER V.

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.

JOHN BELL.—BRECKINRIDGE.—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.—TAKING OF ALEXANDRIA.—MURDER OF ELLSWORTH.—INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE NORTHERN ARMY.—COL. MALLORY AND GEN. BUTLER.—CONTRABANDS.—SOUTHERN OPINIONS AND CONDUCT.—MCCLELLAN ON SLAVERY.—BORDER STATES.—PHILIPPI.—BEAUREGARD'S PROCLAMATION.—BETHEL.—WINTHROP.—GREBLE.—BALLOON TELEGRAPH.—VIENNA.—MCCLELLAN'S PROCLAMATION.

THE Washington Star, of May 7th, says, "The scheme of the oligarchy was to have attacked this city some time between break of day of the 18th, and daybreak of the 21st of April ultimo. They had been led to believe that the Virginia ordinance of secession would have been pushed through the Convention a few days before that was accomplished (on the 17th), and that the troops of that State would have been able to take Washington by surprise, between the dates we have named above. John Bell was doubtless in the conspiracy, we apprehend, as his change of front took place just in time to admit of his getting on what he foolishly supposed would be the winning side. The resignation of the large number of army and navy officers, between the 18th and 21st of April, in a body, was doubtless also planned to embarrass the Government, just previous to the meditated attack on the metropolis. The conspirators had no idea that the Government would prove more prompt and efficient in their measures of defense, than they in theirs of attack."

On the 23d of April, John Bell of Tennessee, one of the candidates for the Presidency, openly avowed his union with the rebels. In a speech at Nashville he said, "The time for action and unity of action in the South has arrived. I am for standing by the South, defending the South, all the South, against the unnecessary, aggressive, cruel, unjust, and wanton war which is being forced upon us." He advocated a strong military league of all the slaveholding States, and urged the immediate and effective organization of all their military strength. "To arms, Tennesseeans, to arms!" he cried.

John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, another slaveholding candidate for the Presidency, remained in the Senate of the United States for several months, assuming the air of loyalty, while doing everything in his power to clog the wheels of government, and to facilitate the movements of his outside fellow-conspirators. While Mr. Breckinridge was thus operating, and all under the forms of law, Senator Douglas remarked to a distinguished Kentuckian at Indianapolis, "I know your man Breckinridge

better than you know him yourselves. Mark my words, sir, within a year from this time, John C. Breckinridge will be a general in the rebel army." In less than six months, Mr. Breckinridge threw off all disguise, and assumed military command under the banner of the rebels.

President Lincoln, with all his firmness and entireness of consecration to the work which was before him, had an irresistible sense of the ludicrous, which would occasionally manifest itself even in the most serious transactions. As the perils of war were rapidly accumulating, the Government stationed some troops at Cairo, *Illinois;* a very important point, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. A violent Secessionist, a member of the *Kentucky* State Senate, had the effrontery to send to the President a solemn protest against this movement. The very characteristic reply was, "Your letter has been received and duly considered. In reply, I can only say to you, a Senator of *Kentucky*, that, had I known that Cairo, *Illinois*, was in your Senatorial district, I would not have sent any soldiers within a hundred miles of that point." *

Before the close of May there were 20,000 troops in Washington, nearly fifty vessels had commenced the blockade of the Southern ports, the Union men in Maryland had rallied, and that State was strong for the Government; and in every one of the Northern States large masses of troops were being drilled and supplied with arms. All the arsenals were at work, night and day, turning out every weapon of warfare, and agents were dispatched to Europe, to hasten forward supplies. Never was a community less prepared for immediate war.

Similar activity was manifest all over the South. For years their sagacious leaders had been storing up arms. For years they had been poisoning the minds of the ignorant masses of the South, so as to inflame them with hatred for the "Yankees," to whom they never condescended to allude but as the "damned Yankees." The South being almost exclusively agricultural, and the slaves performing the work, nearly every man, capable of bearing arms, could be called to the field. The spirit of conscription was inexorable, and every man was compelled to go. The negroes also, in large numbers, were forced to perform the menial service of the camp, and to relieve the soldiers of the hard work of throwing up entrenchments. Thus, by the 1st of June, the rebels had a larger and better equipped army in the field, than the Government then possessed. They also felt sure of the coöperation of England, and were very sanguine that they should secure that of France also. They had no doubt of success. Their troops were concentrating at all important points, 15,000 of them being at Richmond, still eager for a rush upon Washington. The rebels had commenced their seat of government at Montgomery, Alabama. The Montgomery correspondent of the New Orleans Delta wrote, in the middle of May:

"It is reported here, that official information has been received, that troops from the North are pouring continuously into the capital of the Old Government, and it is thought that before we could possibly begin our assault, Washington will be defended by 20,000 men, supplied with all the

* Speech of Senator Rousseau, in Kentucky Senate, May 21, 1861.

enginery of war. The time for taking the old seat of government without a desperate battle has evidently gone by; yet its doom is sealed. The fixed and unalterable determination to capture this city is the prevailing sentiment of our people, and satisfaction gleams from the eye of every soldier whose destination is Washington."

Gen. Scott detached 13,000 men to take possession of Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, seven miles below Washington. This was a staid, antique, rather dilapidated town of about ten thousand inhabitants, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of slavery and rebellion. A small force of rebel troops were stationed in and around the city. A gentle hint, however, of what was to come, was given on the morning of the 14th of May, when a United States steamer quietly dropped anchor off the city; swung around to bring her broadside to bear; and then, with rifled cannon and mortars, which would throw shot and shell into every street, unmuzzled, waited further movements.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning of the 24th of May, when the expedition from Washington started secretly to take military possession of Alexandria. One half the troops crossed the Long Bridge, and marched down the right bank of the Potomac, to enter Alexandria by the rear, and to cut off any rebel troops who might be lurking about the city. The other half, including the Fire Zouaves under Col. Ellsworth, descended the river in steamers, from the Washington Navy Yard. It was in the first gray of the morning, when the steamers touched at the wharves. Of this division Col. Ellsworth was in command. He was one of the first to land. While the regiment was forming in line, one company was sent, in post haste, to seize the telegraph station, that no communication could be sent to Richmond of their landing. Another party hastened to tear up the railroad. It was of such vital importance that the telegraph should be instantly seized, that Col. Ellsworth himself accompanied that party, passing through the streets on the full run.

On their way they went by the Marshall House, a hotel kept by one J. W. Jackson, over the roof of which a secession flag was flaunted. "We must have that flag," said Col. Ellsworth, with his natural impetuosity, and, rushing in, he found a white man, in the front room, half dressed, and a negro. "Who raised that flag?" inquired the colonel. "I do not know," was the reply, "I am a boarder here." Followed by two or three he sprang up stairs to the roof of the house, seized the rebel banner, and was descending with it in his hands, hardly a moment having been occupied in the movement, when the same half-dressed man, who had said that he was a boarder, but who proved to be Jackson himself, a brutal desperado, jumped from a dark passage, and leveling a double-barreled gun at Col. Ellsworth's breast, at a distance of not more than two yards, fired a couple of slugs directly into his heart.

"I think my arm," says E. H. House, correspondent of the Tribune, "was resting on Ellsworth's shoulder at the moment. He was on the second or third step from the landing, and he dropped forward with that heavy, horrible, headlong weight, which always comes of sudden death inflicted in this manner. His assailant had turned like a flash to give the

contents of the other barrel to Francis E. Brownell, a private, but either he could not command his aim, or the Zouave was too quick with him, for the slugs went over his head, and passed through the panels and wainscot of the door, which sheltered some sleeping lodgers. Simultaneously with his second shot, and sounding like the echo of the first, Brownell's rifle was heard, and the assassin staggered backward. He was hit exactly in the middle of the face, and the wound, as I afterwards saw it, was the most frightful I ever witnessed. Of course Brownell did not know how fatal his shot had been, and so, before the man dropped, he thrust his sabre bayonet through and through the body, the force of the blow sending the dead man violently down the upper section of the second flight of stairs, at the foot of which he lay with his face to the floor.

"The first thing to be done was to look to our dead friend and leader. He had fallen on his face, and the stream of blood which flowed from his wound had literally flooded the way. The chaplain, Rev. E. W. Dodge, turned him gently over, and I stooped and called his name aloud, at which I thought then, he murmured inarticulately. I presume I was mistaken, and I am not sure that he spoke a word after being struck. We lifted the body with all the care we could apply, and laid it upon a bed in a room near by. The rebel flag, stained with his blood, and purified by this contact from the baseness of its former meaning, we laid about his feet. It was difficult at first to discover the precise locality of his wound, for all parts of his coat were equally saturated with blood. By cautiously loosening his belt, and unbottoning his coat, we found where the shot had penetrated. None of us had any medical knowledge, but we saw that all hope must be resigned." While these sad scenes were transpiring another part of the company had seized the telegraph.

Col. Ellsworth was an extraordinary man. Every development of his character indicates his nobility. He was, at the time of his death, but twenty-four years of age. He had been a student in the law-office of President Lincoln, and had won the esteem and the ardent affection of our chief magistrate. At Chicago he became captain of a military company, and watching carefully the progress of the Crimean war, he became convinced that the Zouave organization and drill was the best for military purposes. Sending to France for the necessary books he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the evolutions. It may be doubted whether such a military company as the Chicago Zouaves, under Capt. Ellsworth, was ever before organized. Every member was sworn to total abstinence from spirituous liquors, from tobacco, from gambling, and from visiting any places of immorality. Profanity was made a ground of prompt dismissal from the company. Politeness of address, chivalrous courtesy of demeanor in private as well as public relations, were rigidly exacted.

The severest athletic exercises were superadded to the French drill. Thus he formed a company of a hundred men, the best drilled, the best equipped, and the most efficient for action, ever seen in America, and probably in the world. He also possessed that rare, Napoleonic faculty, conferred upon but one in a million, of attaching every one to him who

was brought within the sphere of his frank, genial, loving nature. He was born to command. His men were implicitly under his authority, and loved to be so. Young as he was, it is hardly too much to say that the *nation* loved Col. Ellsworth. With his Chicago Zouaves he had visited New York, Boston, and other leading cities, and the report of the almost miraculous evolutions of his well-drilled, immaculate, and gentlemanly young men, had passed all over the land, and had incited the organization of a similar corps in many places.

The evening before the expedition started, Col. Ellsworth addressed his troops in the following characteristic words:

"Boys, yesterday I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria. I went to see General Mansfield, and told him that I would consider it as a personal affront, if he would not allow us to have the right of the line, which is our due as the first volunteer regiment sworn in for the war. All I can say is, prepare yourselves for a nice little sail, and at the end of it a skirmish. Go to your tents, lie down, and take your rest till 2 o'clock, when the boat will arrive, and we go forward to victory or death. When we reach the place of destination, act as men. Do nothing to shame the regiment. Show the enemy that you are men, as well as soldiers, and that you will treat them with kindness until they force you to use violence. I want to kill them with kindness. Go to your tents, and do as I tell you."

He then retired to his own tent, and wrote two letters, one to the lady to whom he was soon to be married,—the other to his parents, of whom he was the only and almost the idolized child. His letter to his parents was as follows:

"Head-quarters First Zouave, Camp Lincoln,
"Washington, D. C., May 23, 1861.

"My dear Father and Mother,—

"The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking of the probabilities of to-morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be; confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever loved parents, good bye. God bless, protect, and care for you. Elmer."

The following tribute to his memory is as just as it is eloquent:

"Sprung from the ranks of the people, reflecting their impulses, sharing in their sympathies,—young, gallant, and generous,—lofty of spirit, earnest of purpose, severely temperate, combining all that youth emulates, that manhood loves, and that old age admires, Col. Ellsworth was alike the

idol of those who knew him, and foremost in the ranks of those to whom the country looked as the exemplars of its youth, and the defenders of its honor."

The colonel was singularly a handsome man, and though an unusual pallor overspread his countenance, he was still beautiful in death. A detachment of troops soon arrived, and a guard was established around and over the house. The townspeople began to gather, and it was judiciously deemed important to conceal from the impetuous regiment of Zouaves the murder of their leader, lest they should take signal vengeance. The regiment had already been stationed, in companies, in different portions of the town, from whence, in case of alarm, they could easily be concentrated. No one was permitted to enter or leave the Marshall House. About 7 o'clock, the troops, which had crossed the bridge, and marched down the banks of the river, arrived, cutting off a company of cavalry, about thirty in number, in the gayest holiday dress of war, and about five hundred infantry. They were all sent as prisoners of war, or as rebels to be hung, to Washington. The Government had not then decided in what capacity to regard them.

The body of Col. Ellsworth, carefully veiled from sight, was then conveyed secretly on board the steamer, on a litter of muskets, and taken to Washington, to the house of his friend, the President. The excitement produced in Washington and throughout the whole country was very intense. His funeral obsequies were solemnized in Washington, with all the demonstration of respect and grief, and as his remains were borne to their last resting plate, in the interior of the State of New York, they were received with funeral processions, badges of mourning, requiems, and the tolling of bells, in every city through which they passed.

At the same time with the advance upon Alexandria, the Government took possession of Arlington Heights, opposite Washington. For several weeks the eyes of the patriots in the Capital were daily directed to those heights, fearing to see them bristling with hostile batteries. From that commanding position, shells could easily be thrown into the city. Immediately there was commenced a line of defenses upon the right bank of the Potomac, which gradually extended up and down the river a distance of thirty miles, and five or six miles in breadth, and which finally assumed a magnitude of proportions which have rarely been equaled in the history of war. Behind these redoubts, nearly a hundred thousand of the noblest young men were soon entrenched, waiting for arms. They came from our colleges, law and medical schools, theological seminaries, and from all the ennobling employments of industrial life. Such an army was never before gathered. Our most wealthy and distinguished men left the pulpit, the bench, the bar, to aid in the defense of our imperiled land. President Lincoln is reported to have said, that there was hardly a regiment in the army, from which he could not select suitable men to compose his Cabinet.

The rebels boasted that they had four hundred thousand troops marching upon Washington. Their troops were rapidly arriving at their several stations in the vicinity of Richmond. They affected great scorn for Northern men, whose abhorrence of dueling and street brawls they regarded as

cowardice, and they boasted that "one Southerner would easily put five Northerners to flight."

The rebels were strongly posted at Harper's Ferry, Manassas, Richmond, and Hampton. While the soldiers were employed in the daily drill, thousands of negroes were employed in performing all the menial service of the camp, and in handling the spade, throwing up intrenchments. Though the colored population were all in heart warmly on the side of the Government, and eager to bring their sinewy limbs into the service of the war, state considerations, which future generations will find it rather difficult to comprehend, induced most of the generals to reject the aid of the negroes, and thus to compel them to work against us. Our young men were consequently exhausted, and multitudes sent to the hospital and to the grave, from exposure to these labors to which they were entirely unaccustomed. It must, however, be admitted that the question was one involving very serious difficulties, as there was an influential party at the North, vehemently remonstrating against any employment of the slaves; and the Border States of Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, all exceedingly jealous of any interference with the slavery question, threatened to abandon the Union, if the colored population were, in any way, received into the Government service. Thus we presented the anomalous condition of a nation struggling for its existence, not only rejecting the eagerly proffered assistance of four millions of allies, but by this rejection compelling them to consecrate all their efficient energies to the service of our foes. We thus virtually added eight millions to the population of our enemies. One of the leading French journals, not discerning the embarrassments in which we were involved, has said, "Such a mode of conducting warfare excites the contempt of every military man in Europe."

Napoleon I., writing to Josephine, from Germany, in reference to his embarrassments, said, "The more one attains to greatness, the less can he have his own way. Such an one is dependent upon events and circumstances. All you beautiful women recognize no obstacles. What you wish must be. But as for myself, I declare that I am the veriest slave among men. My master has no compassion; and that master is the nature of things."

"I can not do," said President Lincoln, "what I would, but only what circumstances will admit of my accomplishing."

The Government had, by this time, accumulated 6,000 troops in Fortress Monroe. This magnificent fortress was extended over an area of seventy acres, and, with its rapidly increasing military population and naval marine, had now suddenly become one of the most populous and busy cities in Virginia. One morning the pickets brought in three slaves, belonging to Col. Mallory of the rebel army. The slaves said that they were to be sold down south, and had escaped, and sought protection of the Federal army. Virginia had seceded, renouncing all allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. Col. Mallory was a traitor, in arms against the Government, trampling the Constitution beneath his feet, and wishing to sell his slaves, that he might have money to carry on the war. And yet he had the audacity to send a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of these

slaves, under the Fugitive Slave Law. Incredible as it may seem, many of our generals had yielded to this claim, and sent back the poor fugitives to their rebel masters, thus increasing their power to purchase powder and shells for our destruction.

Col. Mallory had been a member of the same political party with Gen. Butler, and had met him on friendly terms at the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions. With the cool assumption characteristic of the slaveholding oligarchy, he came under the protection of the flag of truce, to Fortress Monroe, demanding the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. The following terse colloquy is reported to have taken place between them:

"You hold, Col. Mallory, do you not," said Gen. Butler, "that negro slaves are property; and that Virginia is no longer a part of the United States."

"I do, sir," was the reply.

"You are a lawyer, sir," Gen. Butler added, "and I ask you, if you claim that the Fugitive Slave Act of the United States is binding in a foreign nation? And if a foreign nation uses this kind of property to destroy the lives and property of citizens of the United States, if that species of property ought not to be regarded as *contraband?*"

Even Col. Mallory had not the audacity to deny this common sense statement, and he withdrew "speechless," but exasperated. This decision, so apt and so unanswerable, was received throughout the whole country with a general burst of acclaim. After this, during the whole progress of the war, the fugitive slaves received the name of *contrabands*. In ever increasing numbers they were crowding our lines, eager to escape from bondage. There were, however, none of our generals on the Potomac who *cordially* welcomed them. Some received them reluctantly, and gave them cold protection; while others sternly repelled them.

Two or three days after the escape of Col. Mallory's slaves, eight more stout, able-bodied contrabands came into Fortress Monroe. Gen. Butler said to Gen. Ashley, a member of Congress from Ohio, who was there at the time, "I authorize you to see who and what those colored men are, and decide what is to be done with them. You had better examine them separately, and take down in writing the material part of their answers."

Gen. Ashley records the results of his inquiries in the following words in the Toledo (Ohio) Blade: "I went out to the fence where the slaves were standing, surrounded by about two hundred volunteers. I asked the colored men a few questions, and was about to go into the house, to call them in separately, when one of the slaves said, 'Massa, what's you gwine to do wid us?'

"I told him that I did not know, but that we would not hurt them.

"'Oh we knows dat,' quickly responded another, 'we knows you's our friends. What we want to know is whether you's gwine to send us back.'

"I answered, that I had no authority over them, and no power to do anything, but that my opinion was, that 'it would be some time before their masters would see them again.' I said this in a low conversational tone of voice, without noticing that all the *volunteers* were eagerly listening. But no sooner had the words fallen from my lips, than a hundred

voices shouted, 'good! good!' and some in laughter, and some in tears, clapped their hands, and gave three rousing cheers, which brought out the officers and the general, who supposed I had been making a speech to the troops.

"If I had time, I would give, in their own words, the material portion of the answers of the most intelligent slaves. There is one thing certain; every slave in the United States understands this rebellion, its causes and consequences, far better than I supposed. I asked one old man, a Methodist class leader, to tell me frankly, whether this matter was well understood by all the slaves. He said that it was, and that he had 'prayed for it many, many long years.' I asked the same man, how many more would probably come into the fort. He replied, 'A good many; and if we's not sent back, you'll see 'em 'fore to-morrow night.' I asked why so; and he said, 'Dey'll understand if we's not sent back, dat we are 'mong our friends; for if the slaveholder sees us, we gets sent right back.' And sure enough, the next day about forty or fifty more, of all ages, colors, and sexes, came into camp."

To try the experiment of free labor, sixty-four of these *contrabands* were placed by Gen. Butler, under the superintendence of an intelligent officer from Massachusetts, to work upon the fortifications at moderate wages. The officer gave a very interesting account of the result in an article in the Atlantic Monthly.

"The contrabands," he said, "worked well, and in no instance was it found necessary for the superintendent to urge them. There was a public opinion against idleness which answered for discipline. Some days they worked with our soldiers, and it was found that they did more work, and did the nicer parts, the facings and dressings, better. There was one striking feature in the contrabands which must not be omitted. I did not hear a profane or vulgar word spoken by them during my superintendence, a remark which it will be difficult to make of any sixty-four white men, taken any where in our army."

When this officer left them to return to Massachusetts, his three months' term of service having expired, he said, in his parting words, to these children of bondage:

"You are, every one of you, as much entitled to your freedom as I am to mine; and I hope you will all now secure it."

"Believe you, massa," was the general response.

"Each one," he writes, "with his rough, gravelly hand grasped mine, and with tearful eyes and broken utterance said, 'God bless you, massa. May we meet in heaven. My name is Jack Allen, don't forget me. Remember me, Kent Anderson;' and so on."

"No!" continues the writer, "I may forget the playfellows of my my childhood—my college classmates—my professional associates—my comrades-in-arms—but I will remember you, and your benedictions until I cease to breathe; and may the kind Providence which forgets not the sparrow, shelter and protect you."

And here let it again be noted that slavery in America is rapidly ceasing to be negro slavery. It is fast becoming the slavery of the laboring

class, irrespective of color. The same writer, from whom we have quoted above, says:

"Opposite our quarters was a young slave woman, who had been three times a mother. You could not discern in her three daughters, either in color, feature, or texture of hair, *the slightest trace of African lineage.* They were as light-faced and fair-haired as the Saxon slaves, whom the Roman pontiff, Gregory the Great, met in the market of Rome. If they were to be brought to Boston they would mingle with our population, and marry white men, who would never suspect that they were not pure Caucasians."

And yet these fair girls, in Christian America, were raised for the market; and professedly Christian ministers were teaching that the institution, of which this was the inevitable result, was right; and wives and mothers, all over the South, who understood this matter perfectly, were even venomous against any one who spoke a word against such outrages; and this bloody rebellion was organized solely to extend this institution over all the states and territories of the American Union. Did this globe ever witness such a phenomenon before!

All postal communication and all private expressage was now cut off between the loyal and rebel states. All manner of stories were circulated throughout the South to excite the ignorant slaves against the *Yankees.* But these efforts were utterly in vain. For years the slaves had heard nothing from their masters' lips but curses of the Northern abolitionists. They all knew that there was a country, at the North, where there were no slaves, and where the people thought that slavery should be abolished. They had heard it announced, in every possible form of vituperation, that the abolitionists were going to elect Abraham Lincoln president, and then abolish slavery. This lesson they had learned so thoroughly that it was not possible, in a day, to convince the slaves that these Northerners were their enemies.

These simple-minded people have very strong domestic attachments, and attachments to the place of their birth and childhood. These are almost the only joys life has for them. They almost never become emigrants, and nothing but the greatest cruelty, or the irrepressible longings of some noble young man for freedom, could induce them to abandon their homes. Their masters tried to work upon their fears, by telling them that the Northerners were going to send them all off to Cuba, and sell them to the Spaniards, to pay the expenses of the war. They were also told that, to spite their masters, the Yankees were going to cut off their hands.

The Mobile Register, of May 29, says, speaking of the entrance of the United States troops into Virginia:

"Servile insurrection is a part of their programme, but they expect no great amount of practical good to result therefrom, consequently it is contended, that it would be a far better course of policy for the Abolitionists to murder the slaves, and thus exterminate slavery. The slaves are to be indiscriminately slaughtered, and when the last one is butchered, then, it is thought, the institution will cease to exist."

When the announcement was made to the rebel Congress at Montgomery, that President Lincoln, after the fall of Sumter, had called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, it was received with shouts of derisive laughter. The rebels were so sure of a powerful party in the North to aid them; so sure of their ability to call three times as many troops into the field, as the North could raise, and so confident of support from England, that the President's proclamation was laughed to scorn.

But the unexpected unanimity of the North, in defense of the Constitution, with its almost miraculous uprising, and the energy it was developing, began to open their eyes. And now for the first time they saw that they had drawn upon themselves a terrible war, the final result of which was at least doubtful. When it was announced in Montgomery, that the United States Government had taken possession of Alexandria, and was pouring its troops across the Potomac, and throwing up its ramparts in Virginia, there was not a smile to be seen on those pallid and anxious faces. "No event since the initiation of this revolution," says the Montgomery correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, "has created a sensation so profound and so sorrowful. As indicative of the future policy of the Old Government, it at once becomes a question pregnant with great importance."

The rigor of the blockade of the Southern ports was now continually increasing, and it was evident that the rebels were very seriously embarrassed by the almost entire destruction of all their trade. The colored people, finding that they were not repelled from Fortress Monroe, now began to flock there in such numbers, that Gen. Butler, on the 27th of May, wrote to Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War, for instructions.

"The question," he wrote, "in regard to slave property is becoming one of very serious magnitude. The inhabitants of Virginia are using their negroes in the batteries, and are preparing to send their women and children south. The escapes from them are very numerous, and a squad has come in this morning, and my pickets are bringing in their women and children. Of course, these can not be dealt with upon the theory on which I designed to treat the services of able-bodied men and women who might come within my lines, and of which I gave you a detailed account in my last dispatch.

"I am in the utmost doubt what to do with this species of property. Up to this time I have had come within my lines men and women, with their children,—entire families, each family belonging to the same owner. I have therefore determined to employ, as I can do very profitably, the able-bodied persons in the party, issuing proper food for the support of all, and charging against their services the expense of care and sustenance of the non-laborers, and keeping a strict and accurate account as well of the services as of the expenditures. I know of no other manner in which to dispose of this subject, and the questions connected therewith. As a matter of property to the insurgents, it will be of very great moment—the number I now have amounting, as I am informed, to what in good times would be of the value of $60,000.

"Twelve of the negroes have escaped from the erection of the rebel

batteries on Sewall's Point, which fired upon my expedition as it passed by out of range. As a means of offense, therefore, in the enemy's hands, these negroes, when able-bodied, are of great importance. Without them, those batteries could not have been erected, at least for many weeks. As a military question, it would seem to be a measure of necessity to deprive their masters of their services."

Secretary Cameron, in his reply, said, "Your action in respect to the negroes, who came within your lines, is approved. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination." There was no general policy announced by the Government, except as decisions were gradually made, the matter being generally left to the discretion of each general in his own department. The following case, well authenticated, illustrates the course pursued by another of our generals:

On the banks of the Potomac, within sight of the Stars and Stripes floating from the dome of our Capitol, a slave, yet a patriot, in whose veins were commingled the blood of a Virginia gentleman and his colored bondwoman, escaped to our lines. He informed us that his master was in armed league with the rebels against our Government; that they had concealed a large quantity of guns and ammunition in a swamp, preparatory for a sudden attack upon our forces. An armed band, guided by the fugitive, was sent to the swamp, and the arms were found and captured.

Soon after this, the master rode into the camp, and demanded his property in accordance with the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. He was delivered up. The master tied a rope about his neck, and trotted off, dragging him upon the run eleven miles. Then, when the poor creature was almost dying from exhaustion, he tied him to a tree, that he might not fall down, and whipped him, with the assistance of an overseer, three hours, until he was dead. This was done as a warning to the slaves not to attempt to escape to the Federal lines.

Repeated acts of this nature at length emboldened the Government, notwithstanding remonstrances from the pro-slavery party, to decree first, that slaves *who had been employed*, by their masters, in military operations against us, should not be returned,—and afterwards, that slaves of rebels should not be returned. Still there was no clearly defined national policy; some generals, like Fremont, cordially welcomed all the slaves into their lines; some reluctantly admitted them; some, like Halleck, absolutely prohibited their entrance into the camp.

The overwhelming majority of the people in Western Virginia, where there are but few slaves, were in favor of the Union, and so voted. The rebels endeavored to overawe the patriots by a reign of terror, and every Union man was exposed to every species of insult and violence. The patriots consequently armed, and a regiment of Virginians was soon collected in Wheeling for self-defense. Major-General McClellan, in command of that department, sent two Ohio regiments across the river on the 27th of May, for the protection of the patriotic Virginians. In the proclamation which he issued he said:

"Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls. Having failed in this infamous attempt to

deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus to force you to yield to their schemes, and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy, dignified by the name of the Southern Confederacy."

After stating that the Government had abstained from any movement of troops towards their region until after the election, that they might not even appear to have exerted any influence against its freedom, and that now, as the great mass of the people had, by their votes, notwithstanding the most adverse circumstances, proved themselves true and loyal, the Government had listened to their cry for assistance, Gen. McClellan continued: "I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers; as enemies only to armed rebels, who are preying upon you. Your homes, your family, and your property are all safe under our protection." He then added,

"Notwithstanding all that has been said, by the traitors, to induce you to believe our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly: not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand crush any attempt at insurrection on their part."

This last sentence, in the severity of its utterance, fell painfully on the ears of a large portion of the American people. Nothing can be conceived more dreadful than a servile insurrection, excepting the doom of a race to eternal slavery. Hardly a man could be found in all the United States, who wished to incite insurrection. And yet there was something painful in the idea that we, who would sooner die ten thousand deaths than allow ourselves or our children to be enslaved, were so eager to proffer to the oppressor our assistance in "crushing with an iron hand" the enslaved, should they make any attempt to regain their freedom. The motive which induced this utterance was doubtless a good one. The ignorant people at the South (and the overwhelming majority of the people at the South are inexpressibly ignorant), had been assured that it was the primal object of the United States Government to excite the slaves to a bloody insurrection —to fire the plantations —dash out the brains of their masters—and glut their lust and vengeance upon the families of their victims. It was very important that the South should be disabused of this infamous idea. Still the Northern heart was in strong sympathy with the oppressed, and not with the oppressors. Our religion, our democratic principles were all on the side of freedom. The slaveholders hated the free North; the slaves loved it. The slaveholders cursed Northern freemen; the slaves prayed for them. W. H. Russell, in his letter to the London Times, of May 1st, writes:

"I have been among them" [the planters of South Carolina] "for several days. I have visited their plantations. I have conversed with them freely and fully. There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly, as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees. That hatred has been swelling for years, till it is the very life blood of the State."

These South Carolinians seldom condescended to speak of a Northerner

without calling him a damned Yankee. The unsavory epithet was so universal, that it had almost ceased to be regarded as a profane expression. Southern gentlemen (so-called), at the dinner-table, in presence of ladies from the North, would thus stigmatize all those who, residing in non-slave-holding States, were deemed hostile to the institution of slavery. The gentlemanly bearing of Southern men was of a peculiar type, and the "plantation manners," which they often displayed, was exceedingly offensive to all well-bred men.

The rebels were rapidly accumulating forces in a very strong position at Manassas Junction, about twenty-five miles from Washington. Their lines, indeed, extended from Harper's Ferry irregularly to Norfolk. Their whole force in Virginia, it was estimated, consisted of 150,000, their principal encampments being at Manassas, Richmond, Petersburg, and Lynchburg. The States of Missouri and Kentucky voted, *in their packed Legislatures*, to remain neutral in the great conflict. This was manifestly impossible. The rebel leaders in those States, well knowing that the majority of the people were on the side of the Union, hoped thus, by adroit management, to drag those States into the Rebel Confederacy. But the people rose in their majesty, and the advocates of secession fled to the rebel camps.

A very intelligent gentleman from Louisville, Kentucky, who took an active part in proceedings in behalf of the Union there, has furnished the following interesting statement of events. "At the time of the attack on Sumter, I was residing in Louisville, Ky. My business relations were such as brought me very reliable information from nearly all portions of the extreme Southern States. It was not generally believed by the citizens of Kentucky, that South Carolina would dare wantonly to attack the Federal fort. As the news of the fall of Sumter was flashed over the country, the North became as one man, with one purpose—to save the Union. The Union sentiment of the South, though greatly in the minority, yet of no inconsiderable importance, was swept away by the great wave of secession. The capture of the fort indicated that South Carolina was stronger than the Government. And now that the deed was done, and a provisional government established, Southern pride was aroused, and Southern courage and ability were deemed at stake.

"Kentucky was geographically half way between the two extremes. Her sons and daughters had intermarried equally with the North and the South. Thus was she allied by ties of blood to both sections, and her people revolted at the thought of warring upon either. Yet it seemed to them, at this moment, that the country was really to be sundered; and that she must array herself upon one side or the other. Her love of country,—of the Star-spangled Banner, under whose folds she had grown great, she could not give up. Yet her interests were largely Southern, her institutions especially so, and also her trade. Thus, all things considered, she resolved, in the then sundered condition of the country, to maintain a position of neutrality.

"The call for volunteers, by President Lincoln, met with an insulting response from her governor, it is true. But Governor Magoffin's reply

was not that of the majority of the citizens of the State. He was known to be in full sympathy with the rebellion. At an extra session of the Legislature, at once convened by the governor, neutrality resolutions were passed. During this period, the secret emissaries of the Confederacy were establishing *Lodges of the Knights of the Golden Circle*, till their ranks were swollen to thousands. The real object of this secret organization was to overthrow the Government; though the original design is said to have been to conquer and annex Central America, for the expansion of their slave system. A complete disclosure of the oaths and objects of the Knights was made in the columns of the Louisville Journal, which was doubtless a faithful exposé. The special design of this infamous society, in Kentucky, was to carry the State over to the rebels.

"There were, at this time, thousands in Kentucky, and in all the Border States, standing poised, as it were, and whom a slight pressure might turn either way. Had the Federal Government *demanded* of Kentucky, at this time, her complement of soldiers, the State would undoubtedly have been lost to the Union. But this condition of things did not last long. It was manifest to all, that the moment had arrived, when the State must of necessity take its position, for or against the Union. The Union men rallied, and the following plan was adopted to save the State:

There were about thirty Union men of Louisville, who, at this juncture, convened at the business place of one of their number, to form themselves into a secret society; the condition for admission to which was simply taking an unconditional oath to support the Constitution and the Union of all the States. In the City of Louisville alone, in less than three weeks, they had on the rolls nearly three thousand members, from eighteen years of age upwards. In less than six weeks from the commencement of this organization, more than fifty counties in the State had branches established in them. Men came into this society by hundreds. At one time more than fifty men were seen in the centre of the hall, holding the Stars and Stripes in one hand, and with the other raised towards heaven, repeating, in unison, the prescribed oath. It was a solemn scene to witness, at the hour of midnight, the young and the gray-haired thus gathered, to swear eternal allegiance to the government their fathers established.

Reliable Union men were sent to Tennessee, to establish lodges there. Hundreds, yes, thousands, joined in that State. Tennessee had already passed the ordinance of secession. Still the society spread through the State, and penetrated North Carolina, Georgia, North Alabama, and Louisiana. Emerson Etheridge, Andrew Johnson, and Parson Brownlow were among the first to become members in Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow recently stated, in a public lecture, that there were several thousand members of this Union society in the City of New Orleans. The reason he assigned for their not coming out for the Union was, that they feared a repetition of the scenes in Jacksonville, Florida, where the Federal Government evacuated the place, and the rebels, returning in power, inflicted terrible outrages upon the patriots. It is unquestionable that this organization saved the State of Kentucky permanently to the Union. Kentucky had

soon nearly thirty regiments in the field, fighting valiantly beneath the Stars and the Stripes.

The people of Tennessee were, by a large majority, patriots. But, by political manœuvering, the rebels had secured a majority in the State Legislature. They issued a "Declaration of Independence" of the General Government, a decree as ridiculous, in the estimation of the Government of the United States, as if a county in England, or a department in France, should utter such a manifesto. Indeed nothing can be conceived more absurd, than this doctrine of secession. The State secedes from the Union, the county from the State, the town from the county, the school district from the town—till finally the individual throws himself upon his reserved rights, and secedes from all law and authority.

The Legislature of Tennessee, apprehensive that the people would frown down their endeavor thus to break up this Union, which was the only source of their name and position among the nations of the earth, immediately offered their soldiers to the Confederates, before the people could have an opportunity to collect and act upon the question. This, of course, instantly kindled, to the utmost fierceness, the flames of civil war in that State. We shall have occasion to refer to this more fully when we come to the campaign in Tennessee. In Western Virginia, a convention of Union men, the representatives of many counties, met and pronounced the ordinance of secession, passed by the rebels in Eastern Virginia, null and void. Such was the general aspect of affairs on the first of June. In the Cotton States but one voice was heard: and that was the voice of rebellion and defiance. The reign of terror silenced every other utterance. In the Free States, but one voice was heard, with here and there an *individual* exception. All parties were there alike united and earnest, in the resolve to perpetuate the Union. In the Border States, there was anarchy, bloodshed, woe unutterable. Their populations were divided—families divided—fathers against sons—brothers against brothers.

The armies of slavery from the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, crowded up to the plains of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, that their own States might not be desolated by the sweep of armies. From all the hills and valleys of the North, the bannered hosts of freedom, by hundreds of thousands, marched down to these Border States, to drive out the invaders, and to defend their friends, the Union men there, still true to the Stars and the Stripes. The woes which consequently fell upon those Border States, can never be told. It is here and there an isolated fact only, which history can collect and preserve. The wild wail of the storm of misery passed away, as the howlings of the midnight tempest die, leaving its memorials in beggary, ashes, mutilation, orphanage, and blood.

John Letcher, the rebel Governor of Virginia, wrote to Andrew Sweeney, Mayor of Wheeling, under date of April 20th, "Take possession of the Custom House, Post Office, all public buildings and public documents, in the name of Virginia. Virginia has seceded." Mayor Sweeney replied, "I have taken possession of the Custom House, Post Office, and all public

buildings and public documents, in the name of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, whose property they are."

This same John Letcher issued a proclamation, by authority of the Secession Convention, calling upon "all efficient and worthy Virginians and residents of Virginia, in the army and navy of the United States, to retire therefrom, and to enter the service of Virginia." Lieutenant W. K. Mayo, a Virginian, in the United States Navy, in a very keen reply, said:

"John Letcher, I was slow to believe that any body of Virginians, met in solemn convention, could have deliberately authorized you, the Governor, to invite all efficient and worthy Virginians, and residents of Virginia, in the army and navy of the United States, to betray their trust, to turn their hand, their efficiency, and their worth, against the flag which has given them all they have, and all they are worth.

"John Letcher, I am not a politician, though I am a Virginian by birth. I am no Southerner, nor Northerner, nor Western man. I am a citizen of the United States. My primary and only allegiance is due and rendered to the United States. The United States has cared for me for many years; and its flag is endeared to me by too many associations to be lightly abandoned and turned against, in this hour of its direst peril. If, sir, I were to forsake the Stars and Stripes, in this dread hour, and join your banner, what assurance would you have that I would not betray you? Surely, not that of honor, not that of patriotism.

"John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, I scornfully reject the infamous proposal. I decline to yield myself a disgraceful subordinate to Jeff. Davis, and, unworthy and inefficient Virginian that I am, not all the wealth, biped and landed,—not all the honors which the Old Dominion can create, will ever seduce me from a full and unreserved devotion to the Stars and Stripes."

It is a great mistake to suppose that America alone was interested in this conflict. The cause of humanity, the wide world over, was involved in the question. Shall the rich live at the expense of the poor? shall the strong trample upon the weak? shall the wise imbrute the ignorant? shall humanity be divided into two classes, masters with the lash and slaves with the fetter? shall the doctrine of equality of rights be laughed to scorn, and aristocratic haughtiness, with its heel, crush the head of human fraternity?—these were the questions which the freemen of America went forth to settle.

The triumph of the slaveholders would have rolled back universal civilization towards barbarism. Every peasant in Europe, every sable child of Africa, every tawny inmate of the huts of India, every son and daughter of industry the wide world over, was personally interested in the conflict. There is not a mechanic, a farmer, a tradesman, in the whole United States, whose social position would not, in the end, have been lowered by the triumph of the slaveholders—by the inauguration of a class of aristocrats in our land, whose eminence should consist in the number of laborers they could compel to work for them for nothing. The popular mind of the North appreciated this more fully than did our regular army officers,

many of whom had imbibed aristocratic prejudices, and more fully than did our Government, for even after the rebellion, the aristocratic spirit of the Border slaveholding States exerted a most disastrous influence over the councils at Washington. It is not too much to say, and the popular voice will sustain the declaration, that all through the conflict, the masses of the community in the free North were in advance, decidedly in advance, of both the Government and the army officers, in their advocacy of the true principle of republicanism—*equal rights for all men.*

It was the universal sentiment of the community, that President Lincoln was right in heart, and there were some members of the Cabinet, and a majority in Congress, who were the advocates of that brotherhood of man, which Christianity enjoins, and which our Constitution recognizes; and there were officers in the regular army who were the glorious expounders and exemplars of a pure republicanism. Prominent among these stood Gen. Fremont, of South Carolina, and Gen. Hunter, of South Carolina, and Gen. Phelps, of Vermont. Many were offended when one of our officers made the common-sense declaration,

"I am frank to say, that if I am to go to South Carolina, or to Louisiana, or any where else South, I want all the help I can get from the colored man. I want him to dig the trenches, to do all the drudgery, to save my men as much as possible from disease, and to fight, if he will fight. For this we must give him his freedom. We are forced to do it. And, for one, I will not allow my old notions on the subject of slavery to stand in the way of success."

The moral grandeur which this foul rebellion created and developed, among the lovers of freedom at the North, may almost reconcile one to its fiend-like crime. Volumes might be written, crowded with incidents of heroism never surpassed. Mothers girded their sons for the contest. Wives sent the fathers of their babes to all the perils of the battle; and maidens hurried or postponed their bridals, that their lovers might hasten to the field, where shot and shell tear limb from limb, and cover the ground with the dead.

As the Union force entered Western Virginia, the rebels retreated through Grafton, an important town on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to Philippi, a small town on the Monongahela. Here they made a stand, about 2,000 in number. The Union troops, marching upon them in a very dark night, when a storm was raging, took them by surprise at 4 o'clock in the morning. The enemy, alarmed by the fire of their pickets, had just time to form in line of battle, when three small regiments of Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia volunteers came rushing upon them. Firing but one volley, the assailants at full run charged with the bayonet. The rebels, discharging their pieces so wildly, that but two of their assailants were killed, and about twenty wounded, broke and fled. Col. Kelly, in command of the First Virginia Regiment, fell, severely, but not mortally, wounded by a pistol ball in the breast. In this short conflict, the Union troops conducted themselves with the bravery of veterans. The routed rebels fled to Leedsville, ten miles farther south, losing all their camp equipage, and about 800 stand of arms.

The Southern leaders now began to call earnestly for slaves to be sent

forward to aid their soldiers in throwing up entrenchments. Gen. Beauregard, who was in command of the rebels at Manassas, that he might still more intensely rouse the South, issued a proclamation containing the following sentiments:

"A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage, too shocking and revolting to humanity, to be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are to be abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is, '*Beauty and Booty.*' All that is dear to man—your honor and that of your wives and daughters—your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest."

Early in June, Gen. Butler, at Fortress Monroe, learned that the rebels were fortifying themselves at a point called Little Bethel, about twelve miles from the fortress on the road to Yorktown, and that five miles further on at a point called Big Bethel, where there was a church, they were establishing themselves still more firmly. From these positions they were continually issuing in marauding parties, harassing the Union men, and impressing their negroes into their service. Gen. Butler prepared a secret expedition to break up these encampments. To accomplish this, it was necessary to ferry his troops across the river at Hampton, where the rebels had burned the bridge. Ten flat-boats were prepared, each capable of conveying 130 men, besides 27 rowers. Men, from the Naval Brigade, were thoroughly drilled in the management of these boats, and on the night of the 9th the boats were sent into Hampton River, with carefully muffled oars, and anchored on the hither side of the stream, where it was about 100 yards wide, to be ready to ferry the troops across.

At Newport News, about eight miles from Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of James River, there was an encampment of Union troops, a few thousand in number. Brig. Gen. Pierce, who was in command there, was ordered to take two regiments, and coöperate in the expedition. Col. Duryea, in command of the troops from Fortress Monroe, crossed the river at Hampton safely, about one o'clock in the morning, and marched silently on toward Little Bethel. The expedition was well-planned. It was mainly the work of Major Winthrop, and approved by Gen. Butler, and but for an untoward accident, not strange with troops who had never before been upon a battle-field, would have been eminently successful. The march was to be so timed that the concentrated troops should make an attack upon Little Bethel, just at the break of day. The result of this could not be doubtful. They were then impetuously to follow upon the heels of the routed rebels to Big Bethel, protected by the crowd of fugitives flying before them, from the fire of its batteries.

To guard against any mishap in the darkness, no regiment was to make an attack without shouting first the watchword, and the troops were also to wear a white badge upon the arm, that in daylight they might easily recognize each other. For a time all these arrangements were car-

ried out vigorously and very prosperously. At a certain point, a short distance from Little Bethel, the regiment of Col. Bendix was stationed with two field-pieces to guard and hold, at every hazard, a cross of the road. The great body advanced silently upon Little Bethel. The day was now beginning to dawn. The New York Third Regiment just then came cautiously moving along in the dim twilight and fog of the morning, on the road from Hampton. Gen. Pierce and Col. Townsend, and their several staffs, rode in a body in advance of the troops.

These officers, by an optical illusion not very unusual, presented the aspect of a large body of cavalry. It was known that there was no cavalry with the Union forces. Col. Bendix consequently thought that it was a body of the enemy preparing to assail them in the rear, and immediately opened upon them, with his guns, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Fortunately, the road was a little below the level of the land on each side, and was bordered by fences. Ten men were, however, wounded, and two killed by the discharge. The regiment, thus unexpectedly assailed, fell back, and Gen. Pierce immediately sent to Fortress Monroe for reënforcements. Col. Duryea also, who was advancing a mile or two in front of the cross in the roads where he had stationed Col. Bendix, alarmed by the firing in his rear, retraced his steps. Daylight soon revealed all. But the rebels at Little Bethel heard the firing, took the alarm, and fled with the tidings to the strong batteries at Big Bethel.

The Union columns now pressed vigorously forward, and speedily destroyed the camp at Little Bethel, which they found vacated. They then hurried rapidly on five miles farther to Big Bethel. Here they found the enemy prepared to receive them, entrenched behind formidable batteries, at a point of their own choosing, and in full force. It probably was not wise, under the circumstances, to order an assault. The Federal troops were depressed by the untoward accident—they had failed entirely in effecting a surprise; it was ten o'clock in the morning; the troops had been up all night; had marched about twelve miles, half the distance in a broiling sun. Still it was judged best to make the attempt, as it would have been mortifying indeed to return without firing a gun, and success was by no means hopeless.

For two hours the Union troops fought with bravery which would have done honor to veterans. Facing a storm of shot, from rifled cannon and masked batteries, they drove the enemy from their first intrenchments, when other masked batteries opened upon them, and it was deemed necessary to retire. This they did in good order. The Zouaves manifested great courage and skill, in creeping up almost to the edge of the ramparts, loading and firing while flat upon their faces, and picking off many men from the enemy's guns. The officers are all represented as having conducted themselves with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. It is supposed that the enemy had about two thousand men, with from fifteen to twenty guns in battery. The Union loss was about 40 killed and wounded. The troops retired in perfect order to Hampton, where Gen. Butler met them, and they were transported in flat-boats to Fortress Monroe. The failure of the expedition was a great disappointment, and

its conduct was consequently far more severely censured than it merited. The foe was so alarmed by the attack, and so apprehensive of its renewal, that they abandoned their works, and retired the next day to Yorktown.

Gen. Butler had given orders that no private property should be destroyed, but ordered, in accordance with the invariable laws of war, that any house on the way should be burned, from which the rebels should fire upon the troops. Just as one of the regiments was drawing near Little Bethel, a man came out of a large and handsome house, took deliberate aim with his rifle at a body of Union troops, not far off, and fired. The ball, with its shrill whistle, passed by one man's cheek, through the pants of another, and into the leg of a third. Some slaves, who just then came up, said, that the house belonged to their master, Adjutant Whiting, who was in the rebel army, and who had fired the treacherous shot.

"I am ordered by General Butler," said Col. Duryea to Adjutant Stevens, "to burn every house whose occupant or owner fires upon our troops. Burn it."

The sequel we give in the words of Adjutant Stevens, of the First Vermont Regiment. "Col. Duryea leaped from his horse, and I upon the steps, and by that time three Zouaves were with me. I ordered them to try the door with the butts of their guns—down went the door, and in went we. A well-packed traveling bag lay upon a mahogany table. I tore it open with the hopes of finding a revolver, but did not. The first thing I took out was a white linen coat: I laid it on the table, and Col. Duryea put a lighted match to it. Other clothing was added to the pile, and soon we had a rousing fire. Before leaving, I went into the large parlor in the right wing of the house—it was perfectly splendid. A large room with a tapestry carpet, a nice piano, a fine library of miscellaneous books, rich sofas, elegant chairs, with superior needle-work wrought bottoms, what-nots in the corners, loaded with articles of luxury, taste, and refinement, and upon a mahogany center-table lay a Bible and a lady's portrait. The last two articles I took, and have them now in my possession. I also took a decanter of most excellent old brandy from the side-board, and left the burning house. By this time the Zouave regiment had come up. I joined them, and in a short time came up with our rear guard, and saw a sight, the like of which I wish never to see again—viz.: nine of Col. Townsend's Albany regiment stretched on the floor of a house, where they had just been carried, and eight of them mortally wounded, by *our own men*. Oh! the sight was dreadful. I cried like a boy, and so did many others. I immediately thought of my decanter of brandy, took a tin cup from a soldier, and poured into it my brandy, and filled it (the cup) with water from a canteen, and from one poor boy to another I passed and poured into their pale and quivering lips the invigorating fluid, and with my hand wiped the sweat-drops of death from their foreheads. Oh! how grateful the poor fellows looked at me as they saw, by my uniform, that the usually stern officer and commander had become to them the kind and tender-hearted woman, by doing for them woman's holy duty."

Major Theodore Winthrop fell upon this field much lamented. He

was leading his men in a charge upon a redoubt. He leaped upon a log shouting, "Come on, boys, one charge, and the day is ours." A North Carolina drummer boy, seeing so fair a mark, borrowed a gun, took deliberate aim, and buried a bullet in his bosom. He fell dead, "nearer to the enemy's works than any other man."

Lieut. Greble also signalized himself in this battle, and sealed his devotion to his country with his life. Unlimbering his gun, he advanced towards the foe, slowly firing, until he arrived within two hundred yards of a masked battery. He had eleven men to work his gun. With them he was left alone in the open road, the deadly fire from the rifled cannon of the foe having scattered the rest. For two hours he thus bore the brunt of battle. He was repeatedly urged to retire to a less exposed position, but refused. His gun was so efficiently worked that he silenced all in the battery except one. The enemy made a sortie. "Now, Charley," said Lieut. Greble to Capt. Bartlett, "I have something to fire at. Just see how I will make them scamper." He poured in one or two charges of grape, and the enemy fled back in confusion behind their intrenchments."

He was now left with but five men at his gun. Turning to Corporal Peoples, he said, "All I can now do will be useless. Limber up the gun, and take it away." At this moment a ball struck him upon the head, and his body fell headless. The same ball passed through the body of another man, and took off the leg of a third. Gen. Butler, in his official report of this adventure, says, "I think, in the unfortunate combination of circumstances, and the result which we have experienced, we have gained more than we have lost. Our troops have learned to have confidence in themselves under fire, the enemy have shown that they will not meet us in the open field, and our officers have learned wherein their organization and drill are inefficient."

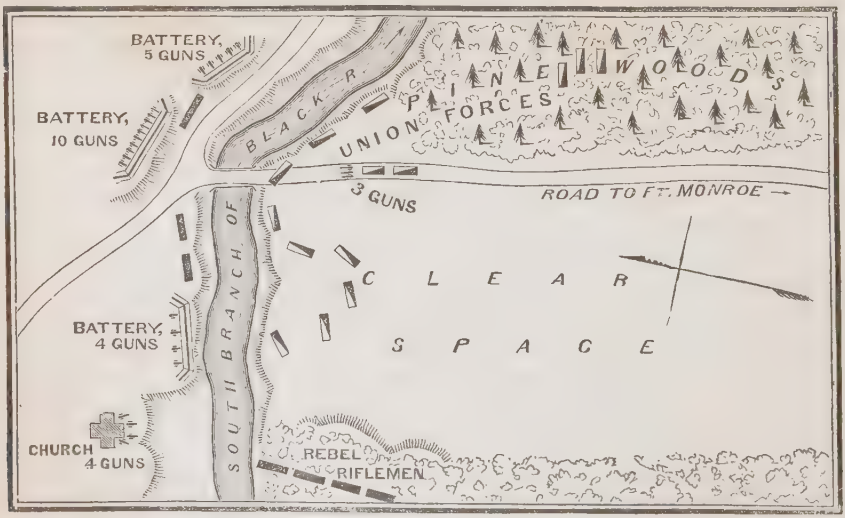
The following extract from the letter of a young citizen soldier to his friends, gives a graphic view of the battle, and gives as clear an idea as words can convey, of the feelings with which such a brave boy enters upon scenes so dreadful.

"Before midnight, the regimental line was formed, and we filed silently into the road, and took up our march under the light of the stars. On we went in silence, nothing heard but the tramp, tramp of our feet. It was a beautiful night, clear as crystal—just the night for a march. As we neared the enemy's line, we were saluted by a cannon ball, which came flying over the road, and landed at our feet. Thus the battle opened. Our field pieces were placed on the road, on a line with the enemy's battery. It was discovered that it was too strong to be taken by infantry,—that the only way to reduce it was by heavy cannon, which we had not. The battle lasted between two and three hours. It was a novel thing to hear the cannon balls crashing through the trees, and whizzing past, and the hissing of the rifle balls as they flew by.

"I don't know whether it was bravery or not, but I was never more cool in my life. I hardly thought where I was; in fact, I don't think I had a realizing sense of the danger. The fire was very hot and rapid. Every instant the balls were crashing and whistling around us. Yet all

the boys in our group stood steady, ready to fire at every opportunity, and conversing with each other and the colonel, as deliberately as if we had been safe in camp. I know I had quite an argument with one of the fellows, and we both thought nothing of our situation. At every boom of the cannon we would drop flat on our faces, and rise instantly, but they came so fast after that, that many of us did not take the trouble. The lieutenant had his head torn from his body, and occasionally some poor fellow would drop upon the ground, writhing in agony. These scenes are the most dreadful in battle. One brave boy, with his arm torn off, cried out to his comrades to revenge him. Another, with his hand hanging only by the skin, besought to have it taken off, as the pain was dreadful. It was when I was seated in my tent, and thought over what we had passed through, that I first began to realize its fearful nature. It impressed me with a feeling of awe and trembling. I know I shall never go into battle again without more sober and serious feeling.

"I look forward to another battle. The battery can be taken, and I trust will be, but it will make a most bloody fight. Thank God, I believe that there is not a coward in the regiment. No one knows when his turn may come, and every one and his friends should be prepared for the worst. If I should die, remember the holy cause in which I fell, and let your sorrow, if deep, be proud; and hope that the last acts of my life may go far toward blotting out many of the past. But I am of hopeful heart, and look forward, with joyful anticipations, to the time when I shall meet all my friends once more."



The Union troops now began gradually to crowd the rebels at various points. About the middle of June, the rebels, finding their position at Harper's Ferry untenable, abandoned their fortifications, which they had boasted were impregnable, and burning the railroad bridge, and destroying all the provisions they could not take away, retired into the interior. All the public property in the place was destroyed. They left little behind them but ashes and desolation. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which

ran along the left bank of the river, a distance of about twelve miles, from Harper's Ferry to a place called Point of Rocks, the rebels had obstructed by tearing up the rails, and throwing upon the track, by the force of powder, from a crag, an immense boulder, weighing about one hundred tons. The road was speedily repaired by the patriots, the rock blown away, and thus easy communication was reëstablished with Baltimore.

On the 17th of June, a balloon ascension for military purposes took place at Washington. The balloon was connected with the War Department by telegraph, and the following message was sent across the wires to the President. It was the first message ever telegraphed from a balloon, and was as follows:

BALLOON ENTERPRISE, WASHINGTON, June 17, 1861.

SIR: This point of observation commands an area of nearly fifty miles in diameter. The city, with its girdle of encampments, presents a superb scene. I take great pleasure in sending you this first dispatch ever telegraphed from an aerial station, and in acknowledging my indebtedness to your encouragement, for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of aëronautics in the military service of the country."

"Yours respectfully,

"T. S. C. LOWE.

"To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

At 9 o'clock; in the morning of June 4th, the Honorable Stephen A. Douglas died at Chicago, Ill. He was, in all respects, an extraordinary man, one of the most memorable our country has produced. His death was characteristic of his life. Mrs. Douglas, who sat at his side, aware that the last moment was at hand, asked what message he wished to send to his sons, Robert and Stephen, who were students at Georgetown. "*Tell them*," said the dying statesman, with emphatic tone, "*to obey the laws, and support the Constitution of the United States.*" A moment after, he requested to be raised in his bed, that he might look once more out upon the world he was about to leave forever. Then faintly articulating the words "death, death, death," his spirit took its flight to the judgment seat of Christ.

On the 20th of June, five thousand Northern troops passed through the streets of Baltimore to the Potomac, without the slightest disturbance. Cook's light artillery of Boston had previously performed some evolutions in Baltimore street, which were very suggestive of danger to the *roughs*. Starting at double quick down the street with their battery, they would come to a cross street, deploy on either side, unlimber, load, and look around eagerly for some foe to sweep down with grape and canister; and all this would be done in less than two minutes. Such moral suasion was found to be wonderfully potent over the Baltimore mob. The soldiers would conclude their drill, by singing "The Star-spangled Banner," amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and cheers of the crowds of loyal people in the streets, and on the balconies of the houses. By the close of the month, one hundred thousand Union troops were upon the Potomac, and probably at least an equal number of armed rebels. Our troops were necessarily

much scattered to protect exposed points from raids of the rebels, and as Jeff. Davis, at Richmond, could easily concentrate 75,000 men, for a sudden attack upon Washington, there was still much solicitude for the safety of the Capital.

About fifteen miles from Alexandria, on the Leesburg railroad, there is the little hamlet of Vienna. It was deemed important that the road to Vienna should be kept open, and, on the 17th of June, Gen. Schenck took the 1st Ohio Regiment, after dinner, and started in a train of cars, to leave detachments of men to guard all the bridges and other points, where the rebels might do mischief. They proceeded leisurely, pausing at intervals, detailing guards. Thus, mile by mile, the number of men in the cars grew thinner until, as they approached the outskirts of Vienna, but 180 men were left. The road wound through a valley, with hills and heavy thickets on each side, presenting the most attractive region imaginable for ambuscades. The train, consisting of one passenger car and four open platform cars, was *pushed* by the engine which was in the rear. The train was rounding a gentle curve, within half a mile of Vienna, and the men were laughing, quite unconscious of peril, when a masked battery of two small field pieces, on an adjacent eminence, opened fire upon them. The guns were entirely hidden, and the startling explosion was accompanied by the rush of balls which instantly killed five of their number, and wounded many others. The men instantly leaped from the cars, and formed in line of battle in a thicket, at the right of the track, just out of the range of the battery. Meanwhile shot and shell, in an incessant storm, were poured upon the train. The connection of the locomotive and the passenger car with the rest of the train, was severed by a cannon ball, and the affrighted engineer dashed off at full speed.

The rebels now, 2,000 in number, composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, changed the range of their guns, and poured their deadly charges into the grove, where the situation of the little band seemed hopeless. But the Ohio men presented such an undaunted front, and so bravely returned the fire, that the rebels, who were South Carolinian, apprehensive that the engines had merely gone back a few miles for reënforcements, became irresolute, slackened their fire, and slowly retired.

Gen. Schenck and Col. McCook, taking with them the bodies of the dead, and the wounded on litters and blankets, retired unmolested five miles, where, about nine o'clock in the evening, they took refuge with a detachment of their friends. The next day the bodies of the dead, the martyrs of liberty, were buried in the shadows of the woodland in that lonely ravine. May the songs of freemen alone, in future generations, be heard over their graves.

The rebels immediately deserted Vienna, and the 69th New York regiment took possession of the place; while two Ohio regiments, encamped along the road, effectually protected it from injury. Gen. Schenck, in his report of this mishap, which certainly was the result of great imprudence, says: "I left camp with six hundred and sixty-eight rank and file, and twenty-nine field and company officers, in pursuance of Gen. McDowell's orders, to go upon this expedition." Our inexperienced

officers, as well as soldiers, suffered many of these rebuffs, before they fully appreciated the wary foe, with whom they had to deal.

On the 23d of June, Major-General McClellan took command, in person, of the Union forces in Western Virginia, then amounting to about 15,000 men, and issued a proclamation to his troops containing the following noble sentiments:

"You are here to support the Government of your country, and to protect the lives and liberties of your brethren, threatened by a rebellious and traitorous foe. Bear in mind that you are in the country of friends, not of enemies—that you are here to protect, not to destroy. Remember that I have pledged my word to the people of Western Virginia, that their rights in person and property shall be respected. I ask every one of you to make this good in the broadest sense.

"Carry into battle the conviction that you are right, and that God is on our side. Your enemies have violated every moral law. Neither God nor man can sustain them. They have, without cause, rebelled against a wise and paternal government. They have seized upon public and private property. They have outraged the persons of Northern men, merely because they came from the North, and of Southern Union men, merely because they loved the Union.

"You will pursue a different course. You will be honest, brave, and merciful. You will respect the right of private opinion. You will punish no man for opinion's sake. Show to the world that you differ from our enemies in these points of honor, honesty, and respect for private opinion, and that we inaugurate no reign of terror wherever we go."

Soon we encountered another disaster, trivial, it is true, in its bearings upon the war, but very sad in the needless sacrifice of one valuable life, and the mutilation of several men with dreadful wounds. About thirty miles down the river from Washington there is, on the right side of the Potomac, a very important military position, commanding extensive reaches of the river, called Matthias Point. A small party of rebels was encamped there, preparing to erect batteries. The United States steamer, reconnoitering the banks, discovered this movement, and, under cover of its guns, sent about forty men on shore, who drove in the rebel pickets, and commenced throwing up breastworks, which they intended to mount with guns from the ship. After about four and a half hours' labor, their sand intrenchments were completed at five o'clock in the evening. Feeling secure under the protection of the ships' guns, they seemed to have stationed no outside sentinels. While they were at work, a slave appeared upon the shore, waving a piece of white cloth upon a pole. He was taken on board the Freeborn, and informed Capt. Ward, the commander, that the rebels were lurking in the underbrush near by, one thousand in number.

Still no special precautions were adopted, it either being thought that the testimony of a slave was not worth regarding, or that their guns afforded ample protection. The men on shore were just entering their boats, to return to the ship for the heavy guns, when the rebels, skulking through the dense underbrush, which entirely concealed them from view,

poured in upon them a volley from nearly a thousand muskets, which was followed by a continuous and heavy fire. Not a rebel was to be seen. With their usual prudence they kept at so discreet a distance, that not one of the crew on shore was killed, though many were severely wounded. Pelted by an incessant storm of bullets, while the Freeborn threw shells into the forest, the men crowded into the boats and gained the ship, while a few, left behind in the tumult, escaped by swimming. Lieut. Chaplin swam to the steamer, carrying on his back a wounded comrade, who had four balls shot into him. John Williams, coxswain of the third boat, though a musket ball had pierced his leg, continued to wave the Stars and Stripes, which, before they reached the ship, was pierced by nineteen bullets. He was rewarded for his gallantry by promotion.

Capt. Ward stood upon the deck of his ship, directing the guns which were throwing shells, almost at random, among the invisible rebels in the forest. One of these men, a little nearer to the Freeborn than the main body of the rebels, took deliberate aim, with a Sharpe's rifle, at a distance of five or six hundred yards. The ball passed through the body of Capt. Ward, and he fell instantly dead. These disasters gradually taught our inexperienced leaders that recklessness is not bravery. We received, however, many very severe chastisements before we were willing, practically, to admit that discretion is, at least, a *very important* part of valor. A man was once heard to thank God in his prayer that he had none of "that sneaking virtue called prudence." But in military affairs, where a commander holds the lives, perhaps, of thousands, in his hands, prudence is surely among the most exalted of all the virtues.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR AND ITS HORRORS.

FOREIGN RECEPTION OF SOUTHERN AGENTS.—SPEECH OF A. H. STEPHENS.—THE FRENCH LADY.—CALL OF PRES. LINCOLN.—RICH MOUNTAIN.—LAUREL HILL.—INCIDENTS.—FAIRFAX C. H.—FALLS CHURCH.—TRAITORS IN THE SERVICE.—SPACE REQUIRED FOR AN ARMY IN MOTION.—BULL RUN.—BLACKBURN'S FORD.—PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.—RE-ENFORCEMENTS OF THE REBELS.—LOSS OF THE BATTLE.—ROUT OF THE ARMY.—ABUSE OF THE WOUNDED AND DEAD.

THE rebels, immediately upon the commencement of their organization, sent commissioners to Europe, to secure their recognition as an independent government. This act was characteristic of the judicial blindness which apparently accompanied all their movements. It would seem that effrontery could go no farther, than for a group of men, in this nineteenth century, to band together in a Confederacy, whose "corner-stone" they proclaimed loudly and defiantly to the world, to be "Slavery." But that they should, in addition, avow that it was also the object of their Confederacy to extend the system of human bondage as far as possible, over all the States and Territories of the American Union, and that they should then go to the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain, to solicit aid in their execrable enterprise, indicates audacity rarely exceeded. The darkness of slavery appears to have blinded them to the light of the age in which we live. They declared that it was impossible for England, or any other European power, to resist the bribery of their cotton bales; and were astounded to find that their claims were not instantly recognized. The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, in the latter part of June, alluding to this subject, says:

"It is now several months since our commissioners were sent to Europe. Thus far it seems they have got no farther than England. Mr. Rost, one of them, has gone over to France. But as he can have no authority to act alone, we presume that he goes rather to ascertain the views of the Emperor of the French, than to make a treaty. We infer from Mr. Rost's departure from London to Paris, that nothing has been accomplished in England. Indeed, from the order in Council forbidding Confederate privateers bringing their prizes into British ports, we are only surprised that any of the commissioners should have remained in London a day, after this new order was issued. Why our commissioners have lingered so long in England, and have not gone directly to the greatest source of success, the government of France, we are at a loss to determine."

But the "fanaticism," as the slaveholders called it, of the French, upon

the subject of slavery, was not a whit less unrelenting than that of the English. From the French government the rebel commissioners could not obtain one word of sympathy. The very influential French journal, *L'Opinion Nationale*, commenting on their application, says, in its issue of December 12th:

"They have the audacity, with all the facts before them, to pretend that slavery is a divine institution. In fact, in this nineteenth century, men are found so destitute of all moral sense, as to rebel, to revolutionize the country, expose it to ruin and civil war, in the name of that social leprosy called slavery. Oh shame! These men, without heart, dare address an appeal to France to aid them, and render herself an accomplice in their criminal projects. No! the France of '79, '30, and '48, can never take under her protection traders in human flesh. She would rather entertain more worthy views, and follow the example of Russia, which is making laudable efforts to abolish servitude."

The confidence which the rebels reposed in the omnipotence of cotton, may be inferred from the following extracts from a speech made on the 11th of July, in Augusta, Georgia, by their Vice-President, A. H. Stephens:

"We grow supplies that the nations of the earth must have—that is cotton. In England, perhaps not less than five millions of people depend upon cotton, for their daily bread. In France, several hundred thousand, if not millions. And when you come to take into consideration the amount of capital, the number of sailors, and the amount of tonnage, employed in this trade, you will be still more surprised. If you take into account the numbers in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Bremen engaged in it, you will find that it will amount to not less than ten millions of money capital engaged in it. This, therefore, is an element of great power, the great motor of the commerce of the world. We grow it. There is no part of the world that grows it as we do. We supply the markets of the world. *They must have it.*

"I meet many asking about the blockade. I can not, to-day, tell you how the blockade is to be raised. But there is one thing certain—in some way or other it will be obliged to be raised, or there will be revolution in Europe,—there will be starvation there. Our cotton is the element that will do it. Steam is powerful; but steam is far short, in its power, to the tremendous power of cotton. If you look out upon the ocean to-day, and inquire into the secret agency of commerce, you will find that it is cotton that drives it. It is this element of cotton, this great staple, which is the tremendous lever by which we can work our destiny, under Providence."

We can hardly give a better illustration of the corruption into which Christianity had fallen in the South, than by the statement that Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, assumed the position of major-general in the rebel army. He had long been preaching a slaveholding gospel. And now he placed revolvers in his belt, and girded a sword upon his side, that, by bloody rebellion, he might rivet those chains which bound four millions of his fellow-creatures in ignorance and slavery. "This is the first instance," says the Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, "in the country's history, of the appoint-

ment of a high church dignitary to a position of so much responsibility in the military service; and will therefore, as a matter of course, evoke criticism among the old fogies of the red tape school."

The two armies on the Potomac were now gradually accumulating in great masses, the rebels at Manassas Junction, and the Union troops at Washington, and upon the southern banks of the river, opposite Washington. There was kept up an incessant, petty warfare of pickets and trivial skirmishes, resulting in nothing. Upon the 4th of July, the special session of Congress was convened, and though there were still not a few traitors in that body, the overwhelming majority sustained the measures of the Government.

The rebels continued to display much cunning in their mode of conducting the warfare. Early in July, the passenger steamer St. Nicholas left Baltimore for some port on the Chesapeake. Among other passengers, there came on board a French lady in deep mourning, heavily veiled, and, as she professed to be in feeble health, retired immediately to her state room. There were also twenty-five mechanics, with the tools of their several trades, going down the bay in search of work. As soon as the steamer was fairly out of the harbor, the French lady emerged from her state-room, a whiskered captain, armed to the teeth; and the mechanics, throwing aside their tools, and drawing concealed weapons, rallied, a gang of pirates, around their leader, whose name was Thomas. The helpless steamer was at once captured. Near the mouth of the Potomac, they ran to a place called 'The Cone,' where they put all the passengers on shore, and, retaining the captain and crew as prisoners, took on board 150 of their armed confederates. They then commenced what they called a "privateering" cruise, and finding three large merchant brigs near the mouth of the Rappahannock River, they seized them all as prizes, took them into Fredericksburg, and delivered them over, steamer and all, to the rebel authorities.

A few days after this "brilliant exploit," as it was termed by the rebel authorities, two Baltimore policemen went down Chesapeake Bay, sixty miles to Fair Haven, to arrest a criminal. Returning with their prisoner, they took passage on the steamer Mary Washington. Here some one informed them, that Thomas, with several of his crew was on board, in the disguise of ordinary passengers, returning to Baltimore to make another venture on some other steamer plying on the Maryland rivers. The police officers, after having each one of the party carefully pointed out to them, directed the commander of the boat, before proceeding to Baltimore, to touch at Fort McHenry, in the harbor, which fort had now become not only a fortress overawing the rebels in the city, but also a prison for state offenders. Thomas, learning this fact, became greatly alarmed, and entering the ladies' cabin, where the police officers, Lieut. Carmichael and Mr. Horner, were conversing with some ladies, desired to know by what authority they had ordered the steamer to touch at Fort McHenry. "By authority vested in me," was the reply, "by Col. Kenly, Provost Marshal of Baltimore."

Thomas, immediately rallying his men around him, drew a revolver, and threatened to seize and throw both the officers overboard. But they

had made ample preparation to meet this menace, and their friends gathered in such strength, that the "privateersmen," as they called themselves, were overawed. As soon as the boat reached the fort, Gen. Banks, then in command there, ordered out a company of infantry, who secured all of the accused excepting Thomas. He was nowhere to be found. After a long search, however, he was discovered, coiled up in the large drawer of a bureau in the ladies' cabin, where he had been suffering martyrdom for an hour and a half. He was too weak to make any resistance, and with the rest of the prisoners was placed in confinement.

President Lincoln, in his message to Congress, said: "It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men, and 400,000,000 of dollars. That number of men is about one-tenth of those, of proper ages, within the regions where apparently all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the value owned by the men, who seem ready to devote the whole." In response to this call, Congress promptly voted a bill, authorizing the employment of 500,000 men, and an appropriation of $500,000,000,—a hundred thousand more of men, and one hundred million more of dollars than were asked for.

On the western slope of the Alleghanies, upon the upper waters of the Kanawha, one of the tributaries of the Ohio, there is an elevation, known by the name of "Rich Mountain," which, in consequence of a defile passing through it, was deemed an important military post. The Staunton and Weston turnpike here traverses a gap in the Laurel Hill range. On the western slope of this mountain, the rebels, about 3,000 strong, were intrenched with heavy earthwork batteries. At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 11th of July, Gen. McClellan sent Gen. Rosecrans with four regiments, the 8th, 10th, and 13th Indiana, and the 19th Ohio, to make a detour of the mountain, and attack them by surprise from the east. Gen. McClellan was prepared to attack them from the west as soon as the firing commenced. Col. Lander accompanied the division of Gen. Rosecrans through the pathless forest; a patriotic Union man of the neighborhood, David L. Hart, acting as guide. Unfortunately a dragoon, with dispatches, fell into the hands of the enemy, and thus informed, they made careful preparation to repel the assault. Twenty-five hundred men were stationed there, with three pieces of artillery, concealed by underbrush, yet commanding the pass. The clouds had gathered, the rain was pouring in torrents, and the soldiers were toiling along, drenched to the skin, through the wet bushes, when, suddenly, a deadly fire of artillery and musketry opened upon them. The Union troops had no artillery, but they immediately concealed themselves in the underbrush, and for some time a very fierce battle, but not very fatal, raged between invisible foes. At last the Indiana troops got upon the flank of the foe, and with a tremendous cheer rushed upon them with fixed bayonets. The rebels, panic-stricken, broke, and fled through the bushes, pursued by the victors. The discomfiture was entire. Gen. McClellan, in his official report, says: "The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass

cannons, of which one is rifled; all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his cups. The number of tents will probably reach two hundred, and more than sixty wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to fully one hundred and fifty, with one hundred prisoners, and more coming in constantly."

Generals Rosecrans and Lander so effectually did up their work, that Gen. McClellan, who had his guns mounted to command the enemy's position, did not find it necessary to enter into action. By a rapid march he took possession of Beverly, while Col. Pegram, in command of the rebels, retreated, hotly pursued, to St. George. This victory proved very decisive, as it broke up and scattered all the rebel forces in that vicinity. Gen. McClellan reports: "I may say that we have driven out some ten thousand troops strongly intrenched, with the loss of eleven killed and thirty-five wounded. They were Eastern Virginians, Tennesseans, Georgians, and, I think, Carolinians. I trust that Gen. Cox has, by this time, driven Wise out of the Kanawha Valley."

The pursuit was so well conducted that the next day Col. Pegram was compelled to surrender with six hundred men unconditionally. Pegram was a West Point cadet, educated beneath the Stars and Stripes, and at the expense of that Government he was now fighting to destroy. One of the professors of Hampden and Sidney College, with a company of students, was in the captured army.

The rebel army in Western Virginia was mainly encamped at two points, one, as we have mentioned, of about 4,000, at Rich Mountain under Col. Pegram; the other, of about 6,000, a few miles farther north at Laurel Hill, near Philippi, under Gen. Garnett, who was in general command over both forces. Upon learning of the defeat of Pegram's force, Gen. Garnett commenced a precipitate retreat. He plunged into the wild roads of the Alleghanies, hoping to escape to Richmond, and was rapidly descending the narrow banks of the Cheat River, when the Union troops overtook the fugitives. There was no difficulty in discovering their *trail*. The path they traversed was strewed with the debris of a routed army;—tents, tent poles, blankets, haversacks, muskets, and broken wagons lined the road, and were trampled into the mire, which resembled a stagnant river of tar, of from one to three feet deep.

Finding escape in vain, without a battle, Gen. Garnett looked anxiously for a commanding position. He came to a ford in the river, which was approached over an extended meadow, smooth as a floor, and waving with young corn. On the opposite side of the river, and commanding the ford, there was almost a perpendicular bluff, eighty feet high, fringed with laurel, presenting a perfect screen for his batteries and his men to lie in ambush. Here he stationed his army. Several baggage wagons were left broken in the stream, as a bait to lure the pursuers on, and as an indication that in the eagerness of his retreat he had been compelled to abandon them, and was now many miles on his way. Col. Steedman, of the 14th Ohio, first approached the ford. They were received with a crash of artillery and musketry, like thunder from a cloudless sky. Fortunately, the inexperienced rebel gunners, firing down from such a height, overshot their mark,

and but few were injured. The firing spurred on the army in the rear. Not a man flinched or turned his back. Milroy's 9th Indiana came rushing up with cheers, and formed on the left, as if it were parade day. For some time the battle raged with no decisive results, the Union troops firing upon their invisible foe, upon the hill concealed by the long and dense thicket of laurel, until Col. Dumont, with the 7th Indiana, crept under the bluff, down the river, and climbing the eminence formed for a charge on the right flank of the foe. The rebels waited not for the approach of the glittering steel, but turned and fled, four thousand pursued by six hundred. Gen. Garnett made every effort to rally his men, but in vain. As he turned on his heel, waving his sword, and shouting to his men to return, Sergeant Burlingame, not knowing his rank, took deliberate aim at him, and fired. He instantly fell. Major Gordon rushed towards the fallen foe, and found him dead. Tenderly he closed his eyes, straightened his limbs, and placed a guard over the body. Of all his army not one remained by the general, except a young, smooth-cheeked Georgian, evidently of humble position, who was shot but a moment before his leader fell.

The action was now over. The enemy abandoning everything, fled, scattering through the woods. The Union troops came clambering over the heights, and hungry, weary, drenched, and exhausted, were allowed a few hours' repose after their victory. One who was present on the occasion thus describes the scene the bluff presented:

As he ascended the bluff on which the enemy had been posted, the first object that caught his eye was a large, rifled iron cannon, which they had left in their precipitate flight. The Star-spangled banner of one of the regiments floated over it. Around was a sickening sight. Along the brink of that bluff lay ten bodies, stiffening in their own gore, in every contortion which their death-anguish had produced. Others were gasping in the last agonies, and still others were writhing with horrible, but not mortal, wounds, surrounded by the soldiers whom they really believed to be about to plunge the bayonets to their hearts. The scene afforded a ghastly realization of the horrible nature of this fraternal struggle. All these men were Americans—men who had once been proud to claim each other as countrymen.

One poor fellow was shot through the bowels. The ground was soaked with his blood. The stranger asked him if anything could be done to render him more comfortable; he only whispered, '*I'm so cold.*' He lingered for nearly an hour in terrible agony. Another young man, just developing into vigorous manhood, had been shot through the head by a large Minié ball. The skull was shockingly fractured. His brains were protruding from the bullet-hole, and lay spread on the grass by his head. He was still living! The stranger knelt by him, and moistened his lips with water from his canteen; and an officer who came up a moment afterwards poured a few drops of brandy from his pocket-flask into his mouth. There was nothing more that they could do. A surgeon rapidly examined the wound, saying, it were better for him if he were dead already. And there the poor Georgian lay, gasping in the untold and unimaginable agonies of that fearful death for more than an hour!

Near him lay a Virginian, shot through the mouth, and already stiffening. He appeared to have been stooping when he was shot. The ball struck the tip of the nose, cutting that off, cut his upper lip, knocking out his teeth, passed through the head, and came out at the back of the neck. The expression of his ghastly face was awful beyond description. And near him lay another, with a ball through the right eye, which had passed out through the back part of the head. The glassy eyes of the dead were all open; some seemed still gasping, with open mouths; all were smeared in their own blood, and cold and clammy with the dews of death upon them.

The witness who describes this scene says, that on counting up he found that there were on the bluff ten corpses. Two more died before they could be removed to the hospital. Three died during the night. Another was dying when he left. All around the field lay men with wounds in the leg or arm, or face, groaning with pain, and trembling lest the barbarous foes they expected to find in the troops, should commence mangling and torturing them at once. Words can hardly express their astonishment when the men gently removed them to a little knoll, laid them all together, and formed a circle of bayonets around them to keep off the curious crowd, till they could be removed to the hospitals and cared for by the surgeons.

There was a terrible moral in that group on the knoll; the dead, the dying, the wounded, protected by the very men they had been fighting, and who were as ready then as they had ever been to defend by their strong arms every right these self-made enemies of theirs had ever enjoyed. Every attention was shown the enemy's wounded by our surgeons. Limbs were amputated, wounds were dressed, with the same care with which our own brave volunteers were treated. The wound on the battle-field removes all differences; in the hospital all are alike the objects of a common humanity that left none beyond its limits.

Among the enemy's wounded was a young *Massachusetts boy*, who had received a wound in the leg. He had been visiting in the South, and had been impressed into the rebel ranks. As soon as the battle began, he broke from the rebel ranks and attempted to run down the hill, and cross over to our side. His own lieutenant saw him in the act, and shot him with a revolver. The narrator of these incidents says, that to listen to the tale which he heard by the side of the sad young sufferer, made his blood boil more violently than ever before, to think, not of the poor deluded followers, but of the *leaders* who, for personal ambition and personal spite, began this infernal rebellion.

The talk among the soldiers was long the retailing of facts and anecdotes about this battle. In one of the Indiana regiments was a Methodist preacher. During the battle he was particularly conspicuous for the zeal with which he kept up a constant fire. The 14th Ohio, in the thick of the fight, fired an average of eleven rounds to every man, but this parson managed to get in a great deal more than that average. He fired carefully, with perfect coolness, and always after a steady aim, and the men declared that every time, as he took down his gun after firing, he added, 'And may

the Lord have mercy on your soul.' Evidently, they said, he thought the body not worth praying for, after the aim he had so carefully taken.

The remains of General Garnett were prepared with all possible respect for interment, and were then sent with his sword, his gold chronometer, his field-glass and his pocket-book, with its contents, to his friends. Several officers in the Union army against which he was fighting had been his intimate friends. Major Love, who with saddened spirit assisted in preparing his body for its burial, had been for four years his room mate at West Point, and had cherished a warm affection for him until he turned a traitor to his country, and raised his sword to cut down its flag. The poor Georgia boy, who had proved so faithful in a bad cause, into which he had been seduced, was buried on a knoll by the Union troops, with a grave-board at his head, containing the following inscription: "Name Unknown. A brave fellow who shared his general's fate, and fell fighting by his side, while his companions fled."

This defeat was, for the time, the annihilation of the rebel force in Western Virginia. The troops under Garnett were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseeans and Carolinians. In the battle and immediate pursuit, two hundred were killed, a thousand taken prisoners, and the remnant scattered, no one knows where. The work of clearing Western Virginia of the rebels Gen. McClellan had effectually accomplished. Without encountering a reverse, and with rapid strides of victory, he had swept the foe before him, and a grateful country rewarded him with affection, confidence, and accumulations of power.* In these conflicts Capt. Benham greatly signalized himself by his energy, military sagacity and intrepidity.

The enthusiasm at the North in behalf of the national cause, and the multitude rallying under the banner of their country, continued unabated. It may be doubted whether, since the crusades, such a popular uprising was ever before witnessed, and it was not an uprising of ignorant masses, but of highly intelligent men, rushing as privates into the ranks, ready to sacrifice property and life in behalf of their country. Within a few months there were over six hundred thousand men arrayed beneath the Stars and Stripes, ready to endure any of the hardships or to meet any of the perils of battle. And of all these there was not one in those ranks by compulsion. All were *volunteers*. The State of Indiana, less than half a century ago,

* Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was born in Philadelphia in 1826, the son of an eminent physician. He graduated at West Point, in 1842, with the first honors of the class. Immediately entering a company of sappers and miners as second lieutenant, he entered upon the Mexican war, and displayed much efficiency in conducting the siege of Vera Cruz. He also distinguished himself at the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, and at Chapultepec rose to the rank of captain. As military engineer he subsequently performed many valuable services, and was sent by the government of the United States to the Crimea, as one of the commission of three to perfect themselves in the art of war, as it should there be developed. His report, on his return, added much to his reputation. Resigning his position in the army in the year 1859, he became Vice President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and subsequently became Superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. He was thus employed when the civil war broke out. Ohio immediately made him Major-General of the State forces. Pennsylvania offered him the same position. On the 14th of May, 1861, the Federal Government appointed him Major-General in the U. S. A., and assigned him the Department of Ohio. His brilliant campaign in Western Virginia brought him conspicuously before the nation.

was but a wilderness where Indian tribes hunted their game. And yet this youthful State furnished twenty thousand infantry and twelve hundred cavalry, and uniformed, accoutred, and almost entirely armed them with the best of rifles, at her own expense. Every other Northern State was equally zealous.

Three months had now passed since the fall of Sumter. The United States Congress were in session at Washington. The rebels had a large army, no one knew how large, strongly fortified and abundantly supplied with batteries at Manassas, and at other points in the vicinity, from whence they could concentrate their troops at Manassas, through which lay the direct route to Richmond.

At the opening of Congress, July 4th, the Border States, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Delaware, were all represented. Money in abundance was speedily voted for carrying on the war. Every armory was at work, night and day. Three hundred and ten thousand soldiers were already in the field, waiting the order of the Federal Government; sixty-three vessels, with 1,174 guns, were in commission, and twenty-three steam gunboats were on the stocks, rapidly approaching completion. Sixty regiments of Federal troops were encamped near Washington. The public began to be impatient for active military operations. Armies amounting, it was supposed, to at least 300,000 on either side, were facing each other at various points, though scattered thousands of miles apart, from the remote prairies of Texas to the extreme northern peaks of the Alleghanies, and yet there had been no decisive action—nothing but mere skirmishes. The rebels were so confident in their strength at Manassas, that, on the 20th of July, they removed their Congress from Montgomery to Richmond. The people and the press generally throughout the North began to call so loudly for an advance upon Richmond, that Gen. Scott, though not feeling fully prepared, with reluctance ordered a forward movement.

On the 16th of July, Gen. McDowell, with 32,500 men, in four divisions, advanced from the banks of the Potomac upon Manassas.* These divisions, in unequal numbers, started from Arlington Heights, Long Bridge and Alexandria. Gen. Tyler's command consisted of 10,500 men, being nearly one-third of the whole force. Traversing different roads, the two smaller divisions met at the village of Fairfax Court House, about twelve miles from Washington. Gen. Tyler advanced by the Warrenton turnpike two miles from Fairfax Court House. The march commenced mainly at daybreak, Wednesday morning, the 17th, though some of the brigades advanced a short distance the night before. The troops, all eager for action, commenced the movement with the greatest alacrity, as joyfully

* Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell is a native of Ohio, and a graduate of West Point Military Academy, in the class of 1835, where he was assistant instructor for a few months. He was promoted to a first lieutenancy in 1842. He accompanied Gen. Wool to Mexico as aid-de-camp, and was breveted captain for his gallant behavior at Buena Vista. In an article in *L'Opinion Nationale*, attributed to the pen of Prince Napoleon, Gen. McDowell is said to be "forty-two years of age, tall and large. His face is remarkably open and sympathetic, through its air of frankness and kindness. He is one of the honestest, truest, simplest men that you can meet. He neither drinks wine, tea nor coffee, does not smoke, and has habits of sobriety and self-denial quite in keeping with his Puritan principles."

as if on a picnic excursion. It was a pleasant morning, and the scene presented one of the most glittering pageants of war. From ten to fifteen thousand of the rebel troops were at Fairfax, but hearing through their scouts of the approach of the Federal troops, they retired precipitately, leaving every thing behind them.

At noon the first division of Union troops entered Fairfax, unopposed. The bands played exultingly "The Star Spangled Banner," and the flag of the United States was again unfurled over the rebel village, where traitorous feet had trampled it in the mire. A few patriots, "faithful found among the faithless," lingered in the village, and received their liberators with inexpressible joy. Some rebels, lurking at a safe distance in the woods, threw a few rifle shots into our ranks, wounding an officer and two privates, but neither of them seriously. In the village a large amount of tents, muskets, equipments, flour, bacon, and hospital stores, belonging to the rebel army, were captured. The flight was so precipitate, that even the breakfast tables spread for the officers remained untouched. The uniforms of the officers were left; in a vest pocket was found a gold watch, and in another pocket ten dollars in a roll of dime pieces.

The troops were quite exhausted by their march under a broiling sun, and though it was at first intended to press on five miles farther to Centreville, it was decided to halt, for a few hours at least, until the main body of the army should come up. The right wing, under Gen. Tyler, of Connecticut, marched along the Georgetown turnpike. The left wing, under Col. Heintzelman, U. S. A., proceeded in two divisions, one by the old Braddock road, the other by the Little River turnpike.* The centre, under Col. Hunter, U. S. A., advanced by the Leesburg road. The fourth division, under General Runyon, of New Jersey, constituted the reserve. The three brigades under Gen. Tyler moved along rather an unfrequented road.

The road being narrow and broken, and the nearness of the enemy rendering it necessary that the advance guard should proceed cautiously, the march was necessarily slow. As the men composing the three first brigades moved solidly and measuredly on, they presented a magnificent spectacle, when gazed upon from one of the many elevations overlooking their path. The seemingly endless forests of glittering bayonets, undulating with the ascents and descents of the road; the dark mass of humanity rolling on slowly, but irresistibly, like a black stream forcing its way through a narrow channel; the waving banners; the inspiring strains of the numerous bands; the shouts and songs of the men;—formed an animating and imposing scene, which was contemplated with amazement and terror by the country people along the road.

The first brigade of this division, under Col. Keyes, arrived at Falls Church just before sunset, and spreading over the adjoining fields, after stationing strong pickets on all the roads leading towards the enemy, and

* Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman was born in Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1822. He was in the Mexican army, and acquired reputation for gallantry there. During the war with the rebels he rapidly rose in the estimation of his countrymen, being considered one of the most sagacious and energetic of our military leaders.

batteries to command the approaches, took a cold supper, and bivouacked for the night. Col. Sherman's and Col. Richardson's brigades did not reach the encampment until nine o'clock. The nearest picket of the enemy was then about a mile from them, on the road to Fairfax Court House. The next morning, at five o'clock, the whole army of the Potomac was in motion, and, as we have mentioned, about noon reached Fairfax Court House. General Tyler's division, however, which was a little in the advance, passed that village, and encamped about two miles beyond in a hamlet called Germantown. They were compelled to cut their way from Falls Church through a constant series of obstructions, the rebels having felled immense trees across the road, and placed every other obstacle in the way which ingenuity could devise. The foe were occasionally seen in the distance, but they invariably retired as our forces advanced. At one time, the scouts came rushing in, announcing a formidable rebel battery commanding the road, but half a mile a head. The whole column, reaching back for miles, was halted. The lines opened to the right and the left, and through the passage thus made, there came thundering along Capt. Ayers's battery of eight rifled guns, the horses on the full run. The masses which opened before closed in behind them, and again the whole army was on the move. A few shells were thrown into the breastwork, but the rebels had fled. Our skirmishers took possession of the intrenchments, where they found all the usual appliances of a camp, abandoned, the camp fires still burning.

Every day was revealing new evidence that traitors were still lurking in the most important departments of the Government. The rebels seem to have lost all consciousness of the meaning of the word honor. Their partisans, while taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and affecting zeal in the service of the Union, were active and efficient agents of the rebels, endeavoring to thwart every measure of national defense, and keeping the enemy informed of every contemplated movement.

Gen. McDowell had employed some of the Topographical Engineers in preparing an accurate map of the eastern portion of the State, particularly valuable from the fact that no good maps of the country had ever before been made. A few copies were prepared for the War Department, and for the officers engaged in this movement. One of these maps was found at Fairfax Court House, in the encampment of the *Palmetto* (S. C.) *Guards*. It could only have come there by the treachery of some person holding responsible position in our Government.

The abandoned camps of the rebels were, of course, legitimate objects of plunder. The soldiers loaded themselves with booty, of every description, and then some of them proceeded to sack several of the abandoned houses of the rebels. Considerable damage was done before the officers succeeded in arresting these disorders. Such irregularities are inseparable from war. It is not possible to march an army of over 30,000 soldiers, many of whom must be men of feeble moral sense, through a country, without acts of depredation. In fact, the whole army seemed to enter upon this summer's march, into Virginia, as if it were a grand excursion frolic, with just enough of adventure about it to give it zest. They thought

not of danger, and were bold even to rashness. A stringent order from Gen. McDowell promptly arrested the spirit of depredation which was beginning to develop itself.

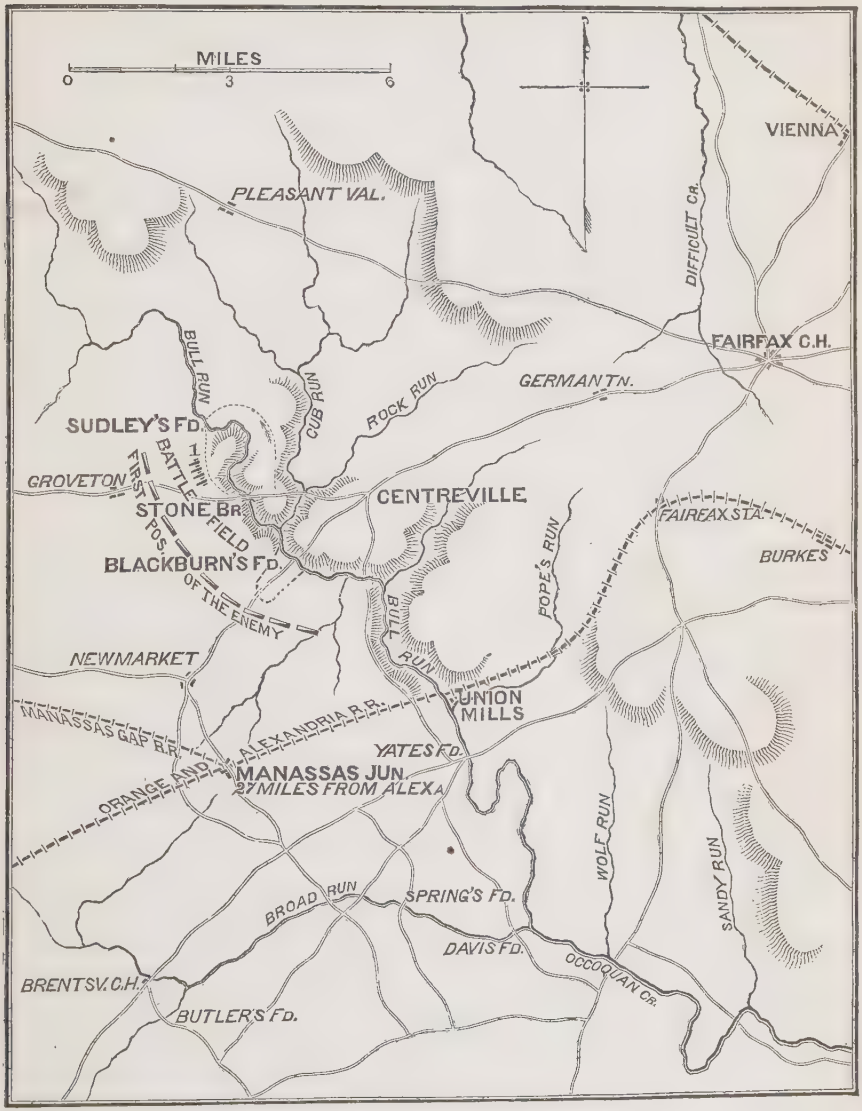
The evening of that day, mild and bright, was a saturnalia of jokes and fun, where the troops were clustered, in all the power and splendor of war, for miles around the headquarters of their chieftain, Gen. McDowell, at Fairfax Court House. The troops bivouaced in the green fields and under the open sky. The General and his staff, like the men, slept on the ground, rolled in their blankets. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Gen. McDowell was seen, eating his sumptuous dinner of bread, cheese and a slice of ham, on an overturned candle-box by the side of the road.

The march of all the divisions, as far as Fairfax Court House, was essentially the same. The day was fine, the country beautiful, the roads good, leading through dense groves, over gentle slopes, and occasionally ascending hills of considerable size. The sight was inspiring as the long line of glittering bayonets extended far as the eye could reach, intermingled with cavalry and artillery, and the vast array of white-covered baggage wagons. The men in loose, but regular march, with quick step, advanced with alacrity and in the finest spirits. On either side, skirmishers were spread out, through the groves and the cornfields, to guard against the possibility of surprise.

Few persons are aware of the vast length of road occupied by an army in motion. Two hundred thousand soldiers, with their baggage trains, cavalry and artillery, will occupy, filling to its utmost capacity, one hundred miles of any ordinary road. Distribute such an army into four divisions, traversing different roads, and each separate column would occupy twenty-five miles. We entered upon our march to Manassas with 32,500 men in four divisions. Consequently, each column, had they been equally divided, would have consisted of a solid mass of troops nearly five miles in length. It is difficult to imagine the scene of confusion which arises when the hour of panic or defeat ensues. Regiments are hurled upon each other, while shot and shell plough the ranks; cavalry trample down the infantry, bridges break, mines explode, and artillery and baggage wagons dash along pell-mell in a wild scene of ruin and terror which no imagination can conceive.

On the morning of the 18th, the different columns commenced their march from the vicinity of Fairfax, toward Centreville, a small village about five and a half miles distant, on the main road to Manassas Junction. At the Junction the great Washington railroad branches off; the left track leading to Richmond, while the right, threading the mountains, penetrates the valley of the Shenandoah. From Centreville to the Junction, it was about six miles. Half way between the two, there was a wild mountain stream, at times a foaming torrent, and again almost dry, which had cut a deep channel or gorge, with almost perpendicular sides, through the red sand stone. The banks of this ravine were densely fringed with forest and underbrush, while the country beyond was hilly, broken, wooded, and with narrow paths, through which an army could with difficulty struggle. Upon the right bank of this stream, called Bull Run, concealed by bushes

and on commanding heights, the rebels had constructed their masked batteries and thrown up their intrenchments, in positions which nature had made so strong that artificial earthworks were hardly needed. Here they awaited the approach of the Federal troops. Their reserves were but a short distance behind them at Manassas.



MAP OF BULL RUN AND ENVIRONS.

From Centreville, there were three roads leading to the Run. One was the direct road to the Junction, crossing the stream at a place called Blackburn's Ford. The great turnpike to Warrenton ran straight to the west, and crossed the stream about two miles farther up its bed, at what

was called Stone Bridge. Bearing nearly south there was still another country road, which met the turbulent river at an unimportant crossing near Union Mills. Along the line of the Run, a distance of eight or ten miles, the rebels were strongly fortified.

On Thursday morning, the 18th, the army moved cautiously to Centreville. Gen. Tyler pushed on one of his brigades, under Col. Richardson, reconnoitering as far as Blackburn's Ford. Rebel troops were seen moving in large masses on the plateau beyond. Col. Richardson had two twenty pound rifled guns. To announce his presence and try the temper of the rebels, he threw a few balls among them, which caused a very rapid dispersion of infantry and cavalry, when suddenly the tables were turned against him, by the opening fire, in rapid discharge, of a rebel masked battery, near the Ford, whose position could only be judged of by the smoke of its guns. Col. Richardson immediately ordered up a battery of six pounders, and the fire of the rebels was soon silenced.

Encouraged by this success, with, perhaps, more spirit than caution, Col. Richardson drew up his brigade on the banks of the stream, and commenced a fusillade of the rebel army, on the opposite plateau. But the rebels promptly crowded the bushes which fringed the stream, and poured in upon him such a deadly volley, that a portion of his troops were thrown into confusion and flight. He consequently retired with the remainder in perfect order, and the fugitives were rallied under cover of the woods in the rear. After the infantry had been thus withdrawn, the twenty pounders took another position, with Ayers's battery of six pieces, and continued their fire upon the enemy for an hour, from three till four o'clock, firing 415 shots, the rebels returning gun for gun. At night, the troops fell back to Centreville, having lost, in this reconnoissance, 19 killed, 38 wounded, and 26 missing. Wilson's brigade was stationed here to hold this important position. After the battle of Sunday, this force, from this position, in connection with Davis' brigade and two batteries, repulsed the enemy in his attempt to attack the retreating army in the rear at Centreville, and thus exerted incalculable influence in arresting the disasters of that sad day.

Gen. Beauregard's report of this trivial affair is decidedly ludicrous. Speaking of the final duel between the two batteries, he says, "Our guns, fired with no other aim than the smoke and flash of their adversaries' pieces, renewed and urged the conflict with such signal vigor and effect, that gradually the fire of the enemy slackened, the intervals between their discharges grew longer and longer, finally to cease; and we fired a last gun at a baffled, flying foe, whose heavy masses, in the distance, were plainly seen to break and scatter in wild confusion and utter rout, strewing the ground with cast-away guns, hats, blankets, and knapsacks, as our parting shells were thrown among them. In their retreat one of their pieces was abandoned, but, from the nature of the ground, it was not sent for that night, and, under cover of darkness, the enemy recovered it."

Rev. Mr. Mines, chaplain, who was taken prisoner Monday morning, and who was conveyed to Blackburn's Ford, states that he saw there the fresh graves of from 300 to 500 men. And Beauregard, in his official

report, says that one regiment was so cut up that day that it had to be replaced by another.

Gen. Beauregard has indulged in such extraordinary poetic license in this narrative, that we know not how much credence to give to his statement, that "our casualties were fifteen killed and fifty-three wounded, several of whom have since died."

Gen. Tyler's main object in this movement, was to determine what force and what batteries the enemy had at that point. This he ascertained perfectly, and he could not have ascertained it in any other way. Upon the information thus gained the army was guided in its subsequent advance.

Two of the Ellsworth Fire Zouaves having probably scented the battle from afar, contrived to lose their regiment at Fairfax, and, while pretending to be very eagerly searching for it, plunged into this fight, "on their own hook," with all imaginable gusto. They were both fleet and tireless as deer. Whenever a rebel soldier appeared any where near them, in this straggling, skulking fight, they hunted him down like hounds and killed him, regardless of the numbers by whom he was surrounded. One of them actually penetrated a small battery in a ravine, bayoneted one of the gunners, and escaped unharmed. At last they got separated in the confusion of the battle, and one of them walked up the hill by the side of our retiring column, moaning bitterly over his lost companion. "I didn't want," he said, "to have that fellow shot. That fellow has run in the Fire Department with me three years." An eye-witness writes, "It was very touching to see the tender grief of this rough and reckless fireman; and it was even more so, to witness the wild and overwhelming delight with which he met his companion at Centreville, as uninjured as himself, and filled with an anxiety as great as his own."

The regiments engaged in this short but bold and vigorous conflict, were the New York 12th, one Maine, two Michigan, one Massachusetts, and two Wisconsin regiments. The Michigan, Maine and Wisconsin regiments maintained their position under a galling fire, with fortitude which would have done honor to veterans. It is the testimony of all present, that the generals displayed courage worthy of themselves and their cause. Col. Richardson rode through the storm of shot unconcerned. Gen. Tyler and his staff braved all the peril to which any soldier was exposed. With such inexperienced troops, it was needful that our officers should set the example of courage.

There were quite a number of civilians, men of note, upon a hill overlooking the battle-field. A shell from one of the rebel batteries passed between the heads of Dr. Pullston, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. McCormick, of the New York Evening Post, just grazing the shoulder of the latter gentleman. The shell struck a building in their rear and exploded. At the same moment, a flurry of Minié bullets came whistling through the group, wounding half a dozen, but none severely. The civilians seemed to think this amusement they had not bargained for, and, regardless of all military proprieties, with undeniable "discretion," sought a safer position.

The next day, Friday, the 19th, was passed in reconnoitering, in select-

ing points of attack, in posting troops under the screen of forests or hills, for a distance of about eight or ten miles, along the eastern bank of the chasm of Bull Run. That treachery which marked the whole progress of this, the foulest rebellion earth has ever known, still kept the foe informed of every movement the Union troops made. There were men occupying important posts in the government and in the army, who were the secret agents of the rebels, and who regarded treason and perfidy as chivalry and honor. The foe had accumulated all his strength among the hills upon the opposite side of this ravine; his masses occupying the ground back to Manassas. Thus, as the front regiments became exhausted, they could retire, and fresh ones be moved forward to occupy their places.

Large divisions of the army were all day long moving about Centreville. It was, apparently, a scene of inextricable confusion. It was, however, a chaos which Gen. McDowell, arranging and guiding every movement, was evolving into order and efficiency. During the day the two heroic Zouaves, who had, the fun of the battle being over, contrived to find their camp, walked down to overlook the vast military array on the field of Centreville. They happened to pass by Gen. Tyler's brigade. They attracted universal attention. The regiments turned out spontaneously to greet them; and the clapping of hands fell upon their ears almost like the crackling fire of musketry. The fire-boys seemed bewildered and oppressed by the unexpected demonstration, and endeavored in vain to appear unconscious that it had any reference to them. After a while they became quite timid, and with bowed heads appeared to implore a cessation of the applause. But there was no mercy for them, and the greeting grew more and more intense, until they were well out of sight.

By the thorough exploration of the ground on Friday, the plan of the battle was formed, and certainly with great military sagacity. Still, the result could not but be doubtful. Nearly all of the troops whom Gen. McDowell led were fresh from their peaceful firesides, young men who had never heard the whir of a hostile bullet, to whom all the dreadful scenes of a battle-field were entirely new; who had patriotically rushed to Washington, three months volunteers, for the protection of the Capital, until an army could be organized for the war. With all of them their term of service expired in a few days; with several regiments it expired on the morning of the battle. These men were to be led against a foe, they knew not how strong, who had spent months in rearing batteries, and in fortifying themselves, in forests, on the sides of ravines, and on commanding eminences. The Union soldiers, groping through unknown paths, exposed continually to ambuscades, never knowing but that they were marching directly upon masses of intrenched troops, outnumbering them ten to one, were to present their bare bosoms to these bristling batteries. Napoleon would have deemed this stern service for his Old Guard. It would have been stern service for troops who had been the heroes of a hundred battles. The Northern soldiers understood all this. They were reading and thinking men.

We need not have been ignorant of the position and strength of the enemy. There were hundreds and thousands of colored men, some of

them as white as many of our soldiers, scattered all over that region, who were praying for our coming, and eager to join our ranks. They had been forced to throw up intrenchments for their hated masters. They were familiar with every by-path, and swamp, and torrent. They knew the position of every battery, and the number of guns. They were more efficient and intelligent than the masses of the degraded whites, whom slave-holding tyranny had driven into the ranks. These men, our natural allies, would have come to our camp in troops, had they been assured of welcome. They would have revealed to us all the strength and the weakness of the enemy, would have guided us through safe defiles, would have thrown up our intrenchments, and borne our heavy burdens, that our sons and brothers, unused to exhausting toil, might be more fresh for the fight. But we would not receive them. Orders were often issued prohibiting them from entering the Union lines. Frequently, when they had escaped to us, they were delivered back to their masters, and tortured by them, even to death, as a warning to their brethren not to espouse the cause of the "Stars and Stripes."

Thus rejecting the only sources of information within our reach, we were compelled to move blindly, and to send our loved ones like sheep to the slaughter. And whose fault was this? It was not the fault of Gen. Scott, or Gen. McDowell, or President Lincoln. They were but the agents of the people, and could carry out no measures but those in which the people would sustain them. We had so long been accustomed to bow subserviently to slavery, and were so fearful of alienating the border slave-holding States and driving them off into the rebellion, that at that time, the Government could not have been sustained in welcoming, in any way, the aid of the colored population. A clamor of remonstrance would have burst from all parts of the land. The *people* of the United States were the guilty ones, notwithstanding there were millions who deplored the folly. Upon the nation, consequently, fell the penalty. We needed, like the Egyptians of old, to be plagued with national disasters, and the death of our first born, before we could come to any honest recognition of man's brotherhood. Let not future generations cast the blame of this folly upon our Government. Our rulers could not *then* do otherwise than they did. Under God's discipline and teaching, we have made such marvelous progress since that day, that we can now hardly conceive of the blindness which then obscured the public vision.

We have mentioned that there were three main roads branching from Centreville to the ravine: the south, the middle, and the north. Each of these roads is about five miles in length, touching the stream at points about three or four miles from each other. The plan of the battle, in its main features was, for divisions of the army, about five thousand strong, to march by each of these roads, and make a vigorous attack upon the foe; all intended, at first, as mere feints to distract their attention, and to bewilder them in reference to the real point to be assailed. In the mean time, Generals Hunter and Heintzelman, with two divisions, amounting to about 12,000 men, advancing by the road to the Stone Bridge, were secretly to turn to the right, ascend the stream about two miles through

the forest, and behind the hills, and crossing the Run at a point called Sudley Ford, to descend the right bank of the stream, and fall impetuously upon the flank and rear of the foe, already bewildered by the triple attack. As soon as this assailing column appeared in the vicinity of the Stone Bridge, the most northern of the three crossings, Gen. Tyler's division, battling there, was to rush over the Run and join the Union troops. Then, as in accordance with the plan of the battle, it was hoped that the foe would break and fly, the other divisions would be prepared to coöperate, as circumstances might render advisable.

Col. Miles, with a reserve, remained at Centreville. Should any disaster baffle the efforts of the assailing column, and they be compelled to retire, they could fall back upon this reserve, while the three divisions, at the main crossings, could retard, if not entirely arrest, the advance of the enemy. No man familiar with military movements can study this plan, and not pronounce it to be admirable. In military matters, as in almost all others, we judge, often very unjustly, by success. Though the battle proved unfortunate, this plan of Gen. McDowell, will always give him the position in reflective minds, of an accomplished soldier.

The assailing column, being destitute of that good and safe guidance which the slaves could have afforded them, could not worm its way through the forest and the ravines in the darkness of the night. It was intended, therefore, that it should diverge from the turnpike into the woods with the earliest dawn of the morning. But, by that delay which is almost inevitable in great movements, they did not commence their march from the traveled road until six o'clock in the morning; and they encountered so many obstructions that they did not reach Sudley Ford until half past nine, three or four hours later than they intended.

It was a cloudless Sabbath morning, and a July sun poured down its blazing heat upon the heads of the soldiers. At soon as they reached the Ford, to their surprise, they found the enemy posted there, waiting to receive them; while, in the distance, the heads of many columns were visible, on the rapid march, to present the most formidable resistance. It appears, that by some treachery, the source of which has not yet been discovered, no sooner was the plan of battle formed than it was communicated to the rebels. Gen. Beauregard, consequently, merely left enough men at the crossings below, to keep the assailing columns in check, while with nearly his whole available force he prepared to hurl himself upon the 12,000 troops of Hunter and Heintzelman. The advantage he had over Gen. McDowell was immense. He and all his men, were perfectly familiar with the ground; he had time to choose his position; he knew precisely the number of Union soldiers he was to encounter, and could bring, from his accumulated forces, any reënforcements he might deem necessary.

Gen. McDowell's troops were exhausted by a long march; were in a strange country, hilly, broken, and densely wooded; were to march bare-breasted to meet troops in positions and with masked batteries; and of whose numbers they could form no intelligent estimate. The column had just crossed the Ford, and entered upon an open plateau beyond, when the

leading brigade, under Gen. Burnside, encountered a vigorous fire of artillery and infantry, from an almost invisible foe. Almost at the same moment, the battle commenced in earnest along the whole line, from eight to ten miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. Volumes might be filled with its details; with the movements of its minor divisions, with its acts of heroism, with the surgings to and fro, the charges, the surprises, the retreats before overpowering numbers, the rush of reënforcements and the renewed onslaught. Such a battle-field is inexplicably complex in its movements, yet from all its complexity there is eventually evolved victory or defeat; results often depending upon apparent accidents or chances, which no human foresight could have anticipated.

Let us, for a moment, leave the assailing column under Heintzelman and Hunter, upon whose movements the issues of the day were to depend, and pass down the chasm to the Stone Bridge, where Gen. Tyler, with a 32-pound rifle Parrot gun, and Ayres's and Carlisle's batteries was making the very hills tremble with his tremendous charges, throwing his shot and shell into ravines and wooded eminences two miles distant, striving to drive the rebels from their lurking places into daylight. For half an hour he could awaken no response, and knew not where to look for the treacherous foe. At last, a scout on the right, captured a slave, who was venturing, with great fear, into our lines. Trembling with fear that our troops might deliver him back again to his master, yet anxious to communicate the infinitely important information in his possession he was led to headquarters. Poor fellow! well he might tremble, for, if the next day his master were to come and claim him as a fugitive, many of our generals would deliver him up, to be flayed alive by rebel vengeance, for giving us that knowledge which had saved, perhaps, hundreds of our friends from mutilation and death.

This intelligent and loyal Virginian, with probably far more American than African blood in his veins, informed Gen. Tyler that the rebels were concealed in the woods on the right, and that on a distant hill, which he pointed out, they had a battery, upon which he had been compelled to work three days, and which commanded the road our troops were about to traverse. Generals Tyler and Schenck soon saw the assailing column of Union troops, which had crossed at Sudley Ford, far above them, driving the foe down towards the point where they were stationed. They immediately put their troops in motion, crossing the Run half a mile above Stone bridge, and cautiously entering the impenetrable thickets which surrounded them, suddenly they heard a voice exclaim, "Now, you Yankee devils, we have got you where we want to!" Immediately, a battery at point-blank range opened upon them a deadly volley. Still, the line wavered not; but pressed heroically on, driving the rebels before them, and carrying efficient aid to Burnside's division, at that time sorely pressed.

Leaving them to fight hour after hour, with heroism never before equaled by raw troops, and rarely surpassed by regulars, let us pass down the river two and four miles farther, and we find the same continuous roar of battle. A portion of Miles' division, which had been detached to aid

Richardson in holding Blackburn's Ford, was here, by a vigorous attack of artillery and musketry, endeavoring to occupy the attention of the foe. These lower divisions did not attempt any advance. They mainly employed themselves in shelling the enemy, and assailing them with musketry whenever within their reach. Such was the general aspect of this extended field of battle at eleven o'clock in the morning. Let us now ascend the river, to the extreme right of the army, where Heintzelman and Hunter crossed at Sudley Ford, and where the real battle was to be fought. Gen. McDowell took his position a little in the rear of the Stone Bridge, where he could most easily be in communication with all parts of the field.

For a time, every movement was very prosperous. Height after height the rebels abandoned, unable to face the merciless storm of cannon balls and the impetuous charges of the patriots. The rebels were driven from all their batteries and fastnesses, two miles down the stream, and across the great Warrenton road, which passed the Run at Stone Bridge. Heintzelman's division had effected a junction with Tyler's, so that now they were, flushed with success, driving the foe over the hills south of this road. The enemy fought persistently, contesting every inch. For months they had been at work, aided by any number of slaves, in fortifying their positions. The Union troops marched boldly to these intrenchments, compelling the rebels to retreat over a space nearly three miles in length.

The charges of the 69th New York, Irish regiment, 1,600 strong, under Col. Corcoran,* are said to have been terrific. The gallant Colonel, placing himself at their head, shouted, "Come on, boys! You have got your chance at last!" With cheers and at double quick, they dashed forward, throwing away knapsacks and coats, and every thing which could retard the impetuosity of their onset, but grasping their guns with a tenacity which even death's agonies could hardly relax.

A very brilliant effort was made by Gen. Tyler's division to carry one of the batteries by a charge. By order of the General, a Maine regiment advanced to within one hundred yards of one of the batteries, belching an incessant storm of canister and grape. The firing now became so severe that, though the assailants threw themselves upon the ground, Keyes, in command, declares that they would have been annihilated in five minutes. They fell back under the brow of the hill, and made a flank movement, with the intention of turning the battery. They were just upon the point of attaining their object, when the order for retreat came. As this battery was deemed the enemy's commanding position, it is not improbable that, had the order been delayed fifteen minutes, we should have had a victory to rejoice over, instead of a defeat to deplore.

* Michael Corcoran was born in Sligo county, Ireland, Sept. 21, 1827. He descended from a highly honorable family. Having received a very thorough English education, at nineteen years of age he entered the constabulary force, and remained in it three years. In 1849, he emigrated to America, and became proprietor of Hibernian Hall, in New York. In this business he continued until the year 1861. He commenced his military career as private in Company I, of the 69th Regiment, New York State Militia. Rising through the grades of first lieutenant and captain, on the 25th of August, 1859, he was chosen colonel. On the breaking out of the rebellion, his regiment was one of the first to reach Washington. At the battle of Bull Run, this regiment greatly distinguished itself, but Col. Corcoran was taken prisoner. He remained in cruel captivity until August, 1862, when he was exchanged, and drew his sword again in defense of American nationality.

It was now noon, the blazing noon of a July day. The storm of battle was raging in its most extended and utmost fury, and all the energies of the combatants were roused to the highest pitch. Missiles of destruction were falling every where, over a space covering probably twenty square miles. Shells from the rebel batteries even penetrated the streets of Centreville, and shot from our heavy Parrott guns must have plunged into the intrenchments at Manassas. The roar of the cannonade was so deafening, that it entirely drowned the rattle of musketry, and its uninterrmitted thunder peal was heard even in Alexandria and Washington.

Our troops had been up all night, had undergone a long march, were faint and exhausted. But as they pressed on, driving the foe before them, new batteries, manned by fresh troops, were continually opening. From Manassas, recruits were uninterrmittedly sent up, to strengthen the wavering lines of the foe. The 69th New York took and lost a commanding position, it is said, eight times in succession. At length, utterly exhausted, and driven back by overpowering numbers, they threw themselves, panting and fainting, upon the ground, when the 3d Connecticut came rushing through the smoke of the conflict, swept up the hill like a whirlwind, unfurled the "Stars and Stripes" over the captured guns, and gave three cheers, which blended exultingly with the roar of the battle. It was remarkable, that as our troops advanced, the vanquished masses of the enemy were continually increasing in number, not merely from being driven in upon themselves, but from reënforcements from Manassas.

Never was a battle fought more bravely. Every regiment merited its country's pride and gratitude. Burnside there developed that heroism which has given his name national renown. And the gallant young Governor and chieftain, Sprague, of Rhode Island, carved a device upon his escutcheon, which will prove him to be one of Nature's noblemen through all coming time. The writer is not unfamiliar with the wars of Europe, with the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington, and Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, and Julius Cæsar, and he hazards nothing in the assertion, an assertion which few competent military men will deny, that the battle at Bull Run was sagaciously planned and magnificently fought. The disaster which ensued was one of those calamities to which all armies are exposed. It was simply another Waterloo.

Three o'clock in the afternoon came, and the victory was apparently ours. Notwithstanding all the advantages which the enemy enjoyed in position and superior numbers, the Union troops had driven them, in a clean sweep, about two miles, had gained complete possession of the Warrenton road, from the Stone bridge westward, and had removed the obstructions, to enable Schenck's brigade, and Ayres's and Carlisle's battery, to join them. Wilcox's and Howard's brigades were on the right, fighting like veterans, supported by the brigades of Porter and Franklin, with the cavalry under Palmer. Sherman's brigade was in the centre, upon the road. Keyes' brigade, of Tyler's division, was fiercely assailing the batteries on the left, near Stone Bridge. The batteries of Ricket and Griffin were on a hill side, the target for a tempest of shot from the batteries of the foe.

Up to this time, all the men appeared cool and fearless in the midst of the storm of lead and iron which fell around them. Col. Cameron had been borne from the field in an ambulance, mortally wounded. The rear of the field seemed filled with those who were being carried on litters, or were hobbling along to the hospitals. Gen. McDowell and all his generals were in the midst of the fight, sharing the perils of the young and inexperienced troops, who needed the encouragement which the utter disregard of shot and shell by their officers presented. Our troops were quite exhausted. They had been fighting, without a moment's intermission, from half-past ten in the morning, under a blazing sun, and choked with the dust and the smoke of the battle. They had been up most of the night, and had encountered a fatiguing march. To relieve themselves from encumbrance in the arduousness of the conflict, they had laid aside their knapsacks, and consequently could not refresh themselves even with a hurried lunch.

Still, at this moment, the victory seemed to be decisively with the Union troops. "When I entered the field at two o'clock," says a correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, one of the most decided of the rebel journals, "the fortunes of the day were dark. The remnants of the regiments, so badly injured or wounded and worn, as they staggered out, gave gloomy pictures of the scene, and as, up to this time, after four hours of almost unprecedented valor and exertion, no point had been gained, the event was doubtful—hope seemed almost gone."

As on the battle-field of Waterloo, Wellington was looking anxiously for the coming of Blucher with a reënforcement of 65,000 Prussians, and Napoleon was watching for the arrival of Marshal Grouchy, who had been detached to pursue Blucher and absorb his energies; so, in this great and hard-fought battle at Bull Run, the rebels were looking hourly for Gen. Johnston's army of the Shenandoah, and the patriots were looking with equal eagerness, for the arrival of Patterson who, with 30,000 men, about forty miles distant, had been entrusted with the duty of assailing Johnston, and preventing his junction with the rebel troops. Johnston was the Blucher, and Patterson the Grouchy of this our miniature Waterloo.

Gen. J. E. Johnston, who had assumed command of the rebel army, immediately upon his arrival, in his official report makes the following statement:

"About 2 o'clock an officer of Gen. Beauregard's Adjutant-General's Office, galloped from Manassas to report to me that a United States army had reached the line of Manassas Gap railroad, was marching towards us, and then but three or four miles on our left flank."

As at Waterloo it was Blucher, not Grouchy, who came, so here it turned out that it was a division of Johnston's and not Patterson's army who were coming down upon the field. The rebel reënforcements pressed down with great impetuosity upon our wearied troops. Still the Unionists for a short time resisted these overpowering numbers with great valor, until overpowered, and threatened with assault upon both flanks, it was found necessary to retreat. A portion of Johnston's army had reached the field on Friday. The division which at this time arrived was that of

Kirby Smith. It was in itself four thousand strong, and was accompanied by other reënforcements.

The panic, as it is called, into which the Union troops were thrown, was by no means a senseless fright. The Federal army was composed generally of remarkably intelligent men, many of them as capable as their officers of forming an opinion for themselves. The scene, as described by many eye witnesses, must have been appalling. In a lull of the battle, there suddenly appeared, far away upon the right, a dense body of fresh men, marching down upon the field. The black, massive column, as it debouched from among the hills, lengthened out regiment after regiment, till ten thousand men appeared in a new line of battle. And still the flood rolled on until it formed three sides of a hollow square, enclosing our exhausted troops with 30,000 combatants, many of them quite fresh. A mass of cavalry occupied the centre, and the whole came moving on in all the pomp and terribleness of war.

"Our awe-struck legions," says one who witnessed the scene, "could not take their eyes from the majestic pageant, and, though experiencing a new necessity, were frozen at the sight. We at once comprehended we were beaten. In vain did our startled faculties dart alertly hither and thither for some hope. In vain did our thoughts turn quickly upon Patterson. It would not do. Johnston was there before us, with his cool, fresh thousands, and our Waterloo was lost."

Slowly, sadly, and in perfect order they commenced the inevitable retreat, protected by Burnside's gallant brigade, and Gov. Sprague's Rhode Islanders, when a body of regulars, still maintaining the fight, got out of ammunition, and sent their caissons back with the horses thundering along, at full gallop, for a fresh supply. These ponderous carriages were driven recklessly and with almost unearthly clamor down the road, scattering the ranks of the regiments in every direction. The inexperienced troops, witnessing these carriages thus rushing to the rear, interpreted it as the frantic flight of the regulars. Their ranks were broken by the reckless driving; remediless disorder ensued; officers and men were intermingled; the teamsters in the vicinity caught the fright, and lashed their horses for escape. A scene of horror ensued which can hardly be exaggerated. At the bridge the passage was choked by overturned caissons and ambulances, while the shells of the rebels, from many batteries, were falling and exploding in the midst of the frantic throng. *Sauve qui peut*,—"Save himself who can," then became apparently the watchword for one and all.

It is manifest that if Gen. McDowell could have commenced the battle at six o'clock, as he intended, instead of half-past ten, or if Gen. Patterson had appeared on the field with his division, or had even kept Johnston occupied, the victory would have been decisively with the Union troops.

An officer in the rebel army wrote to the Richmond Dispatch, July 29th: "There is no earthly doubt that our army was overcome several times between twelve and three, and that the bulletins, sent by the enemy, are in the main correct. But, alas! 'the best laid plans of men and mice aft gang aglee,' and, in this instance, verily there was a great slip between the cup and the lip."

The rout which ensued was terrible, though it has been greatly misrepresented. The whole force which marched upon Manassas, and which was scattered along the ravine of Bull Run for a distance of from eight to ten miles, including the strong body held in reserve at Centreville, amounted, according to the army rolls, to just 32,500 men. Of these, about 13,000 were engaged in the stern conflict at the Stone Bridge. Not one half of these, not more than five thousand men, were thrown into confusion. In their sudden panic all organization was lost. Officers were separated from their men, and these broken regiments became but a tumultuous mass rushing from destruction. Thus the whole road, for a distance of three miles, presented but the most frightful spectacle of a dense, struggling multitude of fugitives, artillery, infantry, cavalry and baggage wagons, all blended in inextricable confusion. A more awful scene than such a rout exhibits earth never beholds. No imagination can picture it.

This tumultuous column, three miles in length, recovered from its frenzy at Centreville. But as all the regiments were broken up, officers and men all scattered, nothing remained but for the flood to roll on the great highway to Washington. But there were 25,000 men who had no share whatever in the panic or the flight, and who returned to their quarters on the Potomac, in as good order as they marched to Manassas. But the flight of the five thousand, as described by many eye witnesses, presented a scene which must have been sublime and appalling. It is not strange that those who gazed upon it, and participated in it, should have imagined that the whole army was destroyed. The rush was like that of a mountain torrent, detached from its bed. For nearly three miles the road was choked, and the fields on either side crowded with the *débris*. Broken regiments, bleeding men, wounded horses frenzied in agony, army wagons, caissons, heavy guns, cavalry, were all flying so wildly that no individual energy or courage could by any possibility stop the flood. The cool and the brave were swept along by that impulse with which terror goaded the multitude, and which no power but that of God could check. Many riderless horses, in their death agony, plunged through the mass striking down and trampling the fugitives. The exhausted and the wounded, by the roadside, seeking the protection of a tree or a rock, appealed piteously, but in vain to their comrades to help them.

No man seemed to think of his neighbor. The artillery horses, goaded to their utmost speed, dragged the heavy guns thundering along, overpowering and crushing every thing in their way. An artilleryman was running between the fore and after wheels of his gun carriage, where he had got entangled in the flight. He could not extricate himself, for the drivers were spurring their horses to the top of their speed. He was hanging on with both hands, vainly striving to leap upon the gun. A more agonizing expression was never stamped upon a human face. His strength was failing. He could not cling much longer. As they were descending a steep hill, the carriage bounded from some irregularity of the road, when he lost his hold and fell. The ponderous wheel passed over him, crushing flesh and bones, and leaving hardly the semblance of humanity in the mangled mass behind. Borodino hardly exceeded the scene in its confusion and

tumult. The rout did not cease until Centreville was reached. It was only checked by the sight of Miles' reserve, there marshaled in order on the hill.

During this rout a gentleman in citizen's dress, who had thrown off his coat and seized a musket, was seen trying desperately to rally the soldiers at the point of the bayonet. It was the Hon. Mr. Washburne, from Illinois. Another member of Congress, the Hon. Mr. Kellogg, was bravely, but unavailingly, trying to aid him in this effort. At Germantown, Lieut. Brisbane, a truly chivalrous young officer, formed a line of artillerists across the road, and effectually arrested further disorder.

The question is often asked, Why did not the foe pursue? This question is satisfactorily answered in their own words. Gen. J. E. Johnston says, in his official report, "The apparent firmness of the United States troops at Centreville, who had not been engaged, checked our pursuit; the strong forces occupying the works near Georgetown, Arlington, and Alexandria; the certainty, too, that Gen. Patterson, if needed, would reach Washington, with his army of thirty thousand men, sooner than we could; and the inadequate means of the army in ammunition, provisions and transportation;—prevented any serious thoughts of advancing against the Capital. It is certain that the fresh troops within the works were, in number, quite sufficient for their defense."

The Federal loss in this disaster consisted of 471 killed, 1011 wounded, and about 1,000 prisoners, many of whom were wounded. We also lost 25 cannon, 17 of them rifled, 2,500 muskets, 8,000 knapsacks and blankets, 13 wagon loads of provisions, and a large quantity of ammunition. The rebels, in whose statements but very little reliance can be placed, declare their loss in killed and wounded to be 1,599.

The large loss of knapsacks, &c., was owing to the fact that many of our troops, before going into the fight, divested themselves of these encumbrances. They were deliberately taken off and piled in heaps, ready to be resumed when the conflict was over. In the retreat, but few of the regiments left by the same route over which they had advanced, and thus these articles were abandoned, to be gathered up by the rebels at their leisure. Several of the teamsters, who had passed beyond Centreville, had unhitched their teams to rest and feed. When the panic arose, they leaped upon their horses and galloped from the field. Thus, thirteen wagon loads of provisions were left, and also wagons containing three thousand bushels of oats. The boasting of the rebels was marvelous. They claimed to have taken 22,000 stand of arms, 20,000 haversacks and blankets, and "an amount of provision sufficient to feed 50,000 men for a year."

Volumes might be filled with incidents gleaned from this battle-field. Just in the path of the artillery of our victorious columns, as they swept across the great Warrenton turnpike, there was the dwelling of a widow, Mrs. Judith Henry, an estimable Christian lady. She was confined to her bed with sickness which did not allow of her removal. There she lay, all helpless, just between the contending armies, as the storm of war raged around her dwelling, bullets piercing it, and shot and shells crashing through the walls and the roof. Three times her own body was pierced by bullets or fragments of shells. Her bed was drenched with blood.

She lived just long enough after the battle to say, to those who came to look upon her mangled frame, that through all the thunder and the tumult of this tempest of human passion, her soul was at peace—a peace which mutilation and death, approaching in their most terrific forms, could not disturb. Seldom has there been witnessed a more signal triumph of Christian faith. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Most of the army retired from the field in good order. It was necessary to return to Washington and Alexandria, as the term of service of a large proportion of the troops, who were but three months' men, had expired. They were to be immediately paid off and dismissed, while others were to take their place. Gen. Keyes' brigade, which was composed of the 1st, 2d and 3d Connecticut regiments, and the 2d Maine regiment, were in the hottest of the fight. This brigade retired, compact and firm, in the rear of the fugitives, and arrived at Centreville about 9 o'clock in the evening. Here they prepared to make their stand for the night, the Connecticut troops occupying the quarters they had left in the morning, and the Maine troops taking position on a neighboring hill. The battle-worn, exhausted, but yet intrepid soldiers, had hardly established their camp, when they received orders to continue their march to Washington.

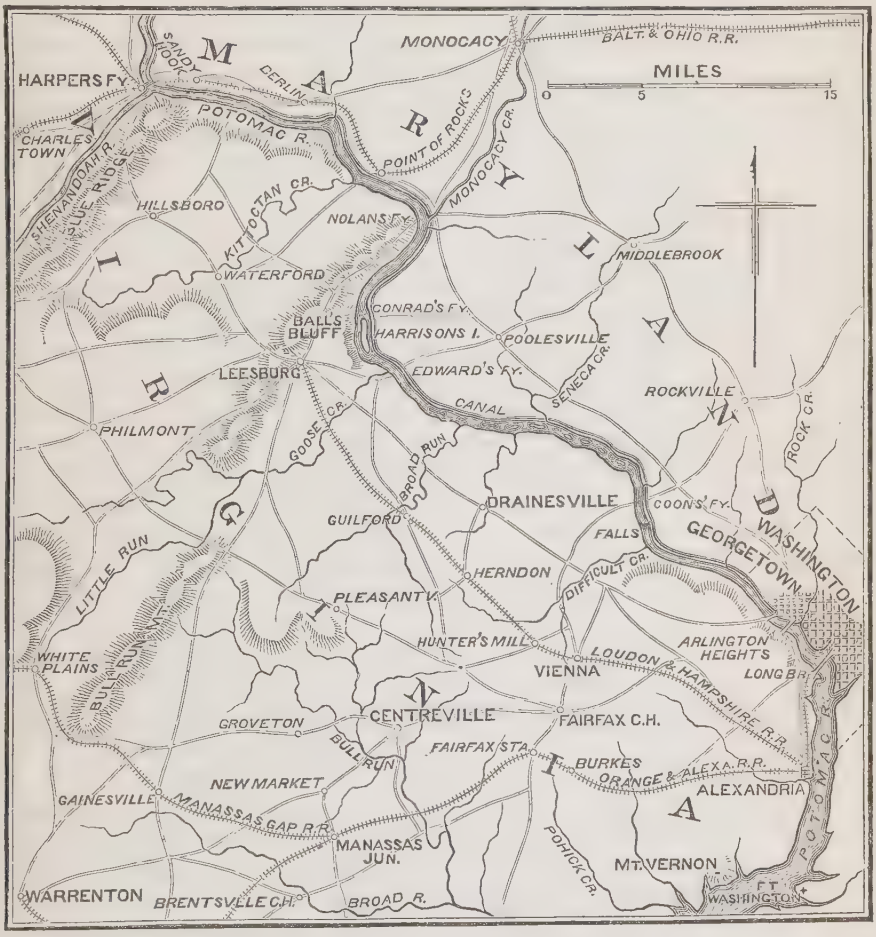
On the arrival of Tyler's division at Centreville, in the midst of a scene of astounding confusion, a council of war was called. It was held at a rail fence by the road-side, the inundation of ruin still rolling by. It was the unanimous opinion that it was not best to intrench at Centreville, but to return to the positions occupied before the movement. Gen. McDowell was utterly prostrated by fatigue, sleeplessness and anxiety. He said to Gen. Tyler, "Can you hold the enemy in check, and give me fifteen minutes to decide."

"Yes," was the reply, "fifteen minutes or half an hour; just as long as you please."

The words were hardly uttered ere Gen. McDowell's head dropped upon his bosom, and he was soundly asleep. Gen. Tyler, immediately ordering his division into line, to show a firm front, drew his watch from his pocket, and stood with it in his hand. What a scene for the painter! The gloom of the approaching night, the firm ranks holding the enemy at bay, the ceaseless current of fugitives, exhausted, rolling languidly by; the heroic chieftain asleep, surrounded by the officers of his staff. History affords but one parallel, and that marvelously similar. It was the few moments' sleep of Napoleon at midnight, surrounded by his generals, after the disaster at Leipsic. For nearly half an hour the enemy was held in check. Gen. McDowell was then again aroused. For a moment he looked around bewildered, and then recovering himself after this briefest refreshment, ordered a retreat, in accordance with the judgment of the council of war. This was effected in perfect order, the three Connecticut regiments leaving the field without the loss of a musket.

Tyler was by this decision ordered to return to Falls Church, Schenck to his camp in Tyler's rear on the railroad, Sherman to Fort Corcoran, Heintzelman to Alexandria, Richardson to the Chain Bridge, and the regulars, with Burnside's brigade, to Washington. By some misunderstanding,

or change of orders, Schenck's brigade passed over the Potomac into Washington, and Richardson's brigade halted at Arlington Heights. In this state of things, Keyes' brigade, which had halted at Falls Church, being unsupported by Schenck, Gen. Tyler ordered Gen. Keyes to strike the tents of his own and Schenck's brigade, and to remove them, with all the camp equipage, &c., to Fort Corcoran or to Alexandria.



MAP OF WASHINGTON AND ENVIRONS.

It was now near midnight. The Connecticut troops immediately took up their line of march, and weary as they were, and though a drenching storm was raging, they cheerfully relinquished the direct turnpike route, and took the roundabout way through Vienna and Falls Church, that they might save the property which had been left there.

Passing through Vienna, they reached Falls Church about six o'clock Monday morning. Transportation-master Hodge had gone direct to Washington for teams. He returned with them in the afternoon. They were immediately loaded with the stores which had accumulated there, and at eight o'clock in the evening they again commenced their march of

about three miles to the camp of Gen. Schenck's brigade, where they remained for the night. The next morning, Tuesday, they sent in 194 wagons and two long trains of cars on the railroad, heavily laden with military stores, which, but for these efforts, would all have been lost. The amount thus saved was valued at 200,000 dollars; and also the standing camps of two brigades. Great credit is due Transportation-master Hodge, for his energy in accomplishing this feat.

There were many regiments who ennobled themselves in this conflict, and in the cool courage with which they covered the retreat of those troops who had been disorganized, but who were thrown into no more disorder than were the veteran troops of Napoleon at Waterloo. No battle-field ever exhibited nobler specimens of individual heroism. Capt. Putnam was knocked down by a shot in the shoulder. "Our captain is killed," one cried out. "No, he is not killed, boys," shouted the captain, springing to his feet. "Forward for God and liberty." Lieut. Welch stood unmoved amidst a storm of shot. As his companions retired he said, "So help me God, I will never run. I will die here." And thus he stood until the rebels were within twenty feet of him, when he was shot down and trampled beneath their feet. A young man by the name of Casey, of the 1st Minnesota, refused to retire with his regiment, but stood alone, rapidly loading and firing as he breasted the on-coming surges of the war. Lieut. Periam, to save the heroic young man from destruction, rushed forward with drawn sword and threatened to cut him down if he did not immediately retreat. "Cut away," said young Casey, "I had rather be killed by you than by the rebels," and he stood and fired again and again, before he could be persuaded, by the voice of affection, slowly to retire.

The New York 71st fought, as it were, a duel with the Alabama 1st, and drove them at the point of the bayonet from the field. Col. Meagher, the Irish orator, was conspicuous amidst the stormiest scenes of that day of blood, waving his green banner along the lines of the hottest fire.

A corporal of the Michigan 4th, who was wounded in the leg, became separated from his regiment, and, as night came on, wandered bewildered through the woods. In the morning he espied a rebel picket, and, conscious that escape was hopeless in his exhausted and wounded condition, he walked deliberately up and surrendered himself to the sentry. To his surprise, the rebel soldier received him with great kindness, giving him food and drink, and pointed him to a negro cabin, where he might lie down in perfect safety and refresh himself with sleep, and then go on his way securely. He added:

"I am a Union man, but I preferred to volunteer to fight, rather than to be impressed. I hoped also thus to save my property, and I must trust to luck for the future. If we meet again in battle I will try not to shoot you; and do you be careful not to hit me."

Dr. J. C. Nott, a rebel eye-witness, and who is pronounced by the editor of a Mobile journal to be eminently trustworthy, has published in that journal an account of the battle, as he viewed it. He writes:

"I saw our reënforcements pouring in with the rapidity and eagerness

of a fox chase, and was satisfied that they would drive everything before them. No one can imagine such a grand, glorious picture as these patriots presented, rushing to the field through the masses of wounded bodies which strewed the roadside as they passed along. I could see a regiment of infantry coming in a trot, with their bright muskets glittering in the sun; then would come a battery of artillery, each gun-carriage crowded with men, and drawn by four horses in full gallop. Next came troops of cavalry, dashing with the speed of Murat; after these followed, with almost equal speed, wagons loaded with ammunition, etc., screaming all the while, 'push ahead, boys,' 'pitch into the d—d Yankees,' 'drive them into the Potomac.' *This kept up from about mid-day until dark*, and I felt as if the Alps themselves could not withstand such a rush."

Immediately after the battle the country was filled with the most painful rumors of the treatment by the rebels of the Union soldiers who fell into their hands as prisoners or as wounded, and also of the indignities perpetrated upon the bodies of the dead. These reports became so widely circulated, and were so awful in their character, that a joint committee of the Senate and the House of the United States Congress, was appointed to "collect the evidence with regard to the barbarous treatment, by the rebels, at Manassas, of the remains of officers and soldiers of the United States, killed in battle there." After careful investigation, the Report was drawn up by the Honorable B. F. Wade, of Ohio.

Dr. J. M. Homiston, surgeon of the New York 14th, testified that he and his companions were thrust into an old building, with nothing but the bare floor to sleep upon, and were left twenty-four hours without either water or food. The Union surgeons who had remained upon the ground to assist the wounded, and had thus allowed themselves to be taken prisoners, were not permitted to perform surgical operations upon their friends, but these helpless sufferers were placed in the hands of ignorant pretenders to experiment upon. Some of these self-styled doctors had no knowledge of their profession, were intentionally cruel to those whom they called "d—d Yankees," and hacked off legs and arms in the most frightful manner. Corporal Prescott was a wounded Union soldier, a young man of accomplished character and liberal education. Dr. Homiston begged the privilege of amputating his limb, but was brutally refused. He, however, saw the sufferer under the hands of his tormentors. He testifies,

"The assistants were pulling on the flesh at each side, trying to get flap enough to cover the bone. They had sawed off the bone without leaving any of the flesh to form the flaps to cover it, and, with all the force they could use, they could not get flap enough to cover the bone. They were then obliged to saw off about an inch more of the bone, and even then, when they came to put in the stitches, they could not approximate the edges within less than an inch and a half of each other. Of course, as soon as there was any swelling, the stitches tore out, and the bone stuck through again." Another operation was soon performed, but the unhappy young man, under such treatment, sank away and died.

A large number of the wounded Union soldiers were huddled into a room, and left uncared for on the bare floor. "They were lying on the

floor," testifies Dr. Homiston, "as thickly as they could be laid." Tortured with that thirst which ever accompanies gunshot wounds, they were refused water. The prisoners caught a few precious drops from the rain which was falling from the eaves. Through the night no light was in the room. No one could move without danger of treading upon the wounded. Several were found dead the next morning. "The young surgeons, who seemed to delight in hacking and butchering these brave defenders of our country's flag, were not permitted to perform any operations upon the rebel wounded." The battle took place on Sunday. Many of the Union soldiers were left upon the open field, through a drenching storm, and then through the blaze of a July sun, until Wednesday morning. "When brought in, their wounds were completely alive with the larvæ deposited there by the flies."

One of the rebel surgeons was overheard to say, "that he wished he could take out the hearts of the d—d Yankees as easily as he could cut off their legs." Many of the wounded, while lying helpless in their blood, were shot and bayoneted by the rebels. Louis Francis, of the New York 14th, testifies,

"I was attacked by two rebel soldiers, and wounded in the right knee with the bayonet. As I lay on the sod they kept bayoneting me, until I received fourteen wounds. I lay on the ground until 10 o'clock next day. I was then removed in a wagon to a building; my wounds examined and partially dressed. On the Saturday following we were carried to Manassas, and from there to the general hospital at Richmond. My leg having partially mortified, I consented that it should be amputated, which operation was performed by a young man. I insisted that they should allow Dr. Swalm to be present, for I wanted one Union man there if I died under the operation. The stitches and the band slipped from neglect, and the bone protruded; and about two weeks after another operation was performed, at which time another piece of the thigh bone was sawed off. Six weeks after the amputation, and before it healed, I was removed to the tobacco factory."

Two operations were subsequently performed on Francis—one at Fortress Monroe, and one at Brooklyn, New York—after his release from captivity.

These are revolting disclosures to make respecting our own countrymen, but the interests of humanity demand that such outrages should not be covered up. The question painfully arises, Whence the origin of this fiend-like spirit? Nothing corresponding to it can be found in the North or the West. It is only in the slaveholding South that the heart of man becomes thus brutal; and there can be no other conceivable cause than the barbarizing influence of slavery.

The treatment of the dead was still more savage than that of the wounded and the prisoners. Many of the dead were buried with their faces downward as a token of ignominy, were stripped of all their clothing, and portions of the bodies were boiled to obtain their bones as relics. The bones of the legs were taken for drumsticks; ear-rings and finger-rings were carved out of "Yankee bones" to send as souvenirs to the

female rebels, who were no less ferocious and bloodthirsty than the males; and skulls were mounted for goblets and punch bowls. This is not civilization; it is barbarism. These are not random stories, but facts carefully collected by the Congressional Committee. The following are among the closing words of this report:

"Every step of this monstrous treason has been marked by violence and crime. No transgression has been too great, no wrong too startling, for its leaders. They disregarded the sanctity of the oaths they had taken to support the Constitution; they repudiated all their obligations to the people of the free States; they deceived and betrayed their own fellow-citizens, and crowded their armies with forced levies; they drove from their midst all who would not yield to their despotism, or filled their prisons with men who would not enlist under their flag. They have now crowned the rebellion by the perpetration of deeds scarcely known even to savage warfare. The investigations of your Committee have established this fact beyond controversy. The witnesses called before us were men of undoubted veracity and character. Some of them occupy high positions in the army, and others high positions in civil life. Differing in political sentiments, their evidence presents a remarkable concurrence of opinion and of judgment. Our fellow countrymen, heretofore sufficiently impressed by the generosity and forbearance of the government of the United States, and by the barbarous character of the crusade against it, will be shocked by the statements of these unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses; and foreign nations must, with one accord, however they have hesitated heretofore, consign to lasting odium the authors of crimes, which, in all their details, exceed the worst excesses of the sepoys of India."

NOTE.—Brig. Gen. Wm. S. Rosecrans (page 160, *et seq.*) was born in Ohio, Dec. 6, 1819. His parents were from Wyoming Valley, having emigrated in early life to Ohio. His paternal ancestors were from Amsterdam, Holland. His mother was Miss Hopkins, a descendant of an earnest revolutionary soldier. Close application to study fitted young Rosecrans for entrance, at eighteen, to the Academy at West Point, where he graduated with very high honors, in 1842, and at once was assigned a position at Fortress Monroe. After assisting at West Point, in instruction, for three or four years, he was detailed to several important posts in the army, until 1853, when ill health compelled him to resign his commission. The services of so valuable an officer were too highly prized to be relinquished at once, and he was granted leave of absence. His resignation was reluctantly accepted in 1854. He then remained in Cincinnati, devoting himself to mercantile pursuits, until called to arms by the present fratricidal war.

Gen. McClellan, on being called into service, at once selected General Rosecrans as one of his Aids. Subsequently, Gov. Dennison appointed him colonel of 23d Regiment, Ohio Volunteers. Soon after a brigadier-generalship was conferred upon him by President Lincoln. Gen. Rosecrans succeeded Gen. McClellan in command of the forces in Western Virginia. His untiring energy, his ability to command, his gentlemanly courtesy, and his unflinching firmness in danger, have rendered him deservedly a favorite both with the men he commands, and with the nation at large.

CHAPTER VII.

HAMPTON, CARNIFEX FERRY, AND HATTERAS INLET.

Recapture of the S. J. Waring.—Re-enforcements.—Burning of Hampton.—Decree of Jeff. Davis.—Southern Despotism.—Valorous Exploit.—Carnifex Ferry.—Petty Skirmishes.—Forts Hatteras and Clark.—Secret Expedition.—Bombardment of the Forts.—Surrender of Com. Barron.—Capture of the Fanny by the Rebels.—Conflict at the Light House.

The rebel privateers were now active, plundering and destroying. The schooner S. J. Waring was captured by the rebel steamer, Jeff. Davis, and a prize crew put on board to take her into a rebel port. The steward, William Tillman, a heroic young man, in whose veins some drops of Ethiopic blood mingled with the Caucasian current, by the unassisted energies of his own arm, recovered the vessel, killing three of the rebels, and compelling the other two to assist him in working the schooner to its home in the North. Thus the recaptured prize, valued at many thousand dollars, was conveyed in safety from off the port of Charleston, to the harbor of New York.

The many infirmities of the venerable and revered Gen. Scott, now nearly eighty years of age, rendered it necessary, in his own view, that in the terrible conflict into which it was manifest that the nation was plunged, the active command of the army should be surrendered to a younger and more vigorous arm than his own. Major-General McClellan, the officer to whom we have before alluded, who had acquired some celebrity by his Report of the Crimean War, who had signalized himself on the field of Mexico, and who had just conducted a brilliant campaign in Western Virginia, was summoned to Washington to take command of the army of the Potomac. The eyes of the whole community were directed to this young general; and Gen. Burnside, at a public meeting in New York, paid the following beautiful tribute to his worth, which tribute inspired all hearts with confidence in the new commander.

"I have known Gen. McClellan most intimately, as students together, as soldiers in the field, as private citizens. For years we have lived in the same family, and I know him as well as I know any human being on the face of the earth. And I know that no more honest, conscientious man exists, than Gen. McClellan. I know that no feeling of ambition, beyond that of the good and the success of our cause, ever enters his breast. All that he does, is with a single eye, a single view to the success of this Government, and the breaking down of this rebellion. I know that

nothing under the sun, will ever induce that man to swerve from what he knows to be his duty. He is an honest, Christian-like and conscientious man; and now let me add one thing, that he has the soundest head, and the clearest military perception, of any man in the United States."

Even while our armies were on the retreat from Bull Run, orders were telegraphed from Washington, throughout the country, for large reënforcements. It is said that under the impulse which that disaster created, sixty thousand enlisted in two days. Gen. McDowell returned to his quarters at Arlington Heights, and the regiments rapidly resumed their old positions. The term of service of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, who had enlisted for three months only, had now expired. Under the exigence Gen. Butler requested them to remain for ten days longer, and, as one man, they acceded to his request. The army of the Potomac was speedily increased by the addition of one hundred thousand men.

The rebels were greatly animated by the result of the conflict at Bull Run. Multitudes crowded their ranks, many were gathered by the energies of the most merciless conscription. Their batteries began to frown all along the Potomac. For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, the rebels were permitted to rear these formidable ramparts upon the bluffs of the river, almost unassailed. Our ascending and descending ships were compelled to run the gauntlet of these hostile batteries, until finally they became so numerous and formidable, that the passage of the river was effectually closed. For many months a nation, of twenty millions of people, were humiliated by the consciousness that their capital was beleaguered, and held in state of siege by a handful of rebels.

A few miles out from Fortress Monroe, on the road to Yorktown, was the village of Hampton, one of the oldest and most attractive villages of Virginia, containing about five hundred houses, many of them quite elegant. It was situated on the west side of a creek or arm of the sea, called Hampton river. Most of the rebels had retired from the place in consequence of its dangerous proximity to Fortress Monroe. Indeed, Gen. Butler had, at one time, occupied it with a small force, but he had withdrawn his troops, and stationed them on his own side of the river, which was crossed by a bridge, lest they should be cut off, by the formidable rebel force encamped a few miles distant at Yorktown.

At midnight of the 7th of August, the rebel General Magruder, with about 6,000 men, approached Hampton and set it on fire, in all quarters. His avowed object was to prevent the Union troops from occupying the buildings during the winter. Dwellings and shops were fired, without any warning, and many of the inhabitants, with great difficulty escaped from the flames. It was a new scene, for our once happy and peaceful country, in this horrid drama of civil war. The Union troops, though few in number, had a short but brisk conflict with the foe, and thus prevented them from crossing the river, and making an attack upon the Federal lines, though they could do nothing to save the village.

The dwellings were all of wood and burned like tinder, and the leaping, crackling flames, fanned by the high wind, in a few hours laid all in

ashes. Thus wantonly were the homes of nearly three thousand people destroyed. As a military measure it was entirely uncalled for, as Fortress Monroe, within its vast enclosure of seventy acres, presented all the accommodation the Union troops in that vicinity could require. The destruction was generally attributed to the potency of *whiskey*, that most mischievous of all powers. Never did fiends enter upon war with more ferocity, than these slaveholding rebels, fighting for the perpetuation and extension of ignorance and slavery. The terrified inhabitants of Hampton, who had not already left the place, many of whom were Unionists, as the torches were applied, fled in all directions. Some were seized and forced into the ranks of the rebel army.

Mr. Scofield, a Union man, originally from the North, with much difficulty effected his escape with his two motherless children, having, by this cruel conflagration, lost his home, his business, his earthly all. As he was fleeing for his life, he fell in with five little children, the family of a poor man, who were sitting on the river's brink, shivering in their night clothes, their despairing mother trying to console them; their father lost, they knew not where. It was but little after midnight when the torches were applied, and the region was illumined with the conflagration, as with the blaze of noon-day.

The rebels manifested in every way how terribly they were in earnest, while the United States Government continued disposed to treat them with great leniency, still hoping for conciliation. The course pursued, at this time, by the Border States, was very embarrassing; for, while they arrayed themselves on the side of the Government, they were ever threatening to pass over and join the rebels, unless their mild policy of war was pursued. Thus while the rebels struck the heaviest blows in their power, with all the frantic energies of desperation, the Government defended itself, as a father would ward off the assaults of an insane child. The rebels compelled every man capable of bearing arms, to enter their ranks; they rallied the slaves by thousands, to work in their intrenchments; would allow no one, under penalty of stripes and death, to speak for the Union, and introduced a general reign of terror, unexceeded by that in France under Danton and Robespierre. All the property of those who did not side with the rebels was confiscated, and a general decree of banishment was issued against them.

"We can not," said the New Orleans Delta, "afford to tolerate enemies in our midst, because, forsooth, they may have the discretion to keep silent, and to bear no arms in their hands. The man of Massachusetts, or the man of Kentucky, living and perhaps thriving in our midst, has no business, at this time, to be among us, if he allow a reasonable suspicion to exist that he is not also cordially with us."

The decree of Jeff. Davis, issued on the 14th of August, ordering this banishment, says, "I do hereby warn and require every male citizen of the United States, of the age of fourteen and upwards, now within the Confederate States, and adhering to the Government of the United States, to depart from the Confederate States within forty days from the date of this proclamation."

For many months, there were large numbers of Union people at the North, who had no suitable appreciation of the desperate nature of the conflict. With the lingerings of kindly sympathies for their Southern brethren, instead of regarding them as infuriate and desperate rebels, who were to be struck down by the swiftest and the hardest blows, they were disposed to treat them as alienated friends, who could be won back by remonstrance and conciliation. Their programme for the war, was first a *show* of power, then blank cartridges, and then, but not until every thing else had failed, shot and shell.

Thus our army on the Potomac, of two hundred thousand men, for seven months remained in their encampments, without striking an earnest blow. Another fact, which operated fearfully against our military efficiency, was the strong pro-slavery sympathies of many of our leading generals, which rendered them reluctant to avail themselves, in any degree whatever, of the services of colored men. These two mistakes cost us millions of money, and tens of thousands of valuable lives. Our soldiers had to fight with the spade in one hand, and the rifle in the other. This double toil, all unnecessary, filled the hospitals and the distant grave-yards of the army, with the noblest sons of our land. In view of this mode of conducting the warfare, so sparing of the blood, and of what was called the property, of our enemies, so reckless of the lives of our own troops, a Union man at the South, wrote frantically to the North,

"When, in God's name, will you awake at the North? It seems to us here that you are all asleep. You are contending with an armed maniac, and yet you measure your strength, as if you had only to manage a half-grown boy."

And one of the most influential of the Parisian journals remarked, "The refusal of the American Government, when struggling for existence, to avail itself of the proffered aid of four millions of allies, thus compelling those four millions to give their strength to the support of rebellion, excites the contempt of every military man in Europe."

Bitter experience at length taught the country, that it was folly to attempt to wage war in that spirit—that we must either fight with all our energies, or submit to the domination of the slaveholders.

By the middle of August, the batteries of the rebels commanded a large part of the Potomac, and, notwithstanding urgent reports were made to the Government, that unless they were dislodged, the navigation of the river would soon be completely closed, for some unexplained reason, no efforts were made for their demolition. On the afternoon of the 16th of August, two United States steamers, the Resolute and Reliance, were making a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Matthias Point. They saw a boat filled with barrels on the shore, probably placed there as a bait. A boat from the Resolute, with six men, was sent to the beach. The moment the boat touched the sand, a volley of musket balls, from the rebels in ambush, was opened upon them. Three men were instantly killed, literally riddled with balls, and a fourth severely wounded. The steamer immediately threw canister and shrapnel into the thicket where the treacherous foe were lurking, and they were put to flight. The survivors succeeded in

taking the boat back to the ship, with their dead comrades lying outstretched in the bottom, and almost floating in their own blood. One of them, John James Fuller, of Brooklyn, was pierced by ten balls; another by seven.

The New Orleans Delta, of August 20th, contains an article which strikingly shows how impossible it was for the great Western States, to accede to the slaveholders' demand of secession, and to allow the mouths of the Mississippi, through which was their main channel to the commerce of the world, to be held by a foreign and hostile power. Denouncing the Kentuckians for their loyalty, it says,

"We will not pay the 'blue grass' country of Kentucky for its loyalty to Lincoln, by opening our markets to its hemp fabrics. Let it lay in the bed it has chosen, until it awakes to a sense of its duty as well as of its interest. It is the clear duty of our government now to declare Kentucky under blockade. If, in the existing state of affairs, a sea separated us from that State, it would behoove us to close the ports of a people, who seek for themselves profit by impoverishing us, and enriching our foes. Kentucky and the West must be made to feel this war, and feel it until they cry, *peccavi*, I have sinned."

The right of secession being admitted, the whole commerce of the West, now with a population of 10,000,000, soon to increase to 100,000,000, would be, as this menace shows, at the mercy of a foreign power, who could at any time shut them up, like an imprisoned child, until they should cry *peccavi*. Peace, in this country, upon the basis of secession, is a manifest impossibility. With union we can have peace, with secession nothing but continued war.

The banishment of the loyal people from the Southern States often caused inconceivable suffering. The family of Mr. Drew, originally from Maine, was residing in Southern Arkansas, near the village of Fairview. The family consisted of husband, wife and three children, and were living in competence from the proceeds of a farm and a lumber yard. From the commencement of the troubles, Arkansas was in a lawless condition. Union men were shot and hung wherever found. Within three weeks eight men, including two Methodist preachers, were shot, for their loyalty to the United States Government. Mr. Drew was threatened with death, and was in such peril, that he fled by night, intending to make his way as best he could towards the North, directing his wife to settle up his affairs and follow him, with whatever she could save from the wreck of their little fortune.

Immediately upon Mr. Drew's escape, the rebels seized his lumber-yard and all the available property, taking even the cow, the bread, the meal, the molasses, and the bacon, leaving not one mouthful of food for the mother and her children. They then ordered her to leave the State immediately. She collected the few remaining effects of clothing, &c., in four boxes, and hired a conveyance to take her partly on the way towards the free States. But the heartless rebels took from her one of her boxes, saying that three trunks were enough for a woman to travel with.

After many hardships, insults and dangers, she reached Cincinnati,

Ohio, where she found sympathy and aid. She commenced her journey with twenty dollars, and escaped from the dark realms of slavery with but two dollars in her pocket, and her children barefooted and in rags. The benevolent public in Ohio, whom slavery had not brutalized, supplied her immediate wants, and provided her with means to reach her friends in Maine. Whether her husband succeeded in effecting his escape, we have not been informed. The editor of the Cleveland Herald, commenting upon this fact, which fell under his personal observation, says, "No one could look on the poor little group of exiles, so shamefully treated by their former neighbors, without cursing the heartless wretches, who thus waged a merciless war upon helpless women and children." This is but one of innumerable cases which might be recorded. Volumes could be filled with the narrative of similar outrages.

A proclamation containing the following sentiments was posted in the streets of Memphis, Tennessee. "Our safety requires that those who do not wish to abandon their allegiance to Lincoln's Government, who are in favor of negro equality, and the degradation of the white race, should leave this city as soon as possible. These men must be compelled to leave here. Let the proprietors of business houses, machine, carpenter and cabinet shops, foundries, printing offices, paint and tailors' shops, hotels and boarding houses, report immediately the names of all those, who they know can not be trusted as friends of the South. Our gallant sons, who are anxious to march wherever the service of the South requires them, wish to carry with them the consoling thought, that they have not left behind them the lurking enemy, who, while lingering around their homes and firesides, would incite our negroes to insurrection, and bring the worst calamities on our wives, our mothers, and our daughters."

This proclamation was issued the day before the vote was to be taken, which was to decide whether the State should secede or not. Those who were opposed to secession, were thus pronounced enemies of the white race, friends of a servile insurrection, and of all the horrors with which imagination can picture such a scene. Rebels watched at the polls, and examined every man's vote. Such was the liberty of suffrage which rebellion allowed.

The question is ever arising, Whence the origin of this spirit, so determined and so envenomed? This malignity is found nowhere, save in the slaveholding States. All the free States, without an exception, are living together in perfect harmony. There is but one answer to this question. It arises from the antagonism between freedom and slavery. Dr. Smyth, a prominent rebel of South Carolina, in a pamphlet upon this subject, says,

"What is the difficulty, and what the remedy? *It is found in the atheistic, red republican doctrine of the Declaration of Independence! Until that is trampled under foot, there can be no peace.*"

Early in September, an armed band of Secessionists in Florida, calling themselves the *coast guard*, skirted the southern shore of that peninsula in a vessel, destroying the light-houses, and thus exposing the commerce of the world, to the most fatal disasters on that perilous coast. When we consider what a vast amount of English commerce penetrated those seas, the

forbearance of England, in not uttering one word of remonstrance against this barbarity, is worthy of especial notice. It is the more remarkable when contrasted with the remonstrances uttered against blockading, with the temporary obstruction of sunken ships, any of the harbors of the rebels.

In Charleston, S. C., the Vigilance Committee issued the following decree. "Resolved, that in future, any resident of Charleston and its vicinity, who shall go to any of the Northern States, unless with previous knowledge and consent of the Committee, shall not be permitted to return to our community, under pain of such disabilities or punishment as the law may decree."

Such was the rigorous nature of this new despotism, a despotism never exceeded in severity within the limits of Christendom. There was a small but quite uninfluential and despised *peace party* at the North. The men composing it were those who were originally in favor of altering the Constitution in accordance with the views of the slaveholders. They were in cordial sympathy with the rebels, but, like them, did not design to have our country dismembered, but, under the threat of dissolution, to have it reorganized, with slavery its chief corner-stone, and with the whole power of the Government in the hands of the slaveholders of the South, united with what was called the *democratic party* of the North. This peace party was a very feeble and despised element of power, for all the most influential members of the old democratic party, and nearly all its rank and file, joined heartily in the war for the Constitution and the Union.

These "conservatists," who had been in favor of conciliating the slaveholders, by yielding entirely to their demands, after the fall of Sumter and the universal uprising which that occasioned, no longer ventured to plead for unconditional surrender to the rebels. Their original plan was, to force upon the whole of the United States the Constitution the rebels had drawn up, with Jeff. Davis as President. That there was a party at the North in favor of this, before the fall of Sumter, is a matter beyond all controversy. The New York Herald, in an article, March 20th, 1861, says,

"There is no point of difference between the Constitution of 1789 and that framed by the Congress at Montgomery, *in which the provisions of the latter are not an improvement upon the former.* It is especially necessary that the conservative masses of this metropolis should take the lead in indorsing this Constitution, which the Confederate States of the South have adopted, and of signifying their willingness to acquiesce in the same. The Southern Confederacy has a mighty destiny before it, and the only way the Northern States can share it, and be saved from ruin, is by adopting the new Constitution."

Immediately after the fall of Sumter all such voices were hushed. The uprising was so general and enthusiastic, that it was manifest to all, that the North could, by no possibility, be induced to surrender its free institutions, and accept the new government of the slaveholders. Many who had before been blinded, found their eyes now open to the real designs of the rebels, and abandoning them entirely, became earnest advocates for the Union. But others, under the title of the *peace party*, kept up a senseless clamor about the war, urging peace, without troubling themselves to state

upon what terms peace was possible. When the question was asked, "Shall we give up Washington to the rebels? shall we abandon to their invasion those Border States which they demand, but which have voted to continue with us? shall we surrender to the rebels the mouths of the Mississippi, and all those forts in the Gulf, reared to protect the vast commerce of the United States?" no answer could be obtained. Their conduct was that of unreasoning, disappointed, and petulant children, seeking only to find fault and to create difficulty.

The slaveholders were now convinced that they had undertaken more than they could accomplish. They commenced their enterprise with no real expectation of war. They had supposed, that with the abundant military preparation they had made, and with the strong disposition of the North to the arts of peace, which they interpreted to signify cowardice, the North would yield to menace, defiance and bluster, without a struggle. They now began to comprehend their mistake; and, exasperated and chagrined, reckless of consequences, earnestly demanded secession, and a separate government. Still, even in this hour, they knew that secession would be a fatality to them, unless it embraced on their side Washington, and all the Border slaveholding States, and the mouths of the Mississippi, and all the magnificent domain extending west and south from it to the Pacific and the Isthmus.

Still they did not dare, a little handful of about three hundred thousand slaveholders, openly to make this demand of a nation of 30,000,000, lest it should excite the disgust and scorn of the world. They covered up their audacious designs by the equivocal phrase, "The Southern people simply wish to withdraw from the Union, and govern themselves." This seemed very reasonable to men in England and France, who did not know what "withdrawing from the Union" meant. The peace party merited the contempt it excited, both in the North and the South. The Memphis Avalanche, of Sept. 5, gave utterance to the universal feeling it excited in the South:

"The peace party of the North," says the Avalanche, "is turning out to be an arrant humbug. It is mightily opposed to war, and intensely desirous of peace, and yet unites with Lincoln, in his unconstitutional and infernal scheme of compelling the South, by brute force, to yield up the right of self-government, and submit to the rule of a vile abolitionist despotism, headed by such a creature as Abe Lincoln, and the banditti that surround him.

"They may hold their conventions, whine about peace, and pass their canting resolutions until doomsday, but will never effect a peace on their terms. They may lick the feet of the tyrant if it suits them, but the South will continue to fight him, and against the Government of which he is the dictator, and against the people whom he governs, until she gets rid of them forever. If they would restore peace, let them advocate the unconditional cessation of this unrighteous war, and unconditional acknowledgement of the right of the Southern people to govern themselves. That is the only solution of the difficulty."

The two hostile armies of the Potomac were now facing each other,

strongly intrenched, with a space of from five to fifteen miles between them, where scouts and pickets were continually meeting, and petty skirmishes frequently arose. The heroic exploit of Capt. Wm. E. Strong, of the 1st Wisconsin regiment, in one of these adventures, merits special notice. He was a young man, twenty-two years of age, of singular athletic vigor, who had laid aside his books, as a student in Beloit College, and entered the volunteer army. He was, early in September, out on picket duty, three miles in front of the National lines. Being mounted, and in advance of his men, he was suddenly surrounded and taken prisoner by the rebels. The incident cannot be better related than in his own modest words.

"As I was passing through a thicket, I was surrounded by six rebel soldiers, four infantry and two cavalry. The footmen were poorly dressed and badly armed, having old, rusty, altered muskets. The cavalry were well mounted, and well armed. Seeing I was caught, I thought it best to surrender at once. So I said, 'Gentlemen, you have me.' I was asked various questions as to who I was, where I was going, to what regiment I belonged, etc., all of which I refused to answer. One of the footmen said, 'Let us hang the d—d Yankee scoundrel,' and pointed to a convenient limb. Another said, 'No, let us take him to the camp and hang him there.' One of the cavalry, who seemed to be the leader, said, 'We will take him to camp.'

"They then marched me through an open place, two footmen in front, two in the rear, and a cavalry man on each side of me. I was armed with two revolvers and my sword. After going some twenty rods, the sergeant, who was on my right, noticing my pistols, commanded me to halt and give them up, together with my sword. I said, 'Certainly, gentlemen,' and immediately halted. As I stopped, they all filed past me, and, of course, were in front.

"We were, at this time, in an open part of the woods; but about sixty yards to the rear, was a thicket of undergrowth. Thus everything was in my favor. I was quick of foot and a passable shot. Yet the design of escape was not formed, until I brought my pistol pouches to the front part of my body, and my hands touched the stocks. The grasping my pistols suggested my cocking them as I drew them out. This I did, and the moment I got command of them, I shot down the two footmen nearest me, about six feet off, one with each hand. I immediately turned and ran toward the thicket in the rear. The confusion of my captors was apparently so great, that I had nearly reached cover before shots were fired at me. One ball passed through my left cheek, passing out of my mouth. Another one, a musket ball, went through my canteen.

"Immediately upon this volley, the two cavalry separated, one to my my right, and the other to my left, to cut off my retreat, the remaining two footmen charging directly towards me. I turned, when the horsemen got up, and fired three or four shots; but the balls flew wild. I still ran on, got over a small knoll, and had nearly regained one of our pickets, when I was headed off by both the mounted men.

"The sergeant called to me to halt and surrender. I gave no reply

but fired at him and ran in the opposite direction. He pursued me and overtook me, and just as his horse's head was abreast of me I turned, took good aim and pulled the trigger; but the cap snapped. At this time his carbine was unslung, and he was holding it with both hands on the left side of his horse. He fired, at my breast, without raising the piece to his shoulder, and the shot passed from the right side of my coat, through it and my shirt to the left, just grazing the skin. The piece was so near as to burn the cloth about the size of one's hand. I was, however, uninjured, at this time, save the shot through my cheek. I then fired at him again, and brought him to the ground, hanging by his foot in the left stirrup, and his horse galloping toward his camp. I saw no more of the horseman on my left, nor of the two footmen, but running on, soon came to our own pickets, uninjured, save the shot through my cheek, but otherwise much exhausted from my exertions."

On the 9th of September, there was an immense mass meeting in and around Faneuil Hall in Boston, which was addressed by the most distinguished men of all parties. The two following resolution will show the spirit which was animating nearly the whole North.

"*Resolved*, That in the noble words of Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, 'What we now need is a patriotism, which, obliterating all party lines, and entombing all party issues, says to the President of the United States, Here are our lives and our estates, use them freely, use them boldly, but use them successfully; for looking upon the graves of our fathers, and upon the cradles of our children, we have sworn that, though all things else should perish, this country and this Union shall stand.'"

On the 10th of September, Gen. McClellan visited the Army of the Potomac, and was introduced to the troops by President Lincoln, as their Commander-in-chief. He was received with great enthusiasm. In reply to the remark of a soldier, "General, we are anxious to wipe out Bull Run; we hope you will allow us to do it soon." The prompt response was, "Very soon, if the enemy does not run." In the following terse speech, the young general announced his plans for the future.

"Soldiers! we have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts.'

On the afternoon of the 10th, there was a brief but spirited conflict, in Western Virginia, at a place called Carnifex Ferry, on the banks of the Gauley, one of the tributaries of the Kanawha. The notorious Floyd was there with an army of 5,000 rebels, strongly intrenched, with sixteen field-pieces. Generals Rosecrans and Benham, with about 4,000 men, all from Ohio, made a very resolute attack upon the intrenched foe, and the Federal troops fought with the most commendable bravery till night set in. They slept upon their arms, resolved to renew the conflict and take the ramparts by storm, with the earliest light of the morrow.

The dawn of the morning revealed the deserted ramparts of the foe. During the night Floyd had fled, destroying the trestle bridge across the Gauley, and all the flats upon the shore. The Union troops immediately took possession of the camp of the rebels, finding there a large quantity of

baggage and military stores, which the rebels had been unable to remove. The personal baggage of Floyd and of most of his officers fell into the hands of the victors. The Federal loss amounted to fifteen killed and seventy wounded. The loss of the rebels is not known. They fought behind their intrenchments, and their statement is, that they suffered the loss of but one killed and ten wounded. We hardly know how to reconcile it with *chivalry*, that after so bloodless a conflict, behind intrenchments so strong that but one man was killed in a four hours' battle, they should have retired so precipitately in the night, before inferior numbers. The writer is constrained to say that no reliance whatever can be placed in the representations of the rebels, as to the numbers they led into action, or the losses they encountered.

It is worthy of notice, that the first intelligence Gen. Rosecrans received of the retreat of the rebels, was brought to the camp just about daylight by one of those ever faithful friends of the Union cause, a "contraband," from whom so many of our generals were unwilling to receive intelligence or aid. As the whites were overawed by the reign of terror, and the colored population were denied protection within our lines, we were precluded from gaining any information respecting the position and strength of the foe. The demands of the Border States rendered this most disastrous principle of action, in the eyes of many, necessary.*

For some months the war, along the banks of the Potomac, assumed a petty character, which was not particularly honorable to our arms. The *rout* of five thousand men at Bull Run was very erroneously regarded by the country as the utter demoralization of the army of the Potomac, and it was deemed essential that months should be devoted to recruiting and reorganizing that army, before it could again, with any propriety, take the field. But the morning after the battle there was of that very army forty thousand men, unterrified and unbroken in their ranks. The consequence of this false impression was a long period of comparative inaction, while, under the universally acknowledged military science of Gen. McClellan, a magnificent army was being formed, an engine of tremendous power.

On the 11th of September, two thousand men were sent across Chain Bridge, about seven miles into Virginia, on a military reconnoissance. The expedition was very scientifically conducted. Four square miles were thoroughly explored. The enemy, who opened fire upon our troops with shell, were driven back by Griffin's battery, which was admirably worked. Col. Stevens, of the New York Highlanders, conducted this expedition, and returned to the left bank of the Potomac, with the loss of but two killed and three wounded.

* Secretary Seward, in his official despatches to Mr. Adams, our embassador at London, wrote in Aug., 1862: "*Every where the American general receives his most useful and reliable information from the negro, who hails his coming as the harbinger of freedom.*" It will be difficult to make European generals believe that, under the circumstances, many of our officers absolutely excluded these men, *because they had been slaves*, from coming into our lines with information vital to our cause. In consequence of this we were surprised at Pittsburg Landing, and mourning was sent to thousands of homes. The enemy, also, thus escaped from Corinth and from Manassas, without the loss of a gun or a man, in the presence of Union armies vastly superior in numbers.

Almost every day there was some trivial skirmish on the land or on the water, but neither party seemed disposed to offer any decisive conflict. Thus, during the whole autumn and winter, the hostile armies on the Potomac, numbering, in the aggregate, certainly not less than four hundred thousand men, remained looking at and threatening each other, but neither venturing to strike a blow. Though the Potomac was pretty effectually blockaded by the rebels, still the Union vessels occasionally, in the fog, would run the blockade. The flag of the rebels floated, most of this time, within sight of the Capitol in Washington; and on the upper Potomac, the contending forces, encamped on the opposite heights, amused themselves in occasionally shooting at each other with rifles and rifled cannon, across the stream. This period of apparent inaction, probably unparalleled in the history of war, continuing for seven months, excited great disquietude with a portion of the people of the Northern States. But the want of activity was generally tolerated, on the plea, 1, that the army needed organization, drill, and better weapons of war; 2, that the mud was so deep that the army could not efficiently move; and, 3, that military strategy required that the army on the Potomac should remain in repose, until certain movements, essential to the general campaign, should be prosecuted at the South and the West.

Shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter, the schooner Lydia Francis was wrecked on the inhospitable coast of Hatteras, and her captain, Daniel Campbell, sought refuge among the people of the Inlet. When he suggested leaving for his distant home in the Pine Tree State, he was informed that the necessities of war demanded that he should be detained a prisoner. At the end of three months he was released by the civil authorities, and, going immediately to Fortress Monroe, his report to Flag Officer Stringham proved that he had made good use of his time.

He stated that the rebels had erected two batteries on the point north of the Hatteras Inlet, one mounting ten, and the other five guns. The earthworks were of sand, twenty-five feet thick at the top, turfed over, and each containing a bomb-proof, the larger one capable of protecting four hundred men, and the other three hundred. Fort Hatteras covered two acres of ground. The other, Fort Clark, was considerably smaller. These guns were thirty-two pounders, one of them apparently rifled. The rebels boasted that, by these forts, they had secured the key of Albemarle Sound.

Upon receiving this information, the War Department ordered Flag Officer Stringham to prepare an expedition for the destruction of these forts. The destination of the expedition was, however, carefully concealed from the public, that the enemy might be taken by surprise.

After much delay, and great difficulty, the Flag-officer obtained an order from the War Department for a land force under Gen. Butler, to accompany the fleet. Accordingly there were assembled in Hampton Roads, August 25, 1861, the Minnesota, Wabash, Pawnee, Monticello and Harriet Lane, war steamers; George Peabody and Adelaide, transports; and the tug Fanny.

The Minnesota was the Flag-ship, and Gen. Butler joined Flag-officer

Stringham as commander-in-chief of the land forces. The troops were in fine spirits, the weather clear, and at precisely two o'clock, the very hour appointed three days before, the whole squadron was under way. Flags were flying, bands playing, and hearts beating rapidly on shore, in anxiety for the loved ones borne to distant danger; perhaps never to return. On ship-board the pulse beat rapidly at the excitement of going out to fight and conquer, or else to die in the struggle for the Union and enforcement of the laws. Yet no one but the officers knew the destination of the fleet.

The men were eager for the fray. Each night anxious faces looked westward hoping to see, in the brilliance of the setting sun, the land to which they were bound. Where are we going? What are we to do? were questions in every mouth. "Southward ho!" was the invariable reply. But where in all the South, New Orleans, Norfolk, or Charleston? At last they began to steer in the direction of Hatteras Inlet, and the battle-ground was surmised. Owing to some mismanagement the vessels of the squadron did not keep near each other, and as a few ships only first rounded the Cape, fears were entertained that the expedition might prove a failure from the separation of the fleet.

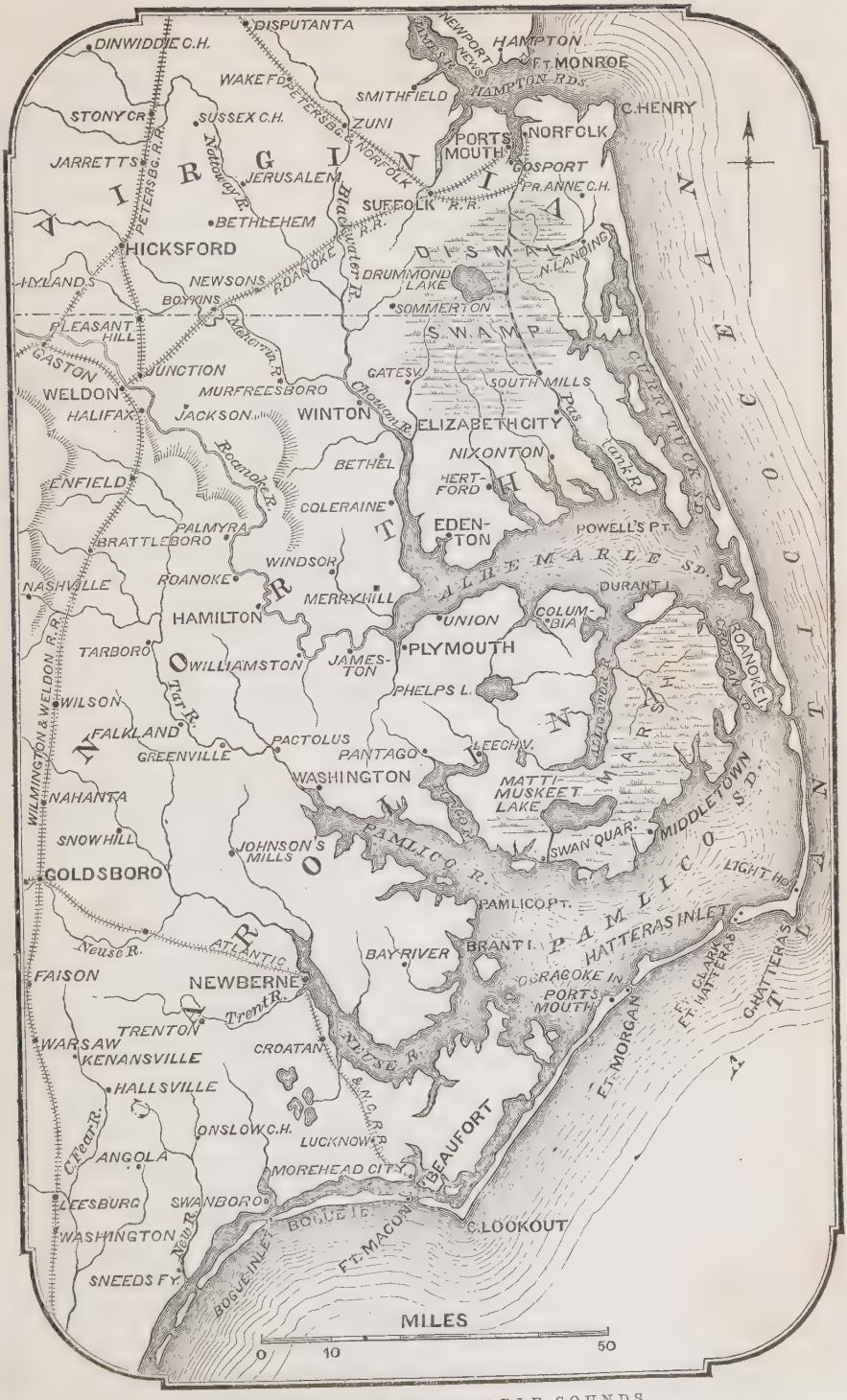
The little Fanny ran hither and thither, now behind, now shooting far ahead, under the command of the brave, yet venturesome Lieut. Crosby. She rolled about like a tub, for she was merely a canal-boat, and at one time the crew were obliged to lash the boiler to the deck to keep it in position.

At two o'clock, P. M., August 27, the Minnesota and Wabash, splendid frigates, which had purposely remained in the rear of the fleet, arrived off Hatteras, where the remainder of the squadron were anchored. The Monticello was sent to make a reconnoisance, and having selected a place for landing, the vessels withdrew to the offing, and the men rested for the night.

Breakfast was served at four, A. M., and impatiently the men waited the order to disembark. The weather promised fair, but Hatteras is proverbially treacherous. The Fanny with Gen. Butler and staff on board, steamed from vessel to vessel conveying orders. One vessel moved here, and another there, but seemingly with no purpose. Impatient mutterings were heard on every side, but at last, at forty-five minutes past six, the order to disembark was signaled from the Minnesota, and borne to every vessel by the busy Fanny; and Wednesday, August 28, seemed destined to be the day of the first battle on the North Carolina coast.

The deck of the Adelaide was covered with troops impatient to land, and all the surf-boats, barges and life-boats, which were decidedly too few, were put in requisition. The first shot was fired by the Wabash, as she gallantly rounded to the place assigned her, and the Cumberland, Minnesota and Harriet Lane coming up, the assault became general. Under cover of this terrific fire from the fleet the disembarkation began.

Then the treacherous character of Hatteras coast was shown, for the wind rising, the waves beat high upon the beach, white with the foam of an angry sea. But few of the boats succeeded in landing their passengers wet with the surf, and chilled by the wind. The life-boats were swamped,



PAMLICO AND ALBEMARLE SOUNDS.

surf-boats stove in, and the barges with one hundred and fifty men on board were tossed about on the restless waves, utterly unable to reach shore. At last, by means of ropes and chains, the barges were made fast to the Harriet Lane and the men rescued from their perilous position.

As soon as it was ascertained that no more men could be landed, Col. Max Weber assumed command of the troops on shore. They were all drawn up in line on the beach and their force found to comprise three hundred and nineteen men, all told, with two rifled cannon. Ten regulars, with a squad of Col. Jardine's Zouaves, were sent out as pickets, and Lieut.-Col. Weiss with twenty men, was sent on a reconnoisance towards Fort Clark. After proceeding half a mile they found a brass field-piece, a six-pounder, spiked with a common screw, and a horse fully caparisoned, which Col. Weiss took possession of. Lieut. Wiegel was then sent back to order an advance which was effected, the sailors dragging their heavy guns through the sand three miles.

Meantime a terrific cannonading was kept up by the fleet, each vessel being so placed as to deliver a broadside at every fire. Having obtained accurate range, the volleys from the fleet became incessant, every shot and shell reaching their mark, crashing the walls, or exploding within the forts with destructive power. It was indeed an appalling storm which had suddenly burst upon the rebels, descending upon them like the fabled bolts of Jove. The rebels fought with great determination, but, bewildered by the uproar of battle so new to them all, and the vessels presenting, at the distance of one or two miles, but a small target, most of their shot fell harmlessly upon the water.

The scene on board the flag-ship, was novel and thrilling. The thunder of the conflict drowned all other noises. The grandeur and the terror of war were there, without its carnage and misery. No groans of the wounded or dying were heard; no blood stained the decks. Enveloped in volcanic billows of smoke, and straining every nerve, there was just enough of peril to rouse all to a delirium of enthusiasm. The foul treason which had so disgraced the Southern officers of the Army, found but few imitators in the Navy. Almost every man there was true to his flag. Here a stalwart Kentuckian and an impetuous Carolinian worked side by side, with the sons of Maine and Massachusetts. In the bow of the ship, half a dozen contrabands worked a gun with such skill and energy, as to prove that warlike chivalry can inflame Ethiopic as well as Caucasian blood.

These contrabands had been instructed by the rebels in the batteries at Yorktown, and had escaped and joined our forces at Fortress Monroe. Gen. Butler accepted them. Some of our other generals would have driven them out of our lines, or with alacrity would have surrendered them to our enemies, their former masters. This is the first instance, so far as we can learn, in this war, that the negro and the white man stood side by side fighting for the North. The incident deserves especial notice, as introducing a new era. It is the testimony of an eye-witness, that the negroes fought energetically and bravely,—none more so. They evidently felt that they were thus working out the deliverance of their race.

At twenty minutes past one, at noon, the effect of the cannonading upon the smaller fort was evident. The flag had been shot away twice, but was each time quickly replaced. The rebel commander ordered the smaller fort to be abandoned, and all the men to be collected in Fort Hatteras. As a ruse of war, to stop the firing, and thus to secure the safe retreat of the rebels from Fort Clark, the flags of both forts were hauled down. It was hoped that with both garrisons in one fort, they might maintain themselves until reënforcements could be sent to them from Newbern. The whole region was so enveloped in smoke that all these movements were not distinctly seen. Still there was a manifest lull in the battle. The flight of the rebels from Fort Clark was, however, seen by some of the squadron, and as the cry passed from ship to ship, "they are running," cheer after cheer resounded over the waves.

As soon as the flag was struck, and Fort Clark evacuated, our troops, who had landed, took possession of the silenced battery. But, by some misunderstanding of Gen. Butler's signal to cease firing, one of the ships continued to pour volleys of shot and shell into the midst of our own troops. Lieutenants Wiegel and Davenage boldly mounted the battery, and, amidst the shower of deadly missiles, planted the Stars and Stripes, thus announcing the capture of the fort.

It was deemed necessary to communicate with the men on shore. Though the surf was breaking so high that apparently no boat could land, Mr. Fiske, aid-de-camp of Gen. Butler, succeeded, with great difficulty and peril, in effecting a landing. He proceeded to Fort Clark, which was three-quarters of a mile distant from Fort Hatteras, and possessed himself of all the books and papers which the rebels had left there. Strapping these on his back, he swam through the breakers to a boat which was awaiting him, and thus carried to Gen. Butler accurate information of the works, plans, and numbers of the rebels.

In the mean time, as soon as it was seen that the flags from both forts were hauled down, the firing ceased, as it was supposed that the forts had surrendered. The gentlemen on board the fleet were walking about, rubbing their hands and congratulating themselves upon their bloodless victory, when the Monticello, which was ordered to enter the Inlet and proceed to Fort Hatteras, having arrived within six hundred yards of the battery, was suddenly and treacherously assailed with a broadside from its guns. The bombardment was instantly renewed from all the ships which could be brought to bear. For a short time the Monticello was in great peril, several shot piercing her hull and rending her upper works. She succeeded, however, in extricating herself from her awkward position, and, for two hours, all the ships kept up an incessant cannonade. Still, it was evident that the rebels had generally sought shelter in their bomb-proof casemates, as they very feebly returned the fire.

Night came on, with darkness, clouds and threatening storm. The order to "cease firing" was given, and while three of the ships ventured to remain near the shore, to protect with their guns their comrades on the beach, the larger vessels retired to an anchorage in the offing. It was a night of great anxiety. The main fort was not taken; reënforcements

might soon arrive; the men on shore, in the presence of a vastly outnumbering foe, were in the greatest peril, and the weather indicated one of those fierce Cape Hatteras storms, which would render it impossible to resume the bombardment on the morrow.

As soon as the conflict ceased, Col. Max Weber, in command of the Union troops who had taken possession of Fort Clark, deeming that fort unsafe, as it was quite commanded by Fort Hatteras, and they might easily be surrounded in the night, and cut off from any retreat, withdrew to the beach, where he was under the shelter of the guns of the Monticello, the Pawnee, and the Harriet Lane. Fortunately, they came across a flock of sheep, and shooting such as they wanted, they cooked steaks by holding them on the points of their sabres and bayonets over a fire. Hunger gave their food a relish, and after a hearty supper, they laid down in hollows scooped out of the sand, and in their drenched clothes, and with the sky alone for their tent curtain, slept soundly.

Inside of Fort Hatteras, the rebels were huddled together near their guns, expecting every hour the arrival of reënforcements, and anticipating with anxiety the renewal of the strife on the morrow. Side by side lay the planter, lord of a hundred slaves, and owner of vast acres, and the poor white, who held his cottage only by sufferance. During the night Commodore Barron arrived from Newbern, and was requested to assume the command at Fort Hatteras.

Commodore Barron had once been an honorable and a loyal man, for twenty-seven years in the service of the United States. He had been highly honored by his country, which had confided in his patriotism, and had conferred upon him the highest naval distinction. But he was now a traitor and a rebel. By his orders the light upon Cape Hatteras, the most perilous point upon our coast, was extinguished. Only six months before he was in command of the Wabash, against whose flag he was now prepared to turn the guns, which treason had wrested from the United States.

On assuming the command of the rebel fort, Commodore Barron carefully examined the position, with the eye of a skillful officer. He knew full well the power of the fleet which invested the fort, and the heroism of his former comrades who manned it. It was manifest to his experienced glance, that there was no hope of holding the fort against the superior Federal force, unless reënforcements could be promptly obtained. A regiment from Newbern was expected in a steamer about midnight, and he made his arrangements, immediately upon its arrival, to make a sortie and attack the Union forces, which he supposed were in Fort Clark. But the regiment did not arrive in season to make this attempt.

The weather became so boisterous during the night, that the vessels left near the shore were compelled, for safety, to move out to sea, and the little band upon the beach were left to protect themselves as they could. They, however, passed the night undisturbed. At the earliest dawn of the morning, all were astir upon the land and the sea. The safety of the little party on the shore was evident, from the fact that with the earliest daylight, they were observed moving from the beach again to take possession of Fort Clark. The rebels had apparently become convinced that they

could not hold their position, as a large steamer, the Winslow, was seen, crowded with soldiers, moving away from the fort, but stopping at a safe distance, where they could overlook the scene.

Orders were signaled from Flag Officer Stringham to the two small steamers to anchor near the beach, to protect the further disembarkation of troops, as the morning, quite unexpectedly, had dawned calm and fair.

The Wabash and Susquehanna came to anchor nearly opposite Fort Hatteras. The Susquehanna opened fire, and the Harriet Lane, Cumberland and Wabash soon joining her, the roar of cannon became deafening. The fort appeared deserted; not a man was to be seen; no flag was flying, and for some time there was no reply to the guns of the fleet. At about ten o'clock, however, the guns of the fort opened fire on the Cumberland, and seemed to devote all their attention to her. But the shot fell short, not one striking her, and the fleet continued pouring broadside after broadside into the doomed fortress. Some rebel schooners in the Sound, which had been watching the battle, now crowded all sail, and sped towards Newbern, and the Winslow, with another Confederate steamer which had approached with reënforcements during the night, abandoned the attempt to land them, and steamed from the scene of action, across the Sound, to the main land.

The air was thick with smoke, and the men in the ships panted under the heat of an August sun, as they toiled at the heavy guns. But there was no lagging; with cheers they worked. A sponger dropped his sponge overboard, and ere his officer could utter a word of remonstrance, the man jumped after it, and in a moment the sponge hung in its place, and the tar stood dripping before his officer, touching his hat, and reporting, "Just come aboard, sir."

Hour after hour the fire was continued with unintermitted fury. The tremendous shells bursting with thunder roar, and spreading inconceivable destruction, fell within the fort, often at the rate of twenty or thirty a minute. It was evident that the garrison could not hold out much longer against so deadly a bombardment. The rebel soldiers, to whom this scene was as novel as it was awful, though they had manifested great bravery, were panic-stricken by this incessant storm of the most dreadful missiles of destruction. At length three shells fell simultaneously upon the ventilator of the room adjoining the magazine, one passing plump through, setting it on fire, and volumes of smoke began to burst forth. Should one spark reach the magazine, the whole fort, with all its contents, would be blown instantly into the air. The rebels were at this time crowded for protection in the bomb-proof, nine hundred men being huddled in a space suitable only for four hundred. Observing the fire so near the magazine, the rebels rushed panic-stricken from the fort.

The tents, shanties, everything in the inclosure of the fort were destroyed by the explosion of the shells, and every foot of ground was literally ploughed up. Under these circumstances Commodore Barron very wisely ordered a white flag to be raised, and as soon as it was observed on board the fleet, the signal was given to cease firing.

Cheer after cheer rose from the victors. There was a general shaking

of hands, and interchange of congratulations upon the signal conquest. The whole army was exuberant with joy. Commodore Stringham is undoubtedly entitled to the most distinguished honor of this victory. It was certainly achieved by the ships over which he held command. In his report he says, "I may very appropriately apprise the Department, and congratulate myself, that I have no accident to record to a single officer or man of the navy, army or marines." This wonderful fact is to be mainly attributed to the wretched powder which the rebels used. Though their guns were good, their shot seldom reached our ships; and after the action had been fairly commenced, the rebels were driven from their guns to the casemates.

Fort Hatteras was an octagonal structure, mounting ten guns, thirty-two-pounders, *en barbette*, and a gun throwing an eight-inch shell. The fort was very strong in its massive walls and scientific arrangement, and was considered almost impregnable. It was nearly surrounded by water, and approachable only through a morass. Fort Clark mounted five thirty-two-pounders, so arranged as to secure a cross fire upon the bar at the entrance of the Inlet.

It was the original intention of the Government to destroy both forts; but Gen. Butler and Com. Stringham deemed them of sufficient importance to be preserved and garrisoned. Gen. Butler, in his official report, says: "I am emboldened to ask permission, if the Department shall determine to occupy the point as a permanent post, that its name may be changed, by general order, from Fort Hatteras to Fort Stringham.

Immediately upon the raising of the white flag on Fort Hatteras, a party of thirty men, under Lieut. Wiegel, advanced from Fort Clark, and came upon and destroyed a Confederate camp which had probably been occupied the night before, by the rebels who left on the Winslow. When near to the fort, they met a Confederate officer bearing a white flag, who demanded Gen. Butler's terms of surrender. By order of Lieut. Wiegel he was immediately sent on board the Minnesota to confer with Gen. Butler there.

Gen. Butler, in the mean time, had entered the Fanny and proceeded to take possession of the fort. At first Com. Barron demanded the honors of war for his garrison; that is, that the officers and men should be allowed to retire, the officers taking with them their side arms. This Gen. Butler refused, demanding unconditional surrender. Com. Barron retired to consult with his brother officers, and Gen. Butler waited the reply with the greatest anxiety, for he felt himself in a dangerous and trying position. The Harriet Lane, in attempting to approach the beach, had grounded among the breakers, and it seemed impossible to save her. The Adelaide was on a bar, and her decks were covered with soldiers. Both vessels were within range of the fort, and the fleet was out of reach. Gen. Butler was thus left with only the little Fanny to enforce his terms. Fortunately the garrison did not perceive the perilous position of the two vessels, and after a short consultation, Com. Barron signified his acceptance of the terms, and as the capitulation must be made to both army and navy, he was taken with two other leading rebel officers on board the Fanny to

proceed to the flag-ship. The Fanny, with her two passengers, Com. Barron still wearing the United States naval uniform, passed directly under the guns of the Wabash, upon whose decks he had so recently stood, its honored commander, and against which he had just been directing his batteries. Melancholy must have been his thoughts, as he recognized the loyal countenances of many of his former comrades, looking down sadly upon him, in this his hour of humiliation. And as he stepped upon the deck of the Minnesota, to make surrender of himself and his fellow rebels, as prisoners of war to that Government to which he once had sworn allegiance, whose flag he had sustained for many years, but which he now had been endeavoring to trail in the dust, he must have experienced emotions of anguish not easily conceived.

The articles of capitulation were quickly drawn up, and Com. Barron and all the soldiers under his command were surrendered, prisoners of war. The whole of the Union army, not including the sailors of the fleet, were now landed. They amounted to about eight hundred men. With Gen. Butler at their head, and the Stars and Stripes floating proudly in the breeze, they marched into the fort. The national banner was speedily run to the top of the flag-staff; the salute was fired from the captured rebel guns; cheers burst again and again from the lips of the victors, and the inspiring strains of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, were wafted over the waves.

The Carolinians, six hundred and ninety-two in number, after being inspected, stacked their arms, and, with bowed heads and saddened hearts, were conveyed on board the Adelaide. They were a sorry-looking set of men, ununiformed, with vacant countenances, apparently, in their weak intelligence, incapable of comprehending the cause for which they were shedding their blood.

Night again came on, and the vessels retired to anchorage in the offing. Nothing remained to be done by the victors, but to make themselves comfortable in the forts. The importance of this conquest could hardly be over estimated.

Hatteras Inlet was indeed the key to Albemarle Sound. Vessels drawing fifteen feet of water could pass through its channel, to a harbor capacious and safe in all weathers. From this, as a naval and military station, gunboats of light draft, could assail the whole coast of Virginia and North Carolina, from Norfolk to Cape Lookout; penetrating through many streams, a vast extent of inland country, and commanding the important towns of Washington, Newbern and Beaufort. The position was deemed second in importance only to Fortress Monroe. As a refuge from wintry storms on our coast, it was invaluable to our commerce. "By holding it," said Gen. Butler, "Hatteras light may again send forth its cheering ray to the storm-beaten mariner, of which the worse than Vandalism of the rebels deprives him."

This victory was attended with the following results. Six hundred and nineteen prisoners were taken; two forts, in good condition; thirty guns, throwing thirty-two pound shot; one ten-inch columbiad; three brass six-pounders; one thousand stand of arms; twenty-five rounds of cartridges,

for heavy guns; a large quantity of shot and shell; one brig, with a cargo of fifty bales of cotton; two schooners, with assorted cargoes; and an immense amount of provisions.

On Thursday morning, August 27th, the prisoners were removed from the Adelaide to the flag-ship Minnesota. Nearly all the men were lean, pallid and sickly—the general appearance of the poor and uneducated of the North Carolinians, who spend their lives gathering turpentine, beneath the vast pine forests of their State. The prisoners were taken to Fort Lafayette and Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, there to remain until exchanged, or until the close of the war.

Gen. Butler immediately embarked on board the Adelaide, to report the victory at Washington. The two forts, well garrisoned, and with the Stars and Stripes waving over them, were left under the charge of Col. Max Weber and Col. Hawkins. A few ships were also left as a coast guard. The monotony of life at the Cape was enlivened by occasional chases after schooners and other Confederate vessels, which, not knowing that the forts had changed masters, ventured to approach the Inlet.

The Indiana troops, who were left at Hatteras, were quite well pleased with their quarters. Game and fresh fish were abundant, and the people of the Inlet were found to be full of strong Union feeling, and they welcomed the United States troops with the utmost cordiality. The Harriet Lane, which was grounded at the time of the surrender, was at one time given up for lost, and all her armament was taken off. Thus lightened, at high tide she floated, and was saved.

Reënforcements were received early in September, and the 20th Indiana regiment, under Col. Brown, left Fort Hatteras, and marching up the narrow tongue of land about thirty miles, selected a favorable spot for encampment, midway between Fort Hatteras and the head of the Island. Here they threw up intrenchments, reaching across the island, about a mile wide, from the sea to the sound. They thus formed for themselves a stronghold, which they deemed impregnable against any assaults the enemy could bring against them. The people dwelling upon this long, slender sand bar, were deplorably ignorant of all that was going on in the world. Many of them had never been to the main shore, about twenty miles distant, across the sound. They, however, hailed the arrival of the Indianians with joy, for they had suffered much under the iron rule of the rebels.

On the first of October, the Fanny, which played so conspicuous a part in the capture of Hatteras, was sent to the Island, though, very improvidently, almost unarmed and without convoy, to convey ammunition and clothing to the Indianians, who were in great need of both. She had entered the Inlet, and was steaming up the Sound, when she was pursued by two rebel steamers from the main land. The captain, seeing that resistance would be useless, ran the Fanny on shore, and, with a part of the crew, escaped. The rebels captured the abandoned steamer, with all the stores on board, and about thirty of the crew. The next day the armed steamers Ceres and Putnam were sent up the Sound, and landed supplies for the suffering troops. They saw, however, nothing of the enemy.

About daylight, on the morning of the fourth, the lookouts of Col. Brown's regiment reported six rebel steamers, with several schooners and flat-boats in tow, steering directly for their encampment. Col. Brown had but eight hundred men; he was over thirty miles from the forts; the island was not more than a mile wide. The rebels had four thousand men to land. They could land half in front to assail the Indianians, and then run along the shore a dozen miles, and land two thousand more to cut off the retreat. They could then, with the guns of their steamers, mow down the helpless Union troops at their pleasure. Never was a regiment in a more perilous and apparently hopeless condition.

A courier was instantly despatched to inform Col. Hawkins, at the forts, of their peril, and that Col. Brown would retreat to the light-house on the Cape, and there endeavor to make a stand. Without a moment's delay, they commenced their retreat. The rebels landed fifteen hundred men three miles above them. This required, with their inexperience, more time than they had anticipated. They then passed rapidly down the coast some miles, and commenced landing more troops, having no doubt that the Indianians were thus completely bagged. But Col. Brown had moved with such wonderful celerity, as to frustrate their plan. At nine o'clock in the evening, he successfully reached the light-house, his soldiers not having eaten any thing since morning, and still not having a mouthful with which to refresh themselves, after their painful march through the sand. In the mean time, the courier had reached the forts, and the two steam frigates, Susquehanna and Monticello, were dispatched on the ocean side of the island for their relief. Col. Hawkins also started, with six companies of his Zouaves, on the double quick, to reënforce the retreating troops.

The Susquehanna rapidly proceeded to the light-house cove, and anchored there, within gun-shot of the light. The ship under Capt. Lardner arrived in the night, and when the day broke, food was sent to the starving troops on shore. Remaining there for their protection, he ordered the Monticello to proceed closely along the shore, to search out the enemy. The frigate had proceeded but a short distance when the rebels were seen, within half gun-shot, full of confidence and exultation, crowding down for the destruction of their victims. Never were songs of triumph more suddenly turned into the wailings of despair.

The Monticello instantly opened upon them with the most deadly fire of shells, which fell plump into their crowded ranks, and exploded with the most awful destruction. The rebels, in the utmost terror, turned and fled. But there was no place of safety. The storm fell upon them like the bolts of an avenging God. The steamer slowly moved along the coast, emitting an incessant burst of lightning and of thunder, every volley strewing the sand with the dying and the dead. Shells were thrown entirely across the land, and fell into the midst of the rebel fleet, driving them back from the shore, so that the soldiers could not reëmbark. No protection, no shelter, could any where be found. Two hundred and eighteen shells, every one doing efficient service, were thus thrown upon them. The terror-stricken fugitives, scattered as widely as possible over

the sands, and hundreds were seen to wade out into the sound, up to their necks, and when they heard the shriek of an approaching shell, would duck their heads under the water, and thus remain as long as they could hold their breath. Thus the firing was continued until night set in. In the darkness, the rebels reëmbarked, and in the morning no traces of their presence could be discovered. The amount of their loss has never been ascertained. As we have before mentioned, not the slightest reliance can be placed in the statements of the rebels. Here were nearly four thousand men, without any shelter, exposed for five hours to the fire of a frigate at half gun-shot range. And yet the *Norfolk Day Book*, in its report of the conflict, says, "The Federal steamer Monticello took up a position about half a mile from the shore, and opened fire on them by broadsides, with 11-inch shell, and continued to shell them for five hours, without injury to any one, except a slight bruise on one man's leg, who fell down in endeavoring to dodge a ball, which rolled over his leg, and a slight scratch on another's face, from the explosion of a shell."

A correspondent on board the Monticello writes, "We slaughtered them like sheep, sinking their boats as they attempted to get on board their vessels on the Sound side, blowing them to pieces as they waded out into the water. They threw away their arms, and ran wildly up and down the beach."

In the midst of the bombardment, the crew of the Monticello saw two men on the beach, making signals to them. They sent a boat ashore, under the cover of the guns. The men plunged into the surf to swim out to their friends. One, Charles White, unfortunately, was drowned. The other, Warren O. Haver, was saved. They were both Indianians, who had been captured, with another young man of the name of Bennet, by the rebels. They remained in the encampment, to destroy what they could, a little too long, and were seized. They were treated with the grossest insults, and with their hands tied behind them, and without being allowed any food, were left, not very strongly guarded, for the night. Bennet, at the time of the capture, in the endeavor to escape, was shot dead. Near the morning Haver succeeded in getting his hands clear, and then secretly unbound White. With a small revolver which he had secreted, he shot the guard, and they both plunged into a bog, where there was a very dense growth of rushes. The pursuit of the enemy was interrupted by the opening bombardment of the Monticello. As the rebels in their terror fled, the two young men ran to the beach and hailed their comrades. It seems, indeed, a sad fate for poor White, thus to perish in the surf, after so heroic an escape from the foe.

The rebels with their fleet of steamers and their land force of four thousand men, had planned to cut off the 20th Indiana regiment, and then to march for the capture of Fort Hatteras. The providential presence of two frigates at Hatteras thwarted their designs. Again and again during this conflict, our navy has proved our salvation. The rebels bleeding, exhausted, humiliated, retired to the main land, and the Stars and Stripes continued to float over the Hatteras forts, proclaiming that they still remained in the possession of their lawful owners, the United States of America.

CHAPTER VIII.

BALL'S BLUFF AND HILTON HEAD.

REPOSE OF THE ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.--UNEASINESS AT THE NORTH.—MISTAKE OF THE GOVERNMENT.—PERPLEXITIES OF THE EXECUTIVE.—BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.—DEATH OF COL. BAKER.—SKIRMISH AT ROMNEY.—SECRET NAVAL EXPEDITION.—CAPTURE OF FORTS AT HILTON HEAD.—INCIDENTS.—MISTAKEN POLICY OF THE UNIONISTS.—REBEL PLANS FOR THE SUBVERSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE army of the Potomac soon assumed the most formidable proportions in numbers and in all the *materiel* of war. Still for nearly nine months it was held in repose, organizing and drilling, without any forward movement. The disaster at Bull Run had been generally, but very erroneously, attributed to the advance of the army before it was in condition for action. And this advance was attributed to the clamor of the people, goading our generals to movements for which they were unprepared. The impatient public were not disposed to expose themselves to the repetition of this charge, and for a long time, remained silent, yet waiting anxiously for the inert masses to be led beyond their ramparts. But as month after month rolled on, and more than two hundred thousand troops stood unemployed in their trenches, at an expense, as it was estimated, of more than a million of dollars a day, with the flag of the enemy flaunted within view of their bastions, with Washington besieged, while insult and defiance were borne to the patriots from every southern breeze, the public again became too impatient to withhold their murmurs. Though they were assured that this repose was *strategic*, and that civilians were incompetent to form an opinion upon military matters, the daily telegram, month after month, "All quiet upon the Potomac," became at last unendurable.

There were, however, during this long period of inaction, the reasons for which have never yet been satisfactorily explained, many individual acts of heroism displayed, in the bold adventures and skirmishes to which chivalrous spirits were invited, all along the lines of the armies. Many of these incidents, though having but little bearing upon the great issues of the war, are invested with much romantic interest. The army skilfully reorganized and invigorated by the genius of its new commander, preëminent in this department of military science, attained a magnitude hitherto quite unprecedented in this New World, and rarely equaled beyond the Atlantic. Great confidence was reposed in the young general, for though he was unknown to the community, the voice of the army officers was

almost unanimously, and very warmly, in his favor. Major Roland, at a public festival in New Hampshire, said, that during a recent visit to Russia, Gen. Todtleben, the renowned Engineer of the Crimean war, had remarked that there were two great soldiers in the United States; one was Gen. Scott, well known to fame by his warlike deeds; the other was Gen. McClellan, known through his military writings. Gen. Todtleben predicted for him a brilliant career. Such testimony inspired the community with great confidence, or rather greatly relieved the anxiety, with which the inexplicable repose of the army of the Potomac was regarded.

But this petty warfare did, by no means, satisfy the public mind. Washington was besieged—the nation dishonored and insulted in the eyes of Christendom; two hundred thousand patriot troops were leaning listlessly upon their muskets, behind their intrenchments. There was almost an universal feeling throughout the North, that the crisis demanded a far more vigorous prosecution of hostilities. Though many, sympathizing with the Government in its embarrassments, restrained their impatience and kept silence, others could not refrain from urging importunately that the nation should strike with all its strength. They felt that the Union must go to ruin if the rebels, who had roused maniacal energies for the fight, were to be met with a spirit so mild and tardy.

The people were ready to contribute any number of men, and any amount of money which might be asked for. Volunteers crowded to the camps in such numbers, that they could not be accepted. Drafting was entirely unnecessary; and yet the community, without a murmur, would have submitted to a draft of fifteen hundred thousand men, one half to take the field, and the rest to be held as a reserve. All they asked was, that this miserable rebellion of a few thousand slaveholders, compelling four millions of slaves, and half as many "poor whites," more degraded than the slaves, to follow in their train, should be speedily and effectually put down.

Many of our generals were far from being hostile to slavery, and had cherished the feeling that the country should have yielded to the demands of the slaveholders. Violently they denounced those, in the North, who had opposed such concession. This state of mind weakened their energies in the prosecution of the war. Blow after blow was struck by the rebels with the most envenomed hate. There was but little of that vigor in the blows returned. Never before did a government so unwillingly come to the conviction that there was no alternative, but regular, old-fashioned, death-dealing, bloody, dreadful war. At first but seventy-five thousand men were called for. After the disaster at Bull Run, it began to be realized that a much larger force would be required. And yet, just at the time when the rebels had passed a law of conscription, forcing into their army every man between seventeen and thirty-five, the United States Government declared that they had soldiers enough, and stopped recruiting. It soon became evident that wherever we met upon the battle-field, the rebels outnumbered us two to one. Thus the war languished, and twenty millions of people allowed themselves to be humiliated and held at bay by five millions.

Another mistake was made. Not sufficient confidence was reposed in

the intelligence, patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice of the masses of the people. In the dwellings of energetic industry, throughout the free North, are found strong-minded, reflective men, who read the journals, who are acquainted with what is going on in the world, who form independent opinions, who sit in legislative, senatorial and gubernatorial chairs. It is not necessary to withhold bad news from such men. *They are the State.* They can appreciate its wants. They are able and willing to answer all its claims. It is often necessary to keep back information, which might aid the enemy. The people understand that as well as the rulers. But the people need not be told that defeats are victories; that military folly is strategy; that no man, who has not a military title, has a right to pronounce judgment upon the ordinary common-sense movements of war; that it is good generalship to hold an army exceeding 200,000 men, for seven months, doing nothing, while the Capital is besieged, and raw rebels, inferior to them in number, are flaunting the flag of defiance in their faces.

Perfect frankness a republican people demand of their rulers. These rulers are men of their own choice. The people will "coin their blood for drachms," in support of measures of whose wisdom they are satisfied. But they must be convinced that measures are wise, before they can be willing to lavish treasure and blood in their support. They must be frankly told of disasters, and not treated as children from whom disasters are to be concealed. The impression became universal throughout the country, that the crisis demanded a far more vigorous prosecution of hostilities. The nation had a militia of 4,000,000. Of these 500,000 could be called immediately into the field; 500,000 more could be organized and drilled as a reserve. And this would leave 3,000,000 from which to fill up all gaps. And there were 4,000,000 of slaves, eager to abandon the slaveholders, and with heart and hand to serve the patriots in every way in which their services could be rendered available. Such was our power, if we were only willing to exert it. The rebellion could have been trampled out, as a strong man tramples a reptile beneath his feet, if the Government had only so willed. The armies of the North and West, could have swept over Richmond, as the swollen Mississippi floods a sandbar, if the Government had only been roused to open the flood gates. With the control of the sea, and with foundries in full blast, arms could have been purchased and manufactured to meet every want. We could have had three soldiers to one of the rebels upon every field of battle; and thus have ended the conflict speedily and almost without bloodshed.

But we were a slumbering giant. For a long time we persisted in compelling our young men to use the spade instead of the musket. We wished to overawe by the *show* of power rather than by the *exercise* of power. We were very anxious not to exasperate our foes by wounding their pride, or impoverishing them, or striking them any blows, which they would keenly feel. And above all, in the commencement of the conflict, was there the desire, with a strong party in the nation, to convince the rebels that the Government had no disposition to strike the fetters from the limbs of the bondmen. It was this spirit which robbed us of the sympathies of the lovers of freedom, the world over; which made the hearts

of Christians sink within them, almost in despair; and which filled our hospitals with thousand-fold more of the victims of war than the bloodiest battle-fields could have furnished.

It would offend the rebels to employ slaves in the trenches, and therefore they were ordered out of our lines. And our young men, unaccustomed to such toil, were forced to dig knee-deep in the mud, after toilsome marches and sleepless watchings, while all around them were lusty negroes, lolling upon the grass, whose masters had run away from them, and who were almost irrepressibly eager, even for the most moderate wages, to handle the spade. And strange as it may seem—as part and parcel of this same insane absurdity—those who urged that our sons and brothers should be spared this toil, and that negroes should be employed in their stead, were stigmatized as *fanatics*, who loved the negro better than the white man. This crime, dooming our young men needlessly to the most exhausting toil, consigned thousands to the grave. Those who insisted upon this policy were more cruel than the rebels themselves. Thousands of fathers and mothers will read this page with tearful eye and anguish-stricken heart and say, "It was this inhuman policy, which has robbed us of our noble boy." Those very men, who, amidst the luxuries of home, could not groom their horse or black their boots, but must have a servant to do this service for them, would not allow our soldiers, periling life for country, to have any such aid.

"Your musket," said an inspecting officer to a soldier, "does not look quite so bright as it ought." "I know it," replied the young soldier. "I know it, Colonel, but I have got a *spade* out there behind my tent that is as bright as a mirror."

It was very slowly and reluctantly that the Government advanced towards the position, that the war was to be conducted on war principles. It was impossible for those of our generals who were in sympathy with slavery, who felt that the rebels were more than half right, and who wished to conduct the war in such a way that the North would be induced to make such concessions to the South, as the South would accept—it was impossible that such generals, like the rebels who were thoroughly in earnest, should strike blows with all their possible strength. And hence it was, that for weary months we have the record of the measures and movements of a government but half aroused; contending forbearingly and timidly against a foe, as furious and envenomed as ever rushed to a field of battle. Never before did a *people* press forward with such enthusiasm to the banner of freedom; but in the earlier periods of the conflict their enthusiasm met with but a feeble response on the part of most of their leaders.

John C. Breckinridge, the radical pro-slavery candidate for the Presidency, who had retained his situation in the Senate of the United States until this time, that he might, as far as possible, obstruct every measure of the Administration to quell the rebellion, now resigned his senatorial chair, and went directly to his own place, in the rebel army. In his manifesto, dated October 8, he says:

"I exchange, with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the United

States Senate, for the musket of the soldier. The United States no longer exist. The Union is dissolved."

Such were the influences against which the patriotic portion of the Government had to struggle. The rebels, in disguise, like the frogs of Egypt, were every where—in Congress, in the army, in the navy, in saloons of fashion, in editorial chairs, and in the pulpit. The process of expurgation was slow, difficult and toilsome.

On the eastern banks of the upper Potomac, upon the Maryland shore, the white tents of the patriot troops were spread out for leagues. Lower down, opposite Washington, from the heights of Arlington to Port Tobacco, these soldiers of freedom were intrenched in as majestic a series of ramparts as armies ever reared. The rebels had been slowly and sullenly pressed back, by the crowding of this tremendous mass of men to their lair at Manassas. Thus, almost without a conflict, the whole field, covered by our troops in their retreat from Bull Run, was regained.

On the 21st of October, there occurred one of the most inexplicable events of the war, an event which aroused universal astonishment and indignation. About thirty miles above Washington is the town of Leesburg, containing two thousand inhabitants. It is situated on an elevated plateau, a few miles west of the Potomac. The rebels were in force at Leesburg, and at other points along the western banks of the river. The Union troops were in scattered encampments, along the eastern or Maryland shore. Thus they had been for three months, in apparent inaction, except occasionally relieving the monotony of camp life by shooting at each other, across the river, with rifles or rifled cannon.

Occasionally the journals announced that a shell had been successfully pitched into an encampment of the enemy, or that a round shot from the Virginia shore had plunged through the tents of the Union troops, suggesting a change of position. Sharpshooters, by way of variety, tried their skill upon each other across the stream, and great was the boasting, on either side, if some horseman, dimly discerned on the opposite bank, were struck from his saddle by a Minié ball, or some footman measured his length upon the grass, or crept limping up the hill.

There was no way of crossing the river, nearly half a mile wide, but by two ferries, one called Conrad's, a little above Leesburg, and the other called Edward's, five miles below. Between the two, at this point, the river is divided by a long, narrow reach of land, called Harrison's Island. It seemed necessary that the right wing of the army on the upper Potomac, (Banks' division, as it was then called,) should advance in unison with the centre. Gen. McClellan sent Gen. McCall on a reconnoissance in force, as far as Drainesville, a few miles south of Leesburg.* Gen. C. P. Stone was in command of a portion of Banks' division, on the eastern shore of the Potomac, nearly opposite Leesburg. He, at the same time,

* Geo. Archibald McCall, Brigadier-General, a native of Pennsylvania, graduated at West Point in 1822, and obtained distinction for skill and gallantry in Florida and Mexico. In 1850 he attained the rank of colonel. Weary of the monotony of a soldier's life, he became a railway engineer, and continued in that employment till called to the field by the rebellion. After the disaster at Bull Run, in forty-eight hours his energy raised, in Pennsylvania, 11,000 fresh troops.

received an order to keep a sharp look-out upon the enemy, at Leesburg, and to make a demonstration in favor of Gen. McCall, should he deem it necessary. Col. Devins was in command at Harrison's Island. He was ordered to send a few troops across the river to reconnoitre, and to hold the remainder in readiness, to be pushed over at a moment's notice.

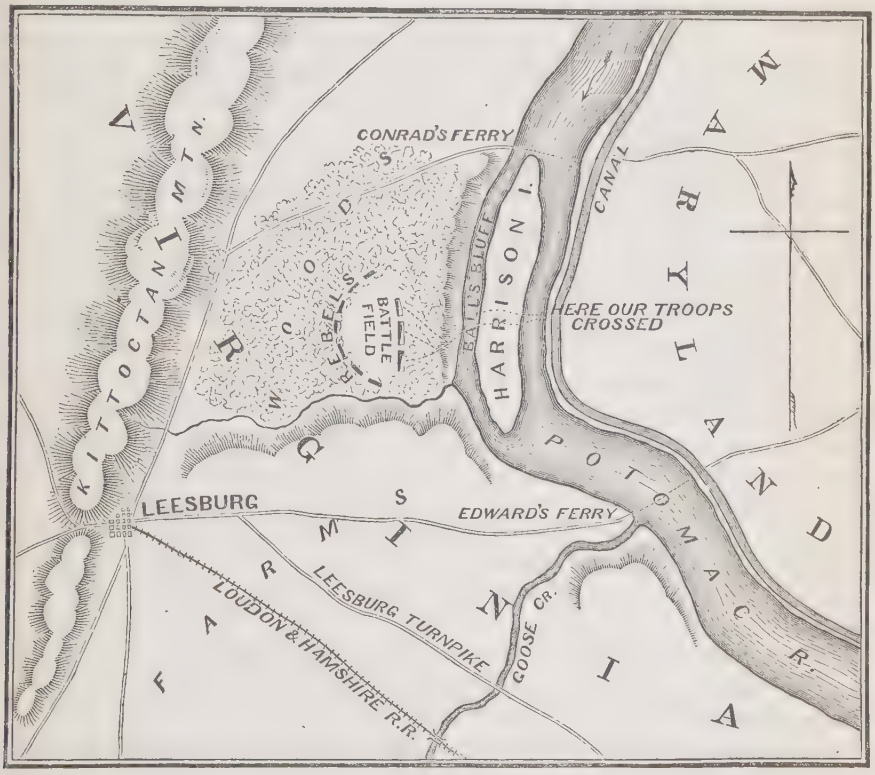
Col. Edward D. Baker, who, it is said, had received that morning his commission as Major-General, and which was afterward found, soaked with blood, in his cap, was encamped a few miles in the rear of Conrad's Ferry, with a California battalion of 680 men, Baxter's Fire Zouaves, 900, Owen's Pennsylvania Regiment, 700, Morehead's Pennsylvania Regiment, 500, and the Harris Cavalry, 140, making in all 2,920. Gen. McCall conducted his reconnoissance successfully, and returned to his camp on Monday morning, the 20th. Gen. Stone, not apprised of his return to camp, was still grouping his forces at Conrad's Ferry, and at Edward's Ferry, where he held his headquarters. The small force which had crossed at Harrison's Island, advanced to within a mile of Leesburg, where, in the dusk of the evening, they thought they discerned a camp of thirty tents. They were deceived, however, by openings through the trees, which they mistook for white tents. With this report, they returned to the river. This statement apparently encouraged Gen. Stone to believe, that the rebels had either vacated Leesburg, or that they held it with so small a force that it could be taken by a dashing assault.

This is the only reasonable explanation of a movement which astounded the nation, and which led to one of the most deplorable results of the war. Col. Devins was ordered immediately to cross from Harrison's Island, and to advance, under cover of the night, attack and destroy the camp of thirty tents, and then fall back to the Bluff, over the landing-place, opposite the Island. Col. Baker was roused from his sleep in his tent, at two o'clock, Monday morning, by order from Col. Stone to have his California battalion at the Ferry at sunrise, and to prepare the remainder of his brigade to follow, after an early breakfast. He had received no previous intimation of any movement. Gallant soldier as he was, he was ready to obey orders, wherever they might lead. He sprang from his couch, and in two hours the Californians were on the march, he being at their head. In two hours more, at six o'clock, the remainder of the brigade followed, under the guidance of Lieut. Col. Wistar.

When Col. Baker reached the shore, just at the break of day, Col. Devins was still ferrying his four companies across, though he had been busy in the operation since two o'clock. When they had all crossed, leaving one hundred men to guard the landing, he advanced with the rest in quest of the designated camp. The prowling foe were probably watching all these movements, rejoicing to see the Union troops marching thus blindly into an ambuscade, from which there could be no escape. It was about nine o'clock in the morning before Gen. Baker's brigade were all at the Ferry, and orders there reached him to cross the river should he hear any firing. As he sat upon his horse, and looked upon the swift and turbid current, spanned by no bridge, and without any pontoons or boats, except two wretched scows, into each of which, with difficulty, thirty men could be

crowded, with a smile he turned to Col. Wistar, and said, "What are we to cross in?" The question manifestly admitted of no reply.

He put spurs to his horse, and galloped down to Edward's Ferry, to confer with Gen. Stone, who was only three miles distant. Immediately he returned, accompanied by his son, informing him, on their gallop back, that his orders were to cross, with his force, and take the command. The transportation was at once commenced. There were two scows. It required both to embark a company. The flood was so rapid that the average trip required three-quarters of an hour. Impatient of this tedious pro-



MAP OF BALL'S BLUFF AND VICINITY.

cess, Col. Baker found another and a larger scow at a short distance, in a canal. This was brought into service. About eleven o'clock, rapid firing was heard on the Virginia shore.

Col. Baker sprang into a light skiff, which would hold but three persons, and was ferried across, leaving orders for the remaining troops to pass as rapidly as possible. He knew that the troops under Devins and Lee were engaged, probably by superior numbers, and that it was needful for him to rush to their rescue. It will be remembered that there was a narrow island, three miles long, dividing the stream. The first channel, from the Maryland shore to the island, was about one-eighth of a mile

wide. There were two scows here. The second channel, on the Virginia shore, was but 175 yards in width. Here there was but a single scow, instead of the three now plying upon the Maryland shore. Capt. Ritman was put in charge of forwarding the men from the Island to the Virginia side, with the utmost possible haste. It was a dreadful alternative. Every man sent across was plunged into the jaws of death, since, in case of disaster, there was no possibility of retreat. Yet, by refusing to send them, the heroic soldiers on the other side must be abandoned to their fate.

Having thus adopted every precaution in his power, Col. Baker passed to the Virginia shore, climbed the steep clayey bank, nearly one hundred feet high, already mired by the trampling of horses and men, and up which it was next to impossible to drag artillery, and taking two companies, proceeded to the spot where the firing announced that the battle was in progress. He soon found Col. Devins, with a few companies of the Massachusetts 15th and 20th regiments, on an open plain of about six acres, with the woods sweeping around it in the form of a crescent. The sheets of flame, followed by savage yells, which were incessantly emitted from the forest, showed at once that the Union troops were vastly outnumbered by the rebels, who were lurking like Indians behind the trees. The patriots had been drawn into an ambush, and their doom was sealed.

Retreat upon the foaming river, where there were no boats, was not to be thought of. For a brave man, nothing remained but a glorious sacrifice, as at Thermopylæ. Col. Baker, the ardent Christian, the magnanimous man, the eloquent senator, the gallant soldier, was equal to the crisis. And he had heroes to stand by his side, men as brave as any whose heroic deeds have ever embellished the page of Greek or Roman story. The Union troops, about 1,900 in number, rapidly arrived upon the field. Six thousand encircled them in the forest. The line of battle was formed under a storm of bullets, the Massachusetts men on the right; Col. Coggswell, with the Tammany troops, took the centre; the Californians were on the left.

There was no alternative but an inglorious surrender, or to sell their lives as dearly as possible. *It so happened*, that though there were thousands of troops idle in the immediate vicinity, and large Union forces at the ferries above and below, no troops were sent to protect the flanks of the feeble invading column. The stream in their rear, with but one miserable scow with which to cross, swollen by recent rains, swept through the gorge like a mill-race. The unearthly yells of the foe, rushing on like wolves hungry for their prey, now rose above all the other uproar of the battle.

A distance of about 200 yards separated the combatants. The rebel sharpshooters were posted in the branches of the trees, picking off our men at every point. It was one of those occasions in which it was necessary that the officers should conspicuously show the men that they evaded no danger. As Colonels Baker and Wistar moved together through the hottest of the fire, a rifle ball whizzed between them. Almost immediately there came another, which struck the ground at their feet. "That fellow means us," said Col. Baker, looking towards the tree whence the shot

seemed to come. Then turning to some of the troops near by, he said: "Boys, do you see that fellow up there? Now try if some of you can't get him." He then quietly changed his position.

The men were ordered to lie down after delivering their volley and while reloading. But Col. Baker stood erect, with one hand in his breast, apparently as calm as if in the chamber of the Senate. "*You* don't lie down," said one of the soldiers, who was crouching in obedience to orders. "No, my son," was the reply; "and when you are a United States Senator, you will not lie down either."

When the battle had thus raged for some time, about 3 o'clock several regiments of the rebels formed secretly in column behind the screen of woods, and, with unearthly yells, came dashing from the forest upon the Californians upon our left. It was a fearful charge even for veterans to encounter. The Union men stood like a rock, retained their fire till every bullet would tell, and then with one murderous discharge covered the ground with the dead. As the smoke cleared away, the rebels in precipitate flight were disappearing in the woods. Three times three, with heartiest good will, burst from the lips of these heroes. Again and again these charges were made by three against one, and as invariably they were repelled.

A small piece of artillery, a 12-pounder, was at length brought up from the river. But such a deadly fire of rifles was opened upon it, that nearly every man at the gun was either killed or wounded. Col. Baker seeing the disaster, rushed himself to the gun. Colonels Wistar, Coggswell, Lee, Adjutant Harvey, and Lord Temple Vane, who was serving under the title of Captain Stewart, followed, and with the help of Lieutenants Bramhall and French, both of whom were wounded, the gun was loaded and fired half a dozen times.

Animated by this example a number of privates sprang to the gun, and these officers returned to their commands, Lieut-Col. Wistar, with his cheek torn by a bullet. The gun was now fired with renewed rapidity and efficiency. The whole encircling forest seemed a volcano emitting thunderings and death. Col. Baker appeared to wear a charmed life. Capt. Beirel, whose men were lying upon the ground, seeing Col. Baker exposed to such a storm of shot that nothing but a miracle could apparently preserve him, exclaimed earnestly, "Colonel, why won't you come out of the fire, and stand behind my men."

"Capt. Beirel," was the decisive yet not unkind reply, "Do you attend to your company. I will look out for myself."

They were all at that moment enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The battle was raging with such fierceness and confusion that friends and foes had become more or less intermingled. Just then a mounted rebel officer appeared, emerging from the sulphurous cloud, and either supposing that the troops he was approaching were rebels, or endeavoring to deceive them by assuming that he was a patriot officer, thus hoping to draw them into a trap, he beckoned them to follow him. The quick eye of the Massachusetts men discovered the bold imposture; a volley of bullets fell upon him, and horse and rider were plunged together into the dust. Lieut-Col.

Wistar, at that moment appeared, his arm shattered and dangling helpless at his side.

"What, Wistar, hit again?" enquired Col. Baker.

"Yes, Colonel," answered this heroic officer; "and I wish you would put my sword in the scabbard for me, for I don't want those hounds to get possession of it."

The Colonel sheathed the weapon for his friend, and directing him to retire to the rear and cross the river, continued to guide his indomitable band in the unequal and desperate conflict. The rebels conscious of their overwhelming superiority in numbers, were exasperated at the extraordinary energy of the defense, as the Union troops, inspired by their Colonel, with a courage truly sublime, were continually hurling themselves into the midst of their foes, seeking a hand-to-hand fight, regardless of numbers. Gradually the swarming foe contracted their circle of flame and death, till the field presented a maelstrom of convulsive struggles, of gushing blood, of whirling eddies of assault, such as has rarely been witnessed in any arena of human strife.

Let it not be imagined that this picture is overdrawn. It is not so. These Union troops were reading, thinking, intelligent men. Multitudes of them were abundantly capable of leading a regiment. They comprehended their situation, as fully as did their silver-haired, adored and glorious leader. They knew that their only hope of safety, was through that path into which the energies of despair alone could guide them. The smoke had become so dense that but little could be seen—the roar of battle so deafening that nothing could be heard. Col. Baker, who had thoroughly drilled his men to the bayonet exercise, formed them in line to make a final charge upon the serried ranks of the foe, thus to conquer or to die.

Just at that moment a tall, burly, red-haired rebel advanced suddenly from the smoke, within five feet of Col. Baker. The Colonel was a man of majestic mien, noble in person as in mind and heart, one who would attract notice among a thousand. Instantly the rebel presented a self-cocking revolver, and as rapidly as he could crook his finger, discharged eight bullets into the body of the patriot leader. At the same moment a musket-ball came whizzing through the smoke, and striking Col. Baker behind the left ear, passed through his brain; and also, at the same instant, a large slug, from another direction, tore away half of the muscles of his right arm, and "opened a hole into his side large enough to thrust in the handle of a sword."

The heroic man, one whom earth could not afford to lose, fell dead. Momentary consternation thrilled all surrounding hearts. Capt. Beirel sprang forward, and placing his pistol at the head of the ruffian, laid him brainless by the side of the heroic warrior, and eloquent senator, who had thus fallen, one of the noblest of freedom's martyrs. Many of the rebels rushed on, and a savage hand-to-hand fight took place, over the bodies of the dead. Though almost overwhelmed by numbers, the Californians drove back their assailants, and rescued the remains of their leader. Raising the corpse on their shoulders, regardless of a shower of bullets,

they conveyed it back, and delivered it to Major Young, who had it transported safely to the river.

The California battalion, so called because they were California emigrants, though most of them were native Pennsylvanians, rushed forward again into the thickest of the fight, with spirit which ennobled their courage with the consecration of martyrdom. Bramhall, though wounded, still clung to his gun. A Massachusetts ensign-bearer, with one leg shattered, still held the banner, in front of his comrades, leaning upon the staff. At this period of the battle, the rebels had lost two to the patriots one. But such a conflict could not long continue. The courage was equal on both sides. No desperation on the part of the Unionists, could compensate for the inequality in numbers. Gradually, contesting every inch, and the ranks every moment dwindling, the patriots were compelled to retire, the foe swarming in a semicircle around them. At length they were forced back to the fatal bluff. There was, as we have said, but one scow there to take them across the swollen, turbid torrent.

"The rushing river behind,
And the furious foe before;
Who could have ever divined
That these were the perils of war?"

All the afternoon this one boat had been busy, bearing loads of the wounded to the island. It was now filled with the wounded to its utmost capacity, and had just been shoved from the shore, when the rebels, with hideous yells, rushed upon the bluff, where our disordered troops were crowded, pouring in upon them a decimating fire, and shouting for them to surrender. The reply was like that of the Old Guard of Napoleon, "The Guard dies—it never surrenders!"

Bramhall's gun they had brought back with them. It could not be saved. They spiked it and tumbled it over the cliff into the river. The unearthly yells of the foe, rushing on like wolves, now rose above all the other uproar of the battle. Nothing remained apparently but surrender, or merciless slaughter. Capt. Coggswell ordered the men to throw their guns into the river, and escape as they could. The scene of carnage and dismay which ensued can never be told. Hundreds plunged together into the stream, and swimming towards the overloaded scow, which would hold but thirty persons, swamped it, and the struggling mass sank together beneath the fierce current. Some stood boldly upon the bluff, loading and firing until they were shot down. "Fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed," said the rebels, "if they had not been too proud to surrender." Some strong swimmers, throwing off most of their clothing, effected a passage to the island; some attempted to escape on boards and logs, a shower of balls incessantly falling upon them, wounding and killing large numbers; some wandered wearily along the shore, and were taken prisoners. Cols. Coggswell and Lee were both taken. Capt. Beirel swam the stream, throwing away, in mid current, his sword, which so impeded him, that he could not save both it and his life.

In this disaster, so deplorable, so incomprehensible in its strategy, in

killed, captured and wounded, we lost 930. The rebels acknowledged a loss of 300. The heart-rending tidings pierced every patriotic heart, and it is not too much to say, that the country was clothed in mourning. But Leesburg, that night, was illuminated. Many of the Union troops, scattered along the shore for miles, concealed themselves in the bushes, and swam the stream in the night, some with their muskets on their backs. A party of eighty ran up the river, beneath the banks and the bushes, and finding a small sunken skiff, which would hold five men, by the aid of a negro, were all conveyed across in safety.

This humble, yet patriotic man, notwithstanding all the wrongs he had received from our Government, yet toiled through the whole night, ferrying these exhausted soldiers secretly across the stream in his leaky skiff. And yet there were those in the free North who averred, that in the morning he should have been surrendered back to his master, to be scourged, perhaps, out of his life, for thus saving from captivity or death our sons and brothers. The writer can not withhold the utterance of the abhorrence and indignation with which he regards such dishonor. Such a spirit merits the severest denunciation which the historic pen can inflict. It was only after many chastenings from the hand of God, that our civil and military powers efficiently recognized the brotherhood of man.

The remains of Col. Baker were deposited in the Congressional burying-ground, with the most heartfelt demonstrations of public and private grief. There was a long and angry controversy, respecting who was to blame for this terrible disaster. The fault certainly was not with Col. Baker. Like a true soldier, he obeyed orders. For a time it was considered treason. It was doubtless a *blunder*, resulting from military carelessness or incapacity somewhere.

About a week after this, the two hostile forces, in the vicinity of Edward's Ferry, with the impassable river, half a mile wide, between them, amused themselves in an artillery duel, with rifled cannon, from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon. What damage was done by the shot and shell thrown into the rebel camp, has never been ascertained. In the Union camp, several tents were struck, two men were killed, and three wounded. This was probably very good artillery practice, but it could hardly be called war. The result was, that we moved our tents a little further back from the shore. The rebels also did the same.

The course which England pursued during this conflict, and the spirit she manifested, as developed in the "Times," and other English journals, a spirit of sympathy for the rebels, and hatred of the patriots, excited in the American heart a feeling of loathing and execration, which the obliterating hand of a century can hardly wipe out. The scorn, the abuse, the insults, which, week after week, were lavished upon those who were shedding their blood for their free institutions and the great interests of humanity, inspired almost every American with an intensity of hatred of the English name, which thousands will certainly carry with them to the grave. England encouraged this rebellion; England will suffer, in God's wise providence, more from it yet, than America. England has now not a friend in the United States, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. But

there were noble individual exceptions in England, men whose sympathies were on the side of humanity in this great struggle.

Should the Duke of Argyle visit our land, we should forget that he was an Englishman, and remember only, that in the hour of our anguish, he uttered noble words of sympathy and of cheer. Our homes would be open to welcome him; our hearts would throb to greet him. We shall never forget, that when this direful rebellion was desolating our homes with death, and smiting our hearts with woe, he, breasting the torrent of his nation's abuse, said, at a banquet at Invernay, in Scotland,

"No more tremendous issues were ever submitted to the dread arbitrament of war, than those which are now submitted to it upon the American continent. We ought to admit, in fairness to the Americans, that there are some things worth fighting for; and that national existence is one of them."

On the 25th of October, the bereaved and saddened remnant of the 15th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Devins, held their first parade after the battle of Ball's Bluff. The heroism of this regiment and of their colonel deserves especial notice. These Massachusetts men, deployed as skirmishers upon the brow of the bluff, held the thronging rebels in check for some time. Many of them absolutely refused to go below the bluff, but fought till they were shot down. It was manifest that all further resistance was unavailing, but these men would not consider even the question of surrender. Col. Devins said, in his report, that under the circumstances he would have surrendered to a *foreign foe*, but that to traitors and rebels, surrender was impossible. The Colonel himself swam the river by aid of three of his soldiers. Upon the island he found thirty of his men, and formed them in line of battle. Gradually, during the night, others joined them who had escaped. These were the heroic men, but the shadow of the regiment which, but a few weeks before, left Massachusetts, who now were assembled for their first parade after that disastrous day. Col. Devins thus addressed them, in strains which would have given a Roman immortality:

"Soldiers of Massachusetts, men of Worcester county, with these fearful gaps in your lines, with the recollection of the terrible struggle of Monday fresh upon your thoughts, with the knowledge of the bereaved and soul-stricken ones at home, weeping for those whom they will see no more upon earth,—with that hospital before your eyes, filled with wounded and maimed comrades,—I ask you now, whether you are ready again to meet the traitorous foe, who are endeavoring to subvert our Government, and who are crushing under the iron heel of despotism the liberties of a part of our country. Would you go next week? Would you go to-morrow? Would you go this moment?" One hearty YES! burst from every lip.

It had been ascertained, by a naval reconnoisance, from our little squadron in the Chesapeake, that a number of rebel vessels were undergoing repairs at Chincoteague Inlet, about two miles inland, on the Virginia shore. On the night of the 25th of October, Lieut. Alfred Hopkins, took three boats and twenty-five men from the United States gun-boat Louisiana, and entered the inlet to destroy them. The night was dark

and with muffled oars they crept cautiously along, within sound of the voices of the rebel sentries on the shore. Safely and undiscovered they reached the rebel fleet. The channel was so intricate and well-guarded that it was deemed impossible to bring any of the vessels out. With matches and combustibles prepared, they rushed on board and almost instantly the heavens were illumined with the blaze of the conflagration. The enemy were taken so by surprise, and were thrown into such consternation, that they offered no resistance. Not even a shot was fired. The leaping flames announced to those on board the gun-boat, the complete success of the expedition; and, at day-light, the brave adventurers returned to their ship, not having lost a man.

On the 26th, there was an engagement at Romney, on the South branch of the Potomac. About five hundred rebels had intrenched themselves there. Gen. Kelley, in command of seven hundred Union troops, commenced a march to strike them by surprise. His route of twenty-five miles, led through Frankfort and Springfield. When within half a mile of Springfield they were greeted with the roar of a twelve-pounder, and a shell came shrieking through their ranks, severely wounding two men. This was their first notification of the presence of the enemy. The fire from this rebel outpost was returned with so much vigor, that the enemy abandoned their commanding position, and retreated through the mountain pass, and across the South branch, to a cemetery near the westerly end of the town of Romney. Here they had protective earth-works, with a rifled twelve-pounder and a mountain howitzer, which commanded the approach of the Union troops for more than a mile. The battle was recommenced with great vigor, the fire of the enemy being returned with one twelve-pounder and two six-pounders, both smooth bores. The rebels, perfectly acquainted with the ground, and having obtained accurate range, for half an hour kept up a very energetic discharge of shell and canister, by which, though but one man was instantly killed thirty were wounded. It will never cease to be a wonder how, in war, under the most deadly fire, so many escape destruction. In this case many of the shots passed just over the heads of the troops, leaving evidence of their fearful power in the forest behind.

The untried volunteers met this ordeal like veterans; and when shells were shrieking over their heads and canister shot falling like hail stones upon their ranks, not a man was seen to flinch. For half an hour the troops were exposed to this severe trial when the welcome command was given to charge. The cavalry dashed across the stream by a ford, led by Captains Keys and McGhee. The infantry rushed over a bridge, in the face of the guns which the foe supposed would perfectly command the passage. The charge was so impetuous that the rebels commenced a precipitate retreat, abandoning everything, and rushing in wildest rout towards Winchester. They lost their two guns, thirty baggage wagons—twice as many as the Union army lost at Bull Run—with all their camp equipage, many horses and several hundred stand of arms. The enemy lost eight killed and fifteen wounded. Most of the rebel cavalry escaped, as they had fleet and fresh horses. The infantry scattered in the woods

and over the mountains so that they could not be pursued. The Union troops marched triumphantly into Romney.

On the 1st of November, Gen. Winfield Scott, in the 76th year of his age, the veteran soldier, the revered man, encompassed by infirmities, at his own earnest request, was permitted to retire from active service.* The youthful, vigorous Major-General Geo. B. McClellan, then in the 36th year of his age, was appointed his successor as Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Seldom before has so heavy a burden been placed upon any shoulders. The retirement of Gen. Scott was attended with the most conspicuous marks of public veneration and affection. The President and his whole cabinet called upon the retiring soldier, with affecting expressions of the nation's sympathies in his infirmities, and its sense of the value of those public services which it had received from his hands, during his long and brilliant career.

The accession of Gen. McClellan to this all-important post was received, throughout the country, with one united voice of acclaim. It was understood that he was recommended by Gen. Scott, and that he had the full confidence of our most sagacious military men.

A small body of Union troops, under General Rosecrans, were encamped on the east side of New River, in Virginia, near Gauley Bridge. The rebels crept up cautiously, planted their batteries on a hill upon the opposite side of the river, and practised target firing all day long. They hurt nobody, and hit nothing, except a flat-boat in the river. The 11th Ohio withdrew their tents a few rods, to be safe from any chance shot. Towards evening a national battery of rifled guns was brought up, and after a few volleys, the rebel batteries retired, probably unharmed. Thus terminated that frolic of war.

About the same time, the 13th Indiana regiment, under Col. Sullivan, and a portion of Ohio cavalry, under Capt. Robinson, entered upon an exploring tour, among the mountains of Western Virginia, of nine days' duration. They penetrated a very rough country, in a march of one hundred and eighty miles, had a skirmish with the rebels, in which they killed a few and took thirteen prisoners, and returned to their camp at Huttonsville, without the loss of a single man, and with but one private slightly wounded.

While such remained the state of affairs in Virginia, the attention of the community was directed to great activity in the naval department, in preparation for another maritime expedition on a magnificent scale. The

* Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Va., June 13, 1786. His parents, who were in humble life, emigrants from Scotland, died when he was 17 years of age. In the year 1806, he was admitted to the bar as a lawyer. The threatening attitude of England roused his indignation and summoned him to the army, and in the war which ensued he greatly signalized himself at Queenstown, Fort George, Chippewa and Niagara. He rose rapidly through the grades of military distinction, and was breveted Major-General the 14th of July, 1814. He finished the Black Hawk War, and attained the height of his military reputation in the campaign of Mexico. Being a Virginian by birth and having married a Virginian lady, much, but needless solicitude was felt for a time, as to his loyalty. Judge Robinson, an old friend and classmate, came to Washington to offer him a position in the rebel army. His response was decided. He was at one time a prominent candidate for the Presidency, and is now venerated and beloved by all the loyal millions of his countrymen.

destination of the fleet was kept a profound secret. The rebels, unaware upon what point the blow might fall, along a coast fifteen hundred miles in length, were greatly alarmed. Brig. Gen. T. W. Sherman was placed in command of the expedition. In the instructions which he received from the War Department, he was directed to avail himself "of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer themselves to the National Government," and he was authorized to employ such persons in any capacity which he might deem most beneficial to the service. The command was to sail to its destination under convoy of a naval squadron, commanded by Commander Dupont. The fleet consisted of eighteen men-of-war and thirty-eight transports. The transports were ordered to move in three columns, in the rear of their armed protectors. The sailing vessels were to be towed by the steamers. Surf boats were provided, sufficient to land three or four thousand men at once. Six hundred sailors were selected to manage the boats. The fleet rendezvoused at Hampton Roads, under the guns of Fortress Monroe.

On Tuesday, Oct. 29th, the squadron put to sea, none but the commanding officers knowing whither it was bound. When three days out, and off Cape Hatteras, they encountered a terrific gale, which so utterly dispersed the fleet, that on Saturday morning, from the deck of the Wabash, but one sail only was in sight. The next day the gale abated, and the ships began to reäppear. As they came together, they had many disasters to report. The man-of-war Isaac Smith, to escape from foundering, was compelled to throw overboard a valuable battery. The transport Peerless, in a sinking condition, succeeded in placing her people on board the Mohican. The steamer Governor went down, after the Sabine had, by heroic exertions, saved all on board. On Monday morning, Nov. 4th, at eight o'clock, the Wabash, with twenty-five vessels in company, cast anchor off Port Royal, a magnificent harbor, opening to a curious labyrinth of ocean creeks, on the South Carolina coast, about fifty miles south of Charleston. Many other vessels of the fleet were then heaving in sight.

The rebels had removed from all the shores of their capacious coast, every light-house, buoy or guide, which could aid the mariner. A fleet little steamer, the Vixen, soon sounded out and buoyed the harbor. Before dark all the steamers, which did not draw more than eighteen feet of water, were securely anchored in the roadstead of Port Royal. A few rebel steamers, under Commodore Tatnall, appearing in sight, the gunboats opened upon them, and chased them under the guns of some batteries which guarded the entrance of the harbor. The mouth of the harbor, called Broad River, was about two and a half miles wide. Upon the south shore, which was named Hilton Head, there was a formidable battery of twenty-three guns. On the north shore, which was called Bay Point, there were two batteries, one mounting fifteen, and the other four guns.

The outside bar was two miles wide, and in crossing it at high tide the keel of the majestic Wabash would come within a foot or two of the bottom. The passage of this noble frigate over the bar was watched with intense anxiety, and when the feat was successfully accomplished, cheers

burst from the lips of the whole crowded fleet. The other large ships immediately followed, and at once prepared for action. But a rising gale, and other unavoidable causes of detention, rendered it necessary to delay the assault upon the forts until the next day. It was, however, judged best to send out a reconnoissance of a few gun-boats, to draw the fire of the batteries, that their situation and strength might be ascertained.

Early Tuesday morning, the gun-boat Mercury ran along the sand beach skirting Hilton Head. One or two other armed vessels were also cautiously creeping along the suspicious shores. It was a beautiful morning, and the serene sky, the mirrored bay, and the soft, luxuriant outline of the land, presented an aspect of rare loveliness. For an hour the sail seemed to be but a delightful pleasure excursion. But about half-past seven the batteries on Hilton Head and on Bay Point opened upon the adventurous explorers, and for two hours there was a fierce conflict, the only object of which was, on the part of the Union ships, to ascertain the position of the rebel batteries, and the number and weight of their guns. A small fleet of rebel gun-boats also emerged from the labyrinth of creeks, and took part in the skirmish. Commodore Tatnall, now a rebel officer, but who had grown gray in honorable service, beneath the Stars and Stripes, led this fleet against the flag which he should have defended with his life. The object of the reconnoissance having been attained, a signal from the flag-ship recalled the gun-boats.

The rebels, seeing the vessels retire, thought they were defeated, though, in reality, they had received not the slightest harm. The petty little fleet of rebel gun-boats followed them, when two or three of the Union vessels turned and hurled upon them such volleys of shot and shell, that they wheeled about and scampered back into the creeks with celerity, which excited a general burst of laughter. These steamers burned pitch pine, instead of anthracite coal, and their dense black smoke was visible for many miles in the distance, over the low and level islands. Thus Tuesday passed.

On Wednesday, for some unexplained reason, no attack was ordered, and though doubtless vigorous preparations were being made for the great battle, the day seemed to be passed in inaction. It is said that the Wabash stuck upon a shoal, and that one of the ships, blown off by the storm, and which had on board some heavy siege guns, had not arrived. The morning of Thursday dawned serene and clear, and as mild as the most balmy day in June. The groves, on the shore, were vocal with the songs of birds, and innumerable butterflies were flitting about through the rigging of the ships. The scene presented as the sun rose from the wave, was one of the most charming which can be imagined. The placid bay, the luxuriant shores, the distant ocean, the frowning forts, the majestic frigates and war steamers scowling defiance upon the foe they were just on the point of attacking, and the fleet of defenseless transports anchored at a safe distance, upon whose decks and rigging an army of fifteen thousand men were clustered, waiting for the opening of one of the sublimest tragedies of war—all this presented a panorama of life and beauty, such as few eyes have beheld.

A rumor had passed through the fleet that it was the design of the rebels, as soon as the war ships were thoroughly engaged with the forts, to make a plunge, with their gun-boats, upon the defenseless transports, and, with merciless havoc, to burn and destroy. To guard against this a sloop of war was detached for their protection. The plan of the battle was admirable in its simplicity and efficiency. The ships, forming in line, steamed in a circle very slowly, each one, as it entered the mouth of the river, about two and a half miles wide, delivering incessant broadsides upon Fort Beauregard, and the Battery on Bay Point, and as it turned and came out upon the other shore, pouring the same deadly volleys into Fort Walker upon Hilton Head. This circle, or rather ellipse, was about two and a half miles in its longest diameter, and three-quarters of a mile in its shortest. There were fifteen ships composing this circle, mounting in all 145 heavy guns.

It was a beautiful sight as this fleet gracefully swept into line, so silent, so peaceful, soon to burst into the loudest thunders, and the most desolating storm of war. This wicked rebellion has often arrayed brother against brother, and father against son. In this case, as we have mentioned, brother was arrayed against brother. This great conflict between freedom and slavery often constrained the patriot to meet as foes members of his own household.

At 10 o'clock the action commenced, the first three shots being fired from the rebel fort upon the flag-ship, which led the advance. The tremendous response of the Wabash consisted of two entire broadsides from her two batteries of twenty-six guns each, and from her pivot gun. The frigate steamed along as slowly as possible, only fast enough to give her steerage way. These immense guns were loaded and fired each one every minute. Fifty-three guns a minute, for twenty minutes, was the incessant peal from that one ship alone. But the other ships following on, came gradually into range and opened their fire. The ships ran within six hundred yards of the batteries, and threw their massive balls and shells with a force which would make them efficient at a distance of two and a half miles.

Many of the enemy's guns were large columbiads, throwing one hundred and thirty pound shot. In less than twenty minutes, three of these massive cannon were dismounted. By the plan of attack seven or eight vessels were able to play upon the hostile batteries at the same time, each commencing, as soon as it arrived within three-fourths of a mile of the forts, and continuing until three-fourths of a mile beyond. The fleet of Commodore Josiah Tatnall had already been treated so roughly by the few gun-boats which conducted the reconnoisance, and was so appalled by the tremendous fire of the whole naval armament, that it ran away trembling into the distant inlets. When the whole Union fleet was in operation, fifty of the most terrible projectiles, round shot and shells, fell into and upon each of the forts, as the ships passed, every *minute*. As each ship held the fort for twenty minutes within its range, every time the line came round, which was at very short intervals, 400 of these fiery projectiles fell upon the doomed rebels, like the bolts of divine wrath upon Sodom and Gomorrah. The grandeur of the scene cannot be imagined.

The bombs rose from the ships in a majestic sweep through the air, and then fell directly into the fort, exploding with a roar equal to the loudest artillery.

Such a storm no masonry could resist, no mortal courage could long endure. The explosion of one of these shells in the midst of a group of men is awful beyond description. The fragments are hurled in all directions, tearing perhaps a score of human bodies to fragments, and hurling the remains, mingled with earth and guns and splintered trees, through the air. When a round shot, a 32-pounder, strikes a man but little of him remains. Even the concussion of the air, when such a shot passes near, knocks one down. It was supposed that the enemy had strong reënforcements in the woods, behind the forts, and many shells were thrown to dislodge them. As these shells, in their explosion, throw their fragments with great force, a quarter of a mile, it may be imagined what havoc must have been produced, when a shower of them descending like hail-stones, fell into an encampment. Many were killed by this shelling of the forest, and all were dispersed who had sought refuge there.

After a short time, while the main body of the fleet continued to move in its fiery circle, four of the gun-boats were sent to a position where they could rake Fort Walker by an enfilading fire. Especial honor should be conferred upon Capt. Percival Drayton, in command of the Pocahontas. A loyal officer, true to his country, and obedient to command, he took his position to sweep Fort Walker with his guns, though his brother was in command of that fortification.

The rebels, when the battle commenced, were so confident in the strength of their forts, and the power of their armament, that they had not a doubt of a speedy victory, and of the annihilation of the fleet which had blindly ventured within the reach of their guns. A slaveholder said to one of his slaves, "The forts at Hilton Head are impregnable; they cannot be taken. I tell you that God Almighty could not take those forts at Hilton Head." "Yes, Massa," replied the slave, shaking his head incredulously; "but suppose the Yankees were to come with God Almighty!"

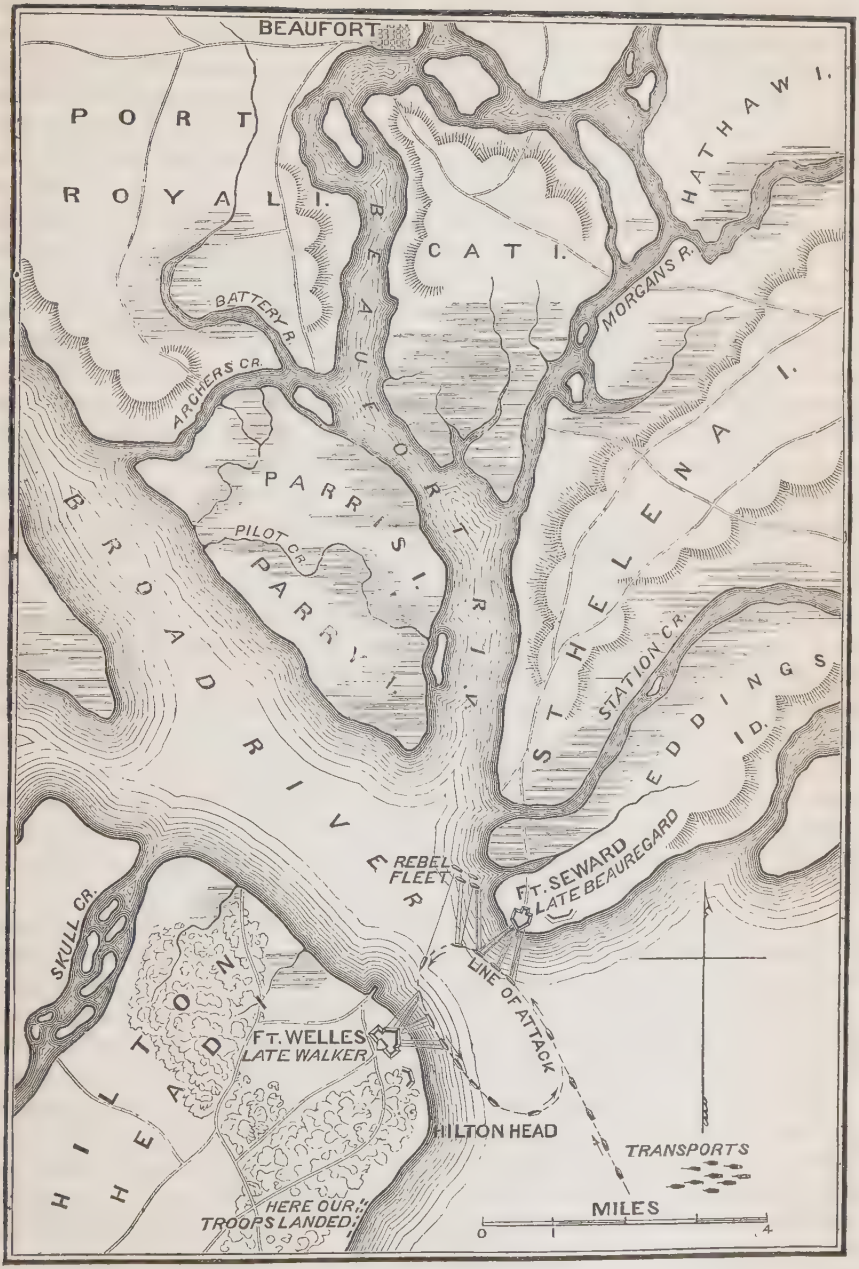
When the whole circle of ships had passed the range of the batteries for the first time, and had received apparently no injury from the tremendous fire which had been concentrated upon each one as it glided slowly along, the rebels were amazed, and could hardly believe their senses. The second time the deadly fire was rained down upon the forts, dismantling guns, ploughing up the very foundations of the bastions, and burying mangled bodies of the dead beneath the ruins. The principal attention of the fleet was directed to Fort Walker. And now the storm fell so terrific, so deadly, that though its defenders had manifested bravery of the highest order, they could stand it no longer. When a panic in an army commences, reason is gone. The perfect confidence with which the rebels had commenced the fight was suddenly changed to utter consternation. The bolts of death fell upon them so mercilessly and incessantly, that in mortal terror, simultaneously they dropped their arms and fled, leaving everything behind them—their coats which they had thrown off, their watches, their money, costly swords—all the treasures of the camp.

The flight of the garrison was seen by the thousands who crowded the transports, and a shout of delight arose, even louder than the voices of the artillery. Capt. Rogers, from the Wabash, was sent with a flag of truce to the shore, to ascertain if the flight were real or a feint. The fort was found entirely deserted, not a living being in it. The Stars and Stripes were immediately run up upon the ramparts, thus announcing to the whole fleet that the insulted Government, in its majesty, had again planted its foot upon the soil of rebellious South Carolina. The firing ceased; cheers of almost frantic joy burst again and again from thousands of lips; the bands on the various ships pealed forth, over the still waters, the inspiring strains of Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner. The action had lasted just five hours.

Measures were immediately adopted for landing the soldiers. The Connecticut 7th, in twenty-seven large boats, were pulled to the beach, in beautiful military precision, and almost at the same instant 1,046 men sprang upon the shore, in martial array, their arms glittering in the afternoon sun. The remainder of the brigade, under Col. Wright, soon followed. Pickets were thrown out in all directions, a double guard set, and every precaution adopted against surprise. But the terror-stricken rebels had fled, with no thought but to escape from the terrible bombardment. Their tents, outside the fort, were filled with luxuries. One of the soldiers found $1,000 in gold and silver. For miles, the road along which the rebels escaped was strewed with knapsacks, blankets and muskets. In the forts and batteries there were about 1,800 men. The guns were found to be mostly 130-pound columbiads, of admirable finish, and the forts were on the most approved plan of military engineering. The whole land force of the expedition was soon transferred to the shore, and the fortifications, on both sides of the river, were seized and garrisoned by the victors. An act of treachery, such as characterized this rebellion from its commencement to its close, was here discovered. The Secession flag at Bay Point, which fort the rebels left quite deliberately when they found that Fort Walker was taken, was fixed as a snare, so that, when the Union troops should attempt to draw it down, it would explode a percussion cap, which would fire the magazine. By some accident, the train of powder had been broken. And, though the cap exploded and fired the train, the interrupted communication with the magazine saved hundreds from destruction.

Nearly all the rebels escaped. Twenty-five only were taken prisoners, who were sick in the hospitals. Fifty large cannon, three hundred muskets, the entire camp equipage of three regiments, and an immense quantity of ammunition, fell, with the forts, into the hands of the victors. The Union loss was but eight killed and twenty-five wounded. The loss of the rebels was 120 killed and 100 wounded. Capt. Steedman, of the Bienville, who buried the dead, was a noble South Carolinian, who had remained true to his flag, when so many of the inhabitants of his native State had infamously apostatized.

The majestic Wabash had been, during the fight, a conspicuous target for the rebel guns. She was struck twenty-five times. But the skill of her officers did not allow her to be raked, and though the ship was severely



PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT.

wounded, she received no fatal blow. The Bienville was struck five times, receiving, however, no serious injury. The Penguin was struck upon her steam chest and disabled. Indeed, all the ships were more or less wounded. The rebels had probably no idea that the wooden ships would venture up to the very muzzles of their guns, and their pieces were accordingly sighted for a range of one or two miles. Thus most of the shot passed through the rigging. And when the terrific bombardment commenced, and shells were rained down upon the forts at the rate of fifty a minute, the confusion was too great to admit of careful aim. The ships were also kept continually in motion. Probably there never was an engagement of such magnitude, where a fleet was exposed to so heavy a fire, with so slight loss. The disappointment of the rebels must have been excruciating, for they had not indulged in a doubt that they should sink the whole fleet in twenty minutes. Letters found in the camp expressed regret that it would be necessary to *sink* all the ships, when the rebels were so much in need of a navy. When we reflect that the immense columbiads of the rebels were in such a position, that fifty could be brought to bear upon each ship, it does seem strange that any one of the fleet could have escaped destruction.

Among the incidents of the battle, it is narrated that a 130-pound shot, after ricochetting four times, bounded directly over the Bienville, about ten feet above the deck, and plunged into the Augusta. William H. Steel, a boy fourteen years of age, served at one of the guns, handing powder with composure which excited astonishment, never flinching or dodging a shot. And when two men fell dead, torn and mangled at the gun, he stepped carefully over the bodies, and continued in the discharge of his duty as serenely as if nothing had happened. Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the Wabash, had his leg torn off, so that it hung only by a small portion of the muscle and skin. Deliberately he took out his belt-knife, and endeavored to cut the limb off. The knife was so dull that, though he sawed manfully, he could not sever the limb. He was taken below, and died in two hours, saying that he was happy to suffer for the "dear old flag."

From our whole fleet, 3,500 shot and shell were thrown into and upon the forts. It has been carefully estimated that the average value of each shot delivered at the fort was eight dollars. The whole cost of the five hours' fight was about $28,000, and the whole money cost to the Government of the enterprise could not have been less than five millions of dollars.

As soon as the troops were established upon shore, a reconnoissance was sent up Broad River, to the pretty town of Beaufort, about ten miles from the harbor, at the mouth of the river called Port Royal. This was an antique little town, Southern in all its aspects of ill-directed expenditure and comfortlessness. The masters from all that region had fled, driving, as far as possible, all their slaves before them, and shooting those who refused to obey. Still, many escaped, and came down to the banks of the river, with bundles in their hands, waiting for the long-expected deliverance. A few hours after the battle at Port Royal, eighty fugitive slaves came together into the camp. They said, "the rest are coming."

They declared that they had long been waiting for the arrival of the Yankees.

"Bress de Lord, massa," said one of these simple men, "we'se prayed and prayed de good Lord to send der Yankees, an' we knowed you'se a comin'."

"How did you know that?" was the inquiry. "You can not read the papers!"

"No, massa, we can't read; but we can *listen*. Massa and missus used sometimes to read loud, and then we used to listen so," pulling his ear and bending down, as if listening at a key-hole. "I'se listened, an' Jim, an' we put de bits togedder, an' we knowed you'se a comin', bress de Lord!"

The religious element was strongly developed in these children of bondage. It seems as though God, who deals in compensations, had rewarded them in some degree spiritually, for their temporal deprivations. They held prayer-meetings in the camp every night, and the soldiers, the majority of whom were the children of Northern Sabbath schools, attended these meetings with deep interest and reverence. The slaveholders had so invariably prefixed the epithet of *damned* to the Northerners, whenever they spoke of them, that the slaves in their simplicity, deemed it their appropriate title. At one of the religious meetings one of these Ethiopic "Israelites indeed," exclaimed, in his fervent prayer, "O God, we thank Thee that Thou hast sent these kind soldiers to be the friends of the poor slaves. Like Jesus, they have come with good tidings of great joy. O God, wilt Thou bless these *damned Yankees!*"

Evidences of the inhuman treatment of the slaves were painfully abundant. Deep scars, evidently from burns, were seen upon the backs of several. They said their master, Mr. Joseph Cruel, as a punishment, dropped melted sealing wax, in a blaze on their backs. It was indeed an instructive comment upon the spirit of Christianity, to hear these outraged men plead with God to have mercy upon the masters, from whom they had escaped. Though there was no indication whatever of any attachment, there was the entire absence of any vindictive spirit. This is the universal testimony.

The landing of our army at Hilton Head converted those hitherto silent waters into one of the most busy spots upon the globe. Vast intrenchments were thrown up, fifteen hundred soldiers being employed upon these works, for some time, day and night. An immense wharf was constructed, stores of all sorts landed, store-houses built, and dwelling-houses reared. Much of this work might have been done by the negroes, but most of the officers of the army were strangely averse to employing them, or even to receiving them within their lines. It was seldom that they were cordially welcomed. Many seemed to prefer to wear out the lives of our soldiers by toil, and to imperil the very existence of our Government, rather than accept the aid of colored men to labor in the trenches, or to man a gun. It will be difficult for posterity to believe or to comprehend this puerile and absurd prejudice. A Border State member of Congress, exclaimed indignantly in debate, to one who was urging the employment of colored men,

"Would *you* fight by the side of a negro?"

"Let me ask you a question," was the reply. "If in the hour of battle, the wheel of your gun, drawn by mules, was clogged in the mire, would you put your shoulder to the wheel, and aid the mules to draw it out?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "I had much rather work with a *mule* than with a *negro*."

This strange delusion protracted the war and added immensely to its woes. The rebels more wise, employed every agency they could bring to bear. They had thousands of slaves to aid them in all their hard work. Indeed, it was the labor of the slaves alone, which furnished them with the means of carrying on the war. We wore out our sons in the trenches, or exposed their bare bosoms to the bullets of the foe, because we were not willing that men of African descent, should render that aid which they were so eager and able to furnish. Large quantities of Sea Island cotton were burnt by the rebels to prevent the valuable commodity from falling into the hands of the Union men. The coast, the night after the bombardment, was lighted up, for miles, with the flames of the cotton consumed on the distant plantations. Notwithstanding their cold reception by many of the officers, the "contrabands" continued to flock in, and in the course of a few days there were more than a thousand of these true Union men silently soliciting the protection of the American flag, and eager to consecrate their robust arms to its defense. The free white population of South Carolina was 301,271; the colored slave population, 402,541. *All* the colored population were patriots. Thus we had in that one State more than 100,000 majority in favor of the Union. And yet month after month, rather than accept the aid of these 400,000 patriots, we buried our sons, sacrificed to needless toil, beneath the sands of Hilton Head; allowed the foe to retain Charleston, to baffle our blockading squadron, and thus to secure those supplies, which, on many a bloody field, swept mutilation and death through our ranks. This very district of Beaufort, where our forces were for months held at bay, contained 32,000 slaves and only 5,000 whites. And yet, with this force at our command, we allowed ourselves to be ever outnumbered by the foe, and for months hardly dared to adventure from behind our intrenchments.

The news of the capture of the forts produced intense excitement in all that region, and it can hardly be doubted that, in the consternation, both Charleston and Savannah would easily have fallen into our hands. From both these cities there was a general flight back into the country. But the energies of our soldiers were expended in digging, instead of advancing, and thus the opportunity was lost. It is, however, important to state, that we did not know at the time how defenseless those cities were; and the prejudices of a large portion of the community were so strong that it would not perhaps have been safe then for any general to employ the colored people in standing guard over store-houses, or even in throwing up entrenchments. Fifteen thousand men were landed at Port Royal, about the 7th of November. Before the close of the month, from hard work and

exposure, five thousand of these were on the sick list. The English, in India, have been more wise. With the aid of the Hindoo, they have been able to conduct campaigns successfully in the hottest months; and the European regiments, in the hour of battle, have never been reluctant to have Sepoy regiments come to their aid. And so with the French in Algiers. Colored regiments were among the most efficient of their troops.

All the information we gained, at Hilton Head, respecting the movement of the enemy, was obtained through the slaves. The testimony is almost uncontradicted, that whenever employed they worked with zeal and efficiency. Interesting incidents were daily occurring, which moved the sympathies of the humane. A man escaped from Savannah. As he came into camp, a group of rejoicing "contrabands" gathered around him, with their warm welcome. Suddenly he sprang into the arms of a bright mulatto woman, who rushed forward to meet him. She was his wife, who had been sold from him, in the slave shambles of the nominally Christian city of Savannah, and they had not seen each other, or heard from each other, for eight long years. Their little boy also, Frank, was with his mother, and thus, with sobbings, and shoutings, and clapping of hands, the little family was again reunited. Another case is worthy of record. A man named Judy had escaped from bondage with his children. The master seized the wife and carried her two days' journey towards the mountains. In the night she succeeded in stealing away from her captors, and after swimming a branch of the New River, reached, by a toilsome tramp, the creek which divides the main land from Pinckney Island. This creek she also swam, and crossing the Island, came to Skull Creek, which separated it from Hilton Head. The current was deep and rapid and a quarter of a mile in width. But undaunted she swam across, and trudging through the sand after this long and perilous journey, rejoined her husband and children. As Judy hugged her passionately in his joy, he exclaimed, "I told 'em so; I told 'em you'd 'scape and cum." This woman surely was a heroine though Ethiopic blood coursed through her veins.

One of the deacons of the church at Hilton Head, heard that his wife, who had been sold from him fourteen years ago, and of whom he had heard nothing all that time, had escaped from her task-masters, and was at Beaufort. He hastened to meet her. In the streets of that deserted village, which war had swept of the barbarism of slavery, they clasped each other again, in their free arms. A father met a young man twenty-one years of age. It was his son, who had been torn from him when but six years old. These were reunions which opened the deepest fountains of feeling in the human heart.

And yet, notwithstanding all these facts, there were those in the North who were bitterly opposed to any measures which tended towards emancipation. Many officers in the army threatened to throw up their commissions, if the institution of slavery were interfered with. Men who would sooner see all mankind annihilated, than be slaves themselves, threatened to abandon their country's flag, if, by any national action, the chains of the bondmen were loosened. Like Pharaoh we would not let God's children go, till driven to it by unendurable plagues. But when the wail of

our first born drowned all the roar of battle, then reluctantly the nation began to consent to recognize the rights of humanity.

With the island of Port Royal as the base of operations, cautious expeditions were gradually pushed out in every direction. Our ever faithful friends, the colored people, often brought to headquarters information of vital importance, which aided the Union troops to ward off danger, or to strike heavy blows with safety. At one time they informed us that the rebels were blocking Coosaw river with stockades. A gun-boat was sent which dispersed them. A scouting party of rebels ventured upon the island. The negroes discovered them and brought the report. The rebels were driven back with the loss of six prisoners and two wounded. A planter on one of the remote islands was seated at his dinner-table when he was startled by the cannonade of an approaching gun-boat shelling the suspicious thickets. He sprang from his table, leaving everything behind him, and ordered his numerous slaves to get ready the flat-boat, to transport all across the creek to the main land. The slaves, without lifting a hand to injure the planter, or his property, just took the boats, and with shouts of joy advanced to meet those whom they recognized instinctively as their friends.

The contrabands increased so rapidly in numbers, that four buildings, each 250 feet long by 30 wide, were erected for them. The friends of the colored race in the North were very active in seeking to promote their welfare, though there were not wanting journals in the free States which assailed all these Christian endeavors with ridicule. A large school-room was prepared, and these untutored men and women, who, by the laws of a nominally Christian State, had been forbidden to learn to read, with the most touching interest flocked to the school. One day, four negroes came from distant Florida in an open boat. To reach the coast, they were compelled to cross, for several miles, an almost impassable swamp.

At this period of the war, the general voice of the North called for *Emancipation*, as the cheapest, the least bloody, and by far the most efficient means, of bringing the war to a close. Nothing is more certain than that, with the aid of the 400,000 true Union population of South Carolina, the hardy working class, every vestige of Secessionism might have been swept from the State in three months. An earnest proclamation and a warm welcome would have spread the tidings, from plantation to plantation, like electric fire. The energies of the whole State would have been paralyzed, as the slaveholders would have been compelled to remain at home to watch their negroes. In a fortnight, 50,000 lusty arms would have been in the patriot camp, to throw up intrenchments, to do all heavy work, to man the guns behind the ramparts. The Union whites in the State would have thus been emboldened to act, and other States would have been overawed. These, at all events, were the views of those who, weary of the carnage and misery of war, preferred to terminate them by the *emancipation of the slave*, rather than by the impoverishment of their fortunes and the blood of their children.

The plan of the rebels had now become generally known. In speeches and documents innumerable, the slaveholders had declared that slavery

was the true condition of society—gentlemen in the parlor, laborers in the cabin; that republicanism required that an aristocratic class should hold the wealth and the power, and that the industrial class, whatever their complexion, should be deprived of all civil and political rights. It was their avowed object to demolish our free institutions, that they might reconstruct them upon this corner-stone of slavery. Thus the whole Union was to present the aspect of two classes—*aristocrats* living without labor, and *workingmen* robbed of all the fruits of their toil. All laborers, Irish, German, Yankees, were stigmatized as "mudsills," as "greasy mechanics," who should not be permitted to learn to read or write, or to enjoy any political privileges. The warfare of the slaveholders was against *freedom* in every form, except for *gentlemen;* against free schools, a free press, a free pulpit.*

It was their boast that, having thus reconstructed the Union, upon the basis of the system of despotic and pagan Rome, they would then commence a career of conquest, until these two continents were brought under subjection to their sway. Mexico and Central America were thus to be overrun; then Cuba; then island after island of the West Indies; then South America. Such was the insane plan of these slaveholders. Never did a more Satanic plot rise in mortal minds. To many it seemed that the simplest way to demolish it all, was, as a military necessity, to abolish slavery in the United States. This, in an hour, would break the arm of the rebellion.

The simple assent of the North to the secession of the slaveholders, would secure all the atrocious results which the rebels desired. It would leave them in possession of three-fourths of the national territory, for they demanded every slave State, including the Capital at Washington. It would surrender to them the whole territory lying south of the line, running from the north-west angle of Missouri to the Pacific. It would leave in their hands the whole Gulf coast, and all of the Atlantic coast except the line from the Delaware to the Penobscot. By a low tariff, the slaveholders would secure the commerce of the world, flood the North with smuggled goods, and drive Northern manufactures from the market. Under these adverse circumstances, the great agricultural States of the North-West, one after another, would find it for their interest to join the Southern Confederacy; Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey would follow. New England alone would be left out, powerless; to be insulted and domineered over by this gigantic despotism, which would spread its gloom over all the interests of humanity.

History may be searched in vain for any other conspiracy so utterly selfish and oppressive, and in all its principles so enormous in its wickedness. This merciless despotism, trampling the rights of millions in the

* In December, 1860, the Hon. J. H. Hammond, once Governor and Senator of South Carolina, wrote in a private letter, "You see what I have often told you, that Slavery is stronger than the Union. I don't think that there is the least chance of reconstructing the Confederation on the former bases. We will have no other Union than one in which the slave power shall be largely and permanently predominant. We can be secure in no other." This is the man who, owning, it is said, 18,000 acres of land and 400 slaves, calls the free laborers of the North, "mudsills."

dust, corrupting Christianity, and dethroning a God of justice, might, perhaps, for a time, develop energies equaled only by those of demons from the bottomless pit. But all the powers of the Godhead would be arrayed against it, and, like Babylon and Sodom, it would finally be blighted by God's wrath. The conscience of the North said, "We can not be partners in this great wickedness." The scourge which fell upon the South was terrific. Yet again and again had the North occasion to feel that God's frown was upon them also. The hearts of tens of thousands were saddened by the reflection, that the nation, as represented by its Government, moved so slowly in the only path of right and of safety. Still, it was evident to faith, that God was guiding the destinies of this great people, and Christians and enlightened patriots, with submission and hopefulness, could only continue to pray, to labor, and to wait.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REBELLION IN MISSOURI.

Claims of Slavery in Missouri.—Steps Preparatory to Secession in Missouri.—Heroism of Capt. J. H. Stokes.—Military Preparations at St. Louis.—Efforts of Gen. Lyon.—Capture of Camp Jackson.—Reign of Gen. Harney.—Overtures of Jackson and Price.—Proclamation of Jackson.—Threatening State of Affairs.—Movements of Lyon.—Battle of Booneville.—State of the Country.—Heroism of Sigel.—Battle of Carthage.

It is a singular circumstance, if indeed it may not be called providential, that, at the breaking out of the rebellion, the line which separated the loyal from the disloyal States, was so notably geographical. The governors of the Northern Border States were not only of undoubted loyalty, but men who had never sympathized with the previous movement of Southern politicians, in behalf of slavery. Elected on a platform of opposition to pro-slavery propagandism, they did not need the shock of open rebellion to enlist their heartiest efforts on the side of liberty and national life. The executive, on the other hand, of the Southern Border States, with the exception of Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, were, from the beginning, warmly enlisted in the effort to break asunder the Union. Their sympathies and political affiliations were all on the side of the rebellion. Under cover of professions of a desire for peace, for neutrality, for State rights, they plotted and labored to carry their respective States into the Southern Confederacy, without regard to the wishes or interests of the people. The history of affairs in Missouri, affords one of the most striking illustrations of the dishonest and treacherous methods, which were taken by those in power to drag the people of their States into a course of action, which was as antagonistic to their desires, as it was hostile to their interests and subversive of their rights.

In the autumn of 1860, the gubernatorial chair of Missouri was filled by Claiborne F. Jackson. An unscrupulous member of the pro-slavery party, he at once entered into the treasonable plans of his associates. It was indeed evident to every unprejudiced mind, that all the interests of Missouri demanded the perpetuity of the Union. The dismemberment of the country, would have turned the trade of the West from the Mississippi River into Eastern channels, and would have abandoned St. Louis, now one of the great commercial centres of the West, merely to her own local trade. The State would also thus have been separated from the great North-west, with which, by nature, her interests and destiny are evidently linked.

The claims of slavery could not afford even an apparent reason for secession in her case. Missouri suffered all the evil effects, and secured none of the fancied benefits, of the slave system. Neither her climate nor her products called for negro labor. Her slaves were not in sufficient numbers to be efficient producers—many entire counties possessing less than a hundred,—but were enough materially to mar her prosperity. Her genial clime, and majestic streams, and fertile lands, invited emigration. But because of slavery, dishonoring labor, and thwarting education, and obstructing the progress of religion, the tide of emigration recoiled and rolled back from her eastern border into Illinois, or turned northward to the less attractive State of Iowa, or overleaping the slavery-infested State, flowed on into the remoter West. In case, too, of separation, Missouri could not long have kept the few slaves then in the State. Bounded on three sides by free States, which would ever have afforded an asylum to the fugitive, and from two of which she was separated by no natural boundary of mountain or river, the prospect of freedom, so near and so accessible, would have proved too tempting to her slave population to have been resisted.

The great majority of the population of the State, influenced by such considerations, were earnestly loyal, though there was a powerful and an exceedingly active minority, who were prepared to unite their fortunes with the South. "I have been from the beginning," said Gov. Jackson, in a letter to David Walker, "in favor of prompt action on the part of the Southern States; but the majority of the people have differed with me."

No sooner was the result of the Presidential campaign known, than the work of preparing to take Missouri out of the Union commenced. In January, 1861, the Legislature passed an act calling a convention, and providing for the election of delegates. Thus they apparently intended to submit the course of the State to the choice of the people. But this was far from being their real design. They had other plans in reserve, should they be beaten at the polls. They determined to accomplish by violence, what it might not be possible to accomplish by appeals to passion and prejudice. The event showed their sagacity. The convention proved itself largely and strongly loyal. The rebel leaders, however, did not wait to know the popular choice. They purposed at once to put the State on a war footing. With a view to this, they commenced the organization of voluntary forces of Secessionists. The troops, thus raised, they proposed to place under the almost unlimited control of the Governor, and to pay the expenses out of the State treasury—a plan subsequently put into execution.

In addition to this, they made their arrangements to seize the arsenals, and other public property of the United States, if possible, *before President Lincoln should be inaugurated.* Lest this course should be resisted by a popular uprising, secret military organizations were formed, pledged, at the first tap of the drum, to draw the sword and exterminate every Unionist who did not yield to this usurped power of the State authorities. In these movements the Governor was intensely active. He entered into

correspondence with the leaders of the rebellion in the seceded States. He pledged Missouri to secession. He sought the coöperation of the Southern States, to aid in forcing Missouri into the rebellion. All these operations were conducted with the utmost secresy. The avowed principle of the Secession party was State *neutrality*. To treason to the Union, they added treachery to the people; duplicity and falsehood.

In his public addresses, Gov. Jackson said that Missouri had no war to prosecute. In his private correspondence, he declared that he only wanted time to arm the State, in order to accomplish its secession from the Union, and that the State ought to have seceded before. In public, he justified arming the State, as necessary to protect her people from aggressions from any assailants. At the same time, he privately invited the army of the Southern Confederacy to enter Missouri, and commenced the execution of those plans which were afterwards consummated, by welcoming within her borders an army from the South of 20,000 rebel soldiers. In public, Gov. Jackson urged the people to avoid all excitement and disorder. In private, he connived at plans tending to the repetition in St. Louis of the scenes of St. Bartholomew's day, by the massacre of all citizens who did not acquiesce in his schemes for the overthrow of the national authority.

Such was the state of affairs in Missouri at the time of the inauguration of President Lincoln. The rebels soon struck their first determined blow, which was intended to "*fire* the South," and to bid the General Government defiance, by attacking and reducing Fort Sumter. The nation was thus at length roused, and the President issued his proclamation for 75,000 troops, to protect Washington from threatened assault. Gov. Jackson had declared that Missouri would be "faithless to her honor, and recreant to her duty, were she to hesitate a moment in making the most ample preparations for the protection of her people against all assailants." And yet this same man, who had sworn allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, insolently and traitorously denounced the President's call for troops to protect the nation's life, as "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical."

He immediately called an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of taking measures to organize and equip the militia, to raise money, and put the State, in all respects upon a war footing. The Secessionists, however, did not await the action of the Legislature. More rapidly than ever they pressed the work of organizing military companies. On the 20th of April, they seized and plundered the United States arsenal at Liberty, near the Kansas border. They laid plans for the seizure of the arsenal at St. Louis—a far richer prize—containing a large quantity of army stores. The rebels watched the arsenal, day and night, to prevent any of its contents from being removed by the United States authorities. The bold and sagacious action of a single individual, saved the arsenal from capture, and thus probably saved the State to the Union.

On the 24th of April, Capt. James H. Stokes, of the regular army, received through the hands of Gov. Yates, of Illinois, a requisition, from the Secretary of War, at Washington, for ten thousand muskets from the United States arsenal at St. Louis. Proceeding to the city, for the pur-

pose of removing the arms, he found the arsenal surrounded by an almost impenetrable mob. The undertaking was apparently hopeless. The rebels would not willingly allow a gun to be removed, and there was no United States force in the vicinity able to cope with them. To wait for help was also fatal, for Gov. Jackson had rendezvoused at Jefferson City, but a few hours distant, by river or by rail, two thousand armed men, whom he ordered to St. Louis, immediately upon hearing of Capt. Stokes' arrival. Thus delay was inevitable defeat. By an ingenious stratagem Capt. Stokes accomplished that, which by force he could not have accomplished.

He boxed up five hundred old flint lock muskets, which had been sent to the arsenal to be altered, and, at night, with affected secresy, carted them to a steamer, as if to send them up the river. The spies followed them, and roused the mob, who took the bait. They seized the boxes, and carried them off with great exultation. Still a few spies remained to watch the arsenal. By an adroit movement they were suddenly seized and placed in the guard-house, cut off from all communication with their confederates. Then commenced, in earnest, the night's work. It was resolved, not merely to fill up the requisition, but to send off for safe keeping the entire contents of the arsenal. By 2 o'clock in the morning, 20,000 muskets, 5,000 carbines, 500 revolvers, 110,000 cartridges, besides cannon and miscellaneous accoutrements had been moved to a steamer, which, by previous appointment, had come to the arsenal landing. Only 700 muskets to arm the patriotic St. Louis volunteers, were left behind.

"When the whole was on board," says the Chicago Tribune, from whose graphic report this statement is taken, "the order was given, by the captain of the steamer, to cast off. Judge of the consternation, when it was found that she would not move. The arms had been piled, in great quantities, around the engines, to protect them against the battery on the levee, and the great weight had fastened the bows of the boat firmly on a rock which was tearing a hole through the bottom at every turn of the wheels. A man of less nerve than Capt. Stokes, would have gone crazy. He called the arsenal men on board, and commenced moving the boxes to the stern. Fortunately, when about two hundred boxes had been shifted, the boat fell away from the shore and floated into deep water.

"'Which way?' said Capt. Mitchell, of the steamer.

"'Straight to Alton, in the regular channel,' replied Capt. Stokes.

"'What, if we are attacked?' asked Capt. Mitchell.

"'Then we will fight,' replied Capt. Stokes.

"'What, if we are overpowered?' said Capt. Mitchell.

"'Run her to the deepest part of the river and sink her,' replied Capt. Stokes.

"'I'll do it,' was the heroic answer of Capt. Mitchell; and away they went, past the secession battery, past the entire St. Louis levee, and on to Alton, Illinois, where they arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning. As soon as the boat touched the landing, Capt. Stokes, apprehensive that he might be pursued by the Secessionists, who had several companies of armed men, ready to move at a moment's notice, and steamboats in abundance at their command, ran to the market-house and rang the fire-bell. The citizens

were aroused, and flocked pell-mell to the river, men, women, children, in all sorts of habiliments. Capt. Stokes informed them, the patriots of Illinois, of the posture of affairs, and of the importance of transporting instantly the heavy freight, up the steep banks of the river to the cars. Never was there a more beautiful illustration of the maxim that 'many hands make light work.' The whole population, young and old, males and females, rich and poor, with the noblest enthusiasm toiled together, and in two hours the whole cargo was deposited in the cars, and the train moved off triumphantly for Springfield, amidst cheers such as have rarely been heard upon the banks of the Mississippi, or of any other stream."

This movement enraged the Secessionists, but did not check them in their traitorous schemes. Defeated in their first design, they resolved to get possession of St. Louis in another way. The Governor had already called an extra session of the Legislature. It met on the 2d of May, and proceeded to pass what is known as the *Military Bill*. This enactment provided that all members of the militia, should take an oath of obedience to the *State* authorities, irrespective of any obligation to the *United States*. It closed the public schools of Missouri, and appropriated the school fund to military purposes. It placed the whole militia of the State at the disposal of the Governor, a notorious Secessionist.

Under pretense of forming a camp of instruction, Jackson commenced gathering a large military force in the suburbs of St. Louis. These troops were supplied with muskets, and even with heavy cannon, by the Southern Confederacy. These arms, with other munitions of war, were sent up the river to St. Louis, in boxes labeled *marble*. Over the tents secession flags were flying, and the two main avenues of the encampment were named *Davis* and *Beauregard*. The badges of rebellion were worn by many of the soldiers. Jefferson Davis was enthusiastically cheered—Abraham Lincoln as loudly groaned. The entire camp was under the command of Gen. D. M. Frost, a well-known Secessionist.

St. Louis commands the northern portal of the Mississippi. It was regarded by the rebel leaders as next in strategic importance to Charleston and Pensacola. The possession of the city gave them control of the State. It seemed hardly doubtful that they would attain their object, for, with the State government at their control, the militia subject to their will, and the keys of the treasury in their hands, it was not easy to see what power could arise to thwart their designs. All the forces of the National Government were at that time demanded to protect Washington, nearly a thousand miles distant. Nowhere, during the war, excepting, perhaps, in East Tennessee, did loyal men contend against more formidable difficulties. Nowhere did loyal courage and devotion shine more brightly, or accomplish more glorious results. For the preservation of St. Louis from the rebels, the nation is largely indebted to the courage, energy, far-sightedness and patriotism of Captain, afterward General, Nathaniel Lyon.*

* Nathaniel Lyon was born July 19, 1819, in Ashford, Conn. In 1837, Mr. Lyon, then in his eighteenth year, entered West Point, where he graduated in due time, the eleventh in his class. Appointed second lieutenant in the infantry, he served in the Seminole war, on the Mexican frontier, and in the Mexican campaign, where he was promoted to a captaincy. When peace was de-

President Lincoln having issued his proclamation for volunteers, called upon Missouri for its quota of four regiments. In consequence of the Governor's refusal to comply with the requisition, the loyal men of Missouri were left helpless, unorganized, unarmed. Capt. Lyon and Hon. F. B. Blair, a member of Congress from the St. Louis district, undertook the labor of fulfilling the duty of the recreant Governor. In the autumn previous, the republicans in Missouri, as elsewhere, had organized themselves into societies or clubs for electioneering purposes, called *Wide Awakes*. Lyon and Blair, making use of this organization as a nucleus, commenced the formation of voluntary loyal military companies of Home Guards. Within three weeks from the date of the President's proclamation, they tendered to him four complete regiments of three months' men. Other companies of Home Guards were also organized, both in St. Louis and throughout the State. They were furnished with arms by Capt. Lyon.

Camp Jackson, so named from the rebel governor, was situated in a grove just in the outskirts of the city. It was made quite attractive with music and military pageants, and became a place of fashionable resort, especially for the ladies. No one, therefore, noted particularly the presence, on the 9th of May, of a stout lady in a carriage, unattended by any one but her coachman. She examined with feminine curiosity the approaches to the camp, and all its defenses. She listened with interest to the conversation of the soldiers, observed their secession flags and badges, scrutinized the character of their arms, and calculated the number of the men. Underneath her dress she carried a variety of side arms, such as ladies do not often handle; and if the sentry had spoken to her, and she had deigned to reply, he might perhaps have detected in her voice an unfeminine tone, which might have led to the discovery, under the fair disguise, of the person of Capt. Lyon himself. His personal reconnoissance of the camp satisfied him as to the designs in its formation, and he determined to crush the viper treason, before its fangs became strong enough to strike.

The next morning, the United States arsenal, and the various rendezvous of the Home Guards, were scenes of unusual activity. These loyal bands had received orders to assemble at their posts, ready to march in battle array. By noon a force was thus gathered, variously estimated from five to seven thousand men. "What is the meaning of all this?" the citizens inquired of each other. No one could tell. The soldiers themselves were no wiser than others. Capt. Lyon kept his own counsel. Gen. Harney, however, it was known, was daily expected to arrive in the city, and it was the prevailing supposition that the Home Guards had been ordered out to give him honorable reception. About two o'clock, the entire force being assembled, they were ordered into line.

Fully armed, accompanied by twenty pieces of artillery, with the Stars and Stripes floating over them, and the band playing our national airs,

cared, he was ordered to California, where he was engaged for several years in border warfare with the Indians. He was in Kansas and Nebraska during the political troubles there, and exerted an active influence in the cause of freedom. At the time of the rebellion, he was a supporter of President Lincoln, and as captain of infantry in the regular service, was stationed at the arsenal in St. Louis.

this patriot column marched rapidly up Market street towards Camp Jackson. The rumor of their movements ran through the city like fire over dry prairie grass. The whole community was in a flame of excitement. Men ran for rifles, shot-guns, pistols, whatever they could lay their hands on, and, thus armed, hastened to the camp. Children, attracted by the martial spectacle, crowded by thousands around this army, to them, so imposing, with its music and banners. Women, with babes in their arms, made haste to follow. The streets were filled with carriages, buggies, men on horseback, all going in the same direction. The horse-cars were crowded, the sidewalks overflowed with the strange, excited procession. The army of spectators outnumbered greatly that of the troops. Among them were many desperate men, whose souls were inflamed, and whose hearts were imbruted, by the moral poison of the love of slavery. They were eager for a fight with the hated Union soldiers, whom they invariably denounced as abolitionists. The elements of a terrible riot were all there.

Paying no attention to the eager multitude which filled the streets, Capt. Lyon kept steadily and rapidly on his course. Before he reached Camp Jackson, he received from Gen. Frost a letter, demanding an explanation of his movements. He deigned no reply—none other, at least, than that which his actions afforded.*

* I can not forbear adding a copy of this letter, from Gen. Frost to Gen. Lyon, together with a copy of a confidential letter of a previous date, from the same personage to Gov. Jackson. A comparison of the two affords a striking illustration of that falsehood and duplicity, which has throughout characterized the leaders of this rebellion.

CAMP JACKSON, MISS., *May* 10, 1861.

CAPT. N. LYON—SIR: I am constantly in receipt of information that you contemplate an attack upon my camp, while I understand that you are impressed with the idea that an attack upon the arsenal and United States troops, is intended on the part of the militia of Missouri. * * I would be glad to know from you personally, whether there is any truth in the statements that are constantly poured into my ears. So far as regards any hostility being intended towards the United States, or its property or representatives, by any portion of my command, or, as far as I can learn, and I think I am fully informed, of any other part of the State forces, I can say positively that the idea has never been entertained. * *

I trust that, after this explicit statement, we may be able, by fully understanding each other, to keep far from our borders the misfortunes which so unhappily afflict our common country.

I am, Sir, &c., BRIG. GEN. D. M. FROST.

Letter from Gen. Frost to Gov. Jackson, dated April 15, 1861. In this letter, after alluding to the call of the President for volunteers, as inaugurating civil war, and the importance with which St. Louis must be regarded in a military point of view, and the necessity of thwarting the plans of the General Government, he recommends,

"1. To call the Legislature together at once, for the purpose of placing the State in a condition to enable you to suppress insurrection or repel invasion.

"2. To send an agent to the Governor of Louisiana, or further if necessary, to ascertain if mortars or siege guns could be obtained from Baton Rouge or other points.

"3. To send an agent to Liberty to see what is there, and to put the people of that vicinity on their guard; to prevent its being garrisoned, as several United States troops will be at Fort Leavenworth from Kearney, in ten or fifteen days from this time.

"4. Publish a proclamation to the people of the State, warning them that the President has acted illegally in calling out troops, thus arrogating to himself the war-making power; that he has illegally ordered the issue of the public arms, to the number of 5,000, to societies of the State, who have declared their intention to resist the constituted authorities, whenever these authorities may adopt a course distasteful to them; and that they are therefore, by no means bound to give him aid or comfort in his attempts to subjugate, by force of arms, a people who are still free; but on the contrary, that they should prepare themselves to maintain all their rights, as citizens of Missouri.

Camp Jackson being reached, Gen. Lyon surrounded it and planted his artillery upon points which effectually commanded the position. Picket guards were established who, with fixed bayonets, and muskets half-cocked, allowed no one to pass. The rebels were caged. Never was there a more excited crowd, than that gazing with amazement and awe, upon those transactions as they were gradually developed. All the various eminences, spreading around, were densely covered with the multitude of men, women and children. Then Gen. Lyon transmitted to Gen. Frost the following demand:

"HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES TROOPS,
ST. LOUIS, *May* 10, 1861.

"GEN. D. M. FROST, *Commanding Camp Jackson:*

"SIR—Your command is regarded as evidently hostile toward the Government of the United States.

"It is, for the most part, made up of those Secessionists who have openly avowed their hostility to the General Government, and have been plotting the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority. You are openly in communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, which is now at war with the United States, and you are receiving at your camp from the said Confederacy, and under its flag, large supplies of the material of war, most of which is known to be the property of the United States. These extraordinary preparations plainly indicate none other than the well-known purpose of the Governor of this State, under whose orders you are acting, and whose purpose, recently communicated to the Legislature, has just been responded to by that body in the most unparalleled legislation, having in direct view hostilities to the General Government, and coöperation with its enemies.

"In view of these considerations, and of your failure to disperse in obedience to the proclamation of the President, and of the eminent necessities of State policy and welfare, and the obligations imposed upon me by instructions from Washington, it is my duty to demand, and I do hereby demand, of you an immediate surrender of your command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated. Believing myself prepared to enforce this demand, one half hour's time, before doing so, will be allowed for your compliance therewith. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"N. LYON,
"*Captain 2d Infantry, Commanding Troops.*"

"5. Authorize or order the commanding officer of the present military district, to form a military camp of instruction, at or near the city of St. Louis, to muster military companies into the service of the State, to erect batteries, and to do all things necessary and proper to be done, to maintain the peace, dignity and sovereignty of the State."

Our narrative has shown how minutely these suggestions were followed out by Gov. Jackson. The Legislature was summoned; the military bill passed; heavy ordnance was procured, some from the rebels, while other portions were stolen from the United States arsenals; the Secessionists at Liberty, having been "put upon their guard," by the Governor's agent, rifled the arsenal there; the proclamation was issued denouncing, in the most envenomed words of treason, the President's call for volunteers to defend the capital; and the rebel camp was formed. All this was done in accordance with Gen. Frost's suggestion—and all to prevent the United States Government from protecting its property, and from maintaining its authority, and thus eventually to gain possession of St. Louis for the secession cause.

Gen. Frost was exceedingly surprised at the *unchivalric* course of his captor. He expected the same policy would have marked the Federal action in Missouri which characterized it at Fort Sumter, and afterward at Manassas. He thought he would have been allowed to plant batteries, organize an army, and gather arms and ammunition, unmolested. He was grieved—he was indignant *—but he surrendered.* The entire force in camp was taken captive. The prisoners were then told that they could have their release by taking an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and not to take up arms against the Federal Government. If any doubt as to the character of the camp had existed before, it was removed by the fact, that only eight or ten consented to take the oath. The rest, about eight hundred in number, many being absent on leave in the city, preferred to remain prisoners, rather than declare themselves loyal. Their shallow excuse, that to take such an oath would admit that they had been in rebellion, deceived no one. It was self-evidently false. Does the President declare himself to have been a traitor, prior to his inauguration, by swearing to support the Constitution and the laws?

Two hours or more passed in receiving the surrender of the prisoners and preparing to take up the line of march to the arsenal again. The sun was near its setting when the order to move was given. The line was formed with a front and rear guard, the prisoners between, and on each flank a single file of soldiers.

The troops had hardly commenced the movement, when an event occurred which the heroic Lyon was well prepared to meet. Long, loud and deep had been the curses muttered by many in the crowd, upon the Union forces. An antipathy to the Germans, who composed a large proportion of the Home Guards, increased the bitterness with which the defeated rebels regarded the loyal soldiery. The crowd pressed thick and close upon the rear of the troops. The mutterings of the rising storm every moment grew louder and more ominous. A few stones were thrown; a few pistol shots were heard; then suddenly a volley of rifles—then another—then another. Then, mingled with the sharp ring of the rifle, rose the shrieks of women and children as they rushed frantically from the scene, the crowd scattering in all directions. Some were struck with chance bullets as they ran. It is said there were twenty-five in all, killed and wounded.

Who was responsible for this tragic occurrence? This is a question which will probably not be answered to the satisfaction of all, until the present excited actors have passed from the stage. Still the general voice of the community will harmonize in the verdict. For a whole hour the soldiers had received patiently and without retaliation a storm of vituperation and abuse, from the mob. Emboldened by this impunity the miscreants commenced throwing stones, and, at length pistol shots were fired and two of the soldiers fell. Forbearance then became a crime, and the fire was returned. It was subsequently proved beyond dispute, that there were secret armed organizations, in St. Louis, pledged to massacre the loyal citizens if they should ever attempt to interfere with the consummation of treason, by the State authorities.

Five minutes more of non-resistance, and St. Louis might have been the scene of the most terrible riot this country has ever witnessed. There are times when prompt and terrible measures are full of mercy. We do not know who gave the order to fire—but whoever assumed that responsibility, performed a heroic deed, and is ennobled by it. The most inhuman thing authority can do, is to tolerate a mob. It is sad, indeed, that women and children should have been struck by the bullets. But if quiet citizens will allow their curiosity to bring them within the range of battle, they must accept the perils of their position. He, who by his presence identifies himself with a threatening mob, cannot complain if the bullet fail to distinguish him from the armed bully, by whose side he stands.

The mob was thus speedily dispersed and no farther violence was offered to the troops. The prisoners were quietly removed to the arsenal. But through all the hours of the night, excitement, tumult and threats held possession of the city. The theatres and all other places of amusement were closed, as crowds of armed men, surged through the streets, crowding the drinking saloons, and all other places, where crime and anger love to congregate. The offices of the loyal press were placed under guard, from fear of the mob; a gun shop was broken open and a few arms stolen by the excited multitude. A general riot was feared; but even mobs have some method in their madness, and they had seen enough of Capt. Lyon, to know the metal of the man with whom they had to deal. They accordingly expended their fury in harmless groans for the Union, and cheers for rebeldom. The morning sun, as it rose cloudless over the city, beheld no signs of the night's tumult, save that restless, uneasy look, which cities, like individuals, wear, when they have passed a fevered and troubled night. Four days after, Capt. Lyon was elected Brigadier-General of the Missouri Volunteers, and received a commission from the President.

The day following the capture of Camp Jackson, Gen. Harney arrived in St. Louis. As Capt. Lyon's superior, he at once assumed command of the Department of the West. That position he retained not quite three weeks. The acts which signalized his administration were few and are easily stated. He first issued a half-apologetic proclamation, expressing his regrets for the past, stating that he would use military force only as a last resort, and imploring the people to maintain peace and order. The Secessionists responded to this attempt at conciliation, by fiercely attacking the next day, in the streets, a company of Home Guards, which had just been enlisted. On the same day Gen. Frost and his officers were discharged on their parole, and his soldiers on their taking the oath of allegiance. Three days after, Gen. Harney issued another proclamation, warning the citizens against "the common dangers which threaten us," declaring the military bill to be an "indirect secession ordinance, in manifest conflict with the Constitution of the United States," but at the same time gently apologizing for it as "the result, no doubt, of the temporary excitement which now pervades the public mind." He urged his fellow-citizens to consider their true interests, as well as their relation to the General Government, and closed with the declaration that he should,

if necessary, exert his authority to maintain the supreme law of the land.

These proclamations opened the way for negotiations, and the secession leaders eagerly embraced the opportunity. A bargain was struck between Gen. Price, commander of the State militia, and Gen. Harney, on the part of the United States. The former pledged the power of the State to *maintain peace*. The latter agreed, in that case, to make no further military movements. Thus the watchman agreed to go to sleep, if the wolves would watch the fold. Meanwhile, mob violence was prevailing extensively throughout the State. The work of recruiting soldiers for the secession cause went on vigorously and unblushingly. Loyal citizens were mobbed and driven from their homes in great number, and no protection was extended towards them. The administration at Washington, sharper-eyed than its representative at St. Louis, was not pleased with these "conciliatory" measures. On the 27th of May, Gen. Harney received peremptory orders from Washington, to put a stop, by force, to all movements against the Government, however disguised under pretended State authority. Four days after this, Gen. Harney was recalled, and on the first of June, Gen. Lyon was left once more in command of the post.

But one hope was now left to the Secessionists. It was to renew with Gen. Lyon a bargain similar to that which had been made with Gen. Harney. For that purpose, an interview was solicited with him. It was granted. On the 11th of June, Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price met Gen. Lyon and Hon. F. B. Blair, Jr., at St. Louis. Gov. Jackson proposed terms of agreement. On his part, he offered to disband the State Guards, disarm all companies ordered out by the State, allow no arms or munitions of war to be brought within its borders, and pledged himself to attempt no organization of the militia under the military bill. He also engaged to protect all citizens in their rights, to repress all insurrection, and to repel all attempts at invasion.

How, without arms or soldiers, he could accomplish what, with an organized militia, he had thus far failed to do, he did not state. He demanded that Gen. Lyon, on his part, should disband the Home Guards, and agree not to occupy with Federal troops any localities now unoccupied by them. In short, he asked General Lyon to surrender the protection of loyal citizens, and the preservation of national authority, into his hands, for which trust he proposed to become qualified by depriving himself of all power to protect the one, or maintain the other. He proposed to secure peace in the State by the novel method of disarming and disbanding all the military forces, both State and national, and thus rendering it impossible to repress disorder, or repel or punish violence.

The proposition was not accepted. Gen. Lyon declared, on the contrary, that the Federal Government possessed the right to move its troops throughout the State, and station them wherever it might be necessary, either to protect loyal subjects or repel invasion; and he would make no other pledge than this, that he would maintain that right at all hazards, would protect all loyal citizens, and fight all disloyal ones whom he should meet in arms. Thus ended the last attempt at compromise in Missouri.

After an interview of four hours, Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price returned to the capital of the State, Jefferson City. All attempts at disguise were now useless. Gen. Lyon could neither be bullied by a mob, nor seduced by specious promises, into allowing, under any pretext whatever, the Secessionists to arm, organize and prepare for war, unmolested. The flimsy disguise under which the Governor had hitherto sought to veil his movements was thrown off, and open war was proclaimed.

It was, as we have mentioned, on the 11th of June, that Gov. Jackson proposed his compromise to Gen. Lyon. The very next day, the 12th, he issued from Jefferson City a proclamation to the people of the State of Missouri. In this proclamation he depicted, with that singular imaginative power with which all Southern proclamations in this war have abounded, the outrages which the Federal troops had committed, and the greater ones they were going to commit. He affirmed his great anxiety for peace, narrated the terms of compromise which he had proposed, and Gen. Lyon's rejection of them; declared that the Federal Government was determined to inaugurate civil war, occupy the State by its military, overthrow the State government, subvert the liberties of the people, and subjugate them to a military despotism. He closed this manifesto by calling out fifty thousand of the State militia, for the purpose of driving from the State those loyal citizens who had organized into bands of Home Guards for their own protection; but whom, in the somewhat high-flown diction of his proclamation, he designated as "the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes."

These invaders, to whom the Governor alluded, consisted of Home Guards, of loyal Missourians, organized throughout the State,—of a small Union camp at Bird's Point, opposite Cairo,—and of the Union forces at St. Louis, composed largely of Missouri volunteers.

Matters now assumed a threatening aspect. The State of Missouri, on the south-east, borders on Kentucky and Tennessee. From this direction rebel troops could be easily introduced to the State, and Gov. Jackson speedily availed himself of these facilities. Ben McCulloch, a man whose lawless life as a Texan ranger had made him notorious throughout the country, had already invaded the State from the southern or Arkansas border, at the very time the Governor was pledging himself to repel all invaders, from whatever quarter. With a nucleus of eight hundred such vagabonds as he could easily collect upon the frontier, he was marching upon Springfield, his forces constantly increasing by accessions from Missouri Secessionists. In the west, Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price were making movements to raise a large army, in which they would surely be soon successful, if unmolested. In St. Louis an organized mob was ready to rise, the moment a possibility of success appeared.

To meet these accumulating dangers, Gen. Lyon had the Home Guard organization, purely voluntary, and proving itself of little avail except for self-protection,—four regiments of Missouri volunteers, a few regulars, and some raw, undisciplined, undrilled recruits, from the neighboring States. He, however, left the rebels no time to organize armies, throw up in-

trenchments, and build masked batteries. He immediately dispatched twelve hundred men in the direction of Springfield. The south-west branch of the Pacific Railroad took them as far as Rolla. They had then a march of a little less than one hundred and fifty miles to their ultimate destination. Leaving a small force in St. Louis, he started in person, with four steamboats and about twenty-five hundred troops, up the Missouri River. On the 12th, Gov. Jackson's proclamation was issued. On the 14th, having destroyed the telegraph and the railroad bridge in his rear,—the latter a useless piece of vandalism, since Lyon pursued him on boats,—he left Jefferson City for Booneville, a town forty miles further up the river. Within twenty-four hours after Gov. Jackson left, Gen. Lyon was in possession of Jefferson City, the capital of the State, where he was warmly welcomed by the citizens. He did not wait here, however. Learning the probable destination of the Governor, he immediately made arrangements to pursue him. On the 17th of June, leaving Col. Boernstein in command at Jefferson City, with three companies for its protection, he commenced the further ascent of the Missouri River, with three steamboats, and a force of little, if any, over two thousand men.

They left Jefferson City at two o'clock in the afternoon in their steamers, laid by over night to avoid surprise, at the little town of Providence, and in the early morning were pushing their way cautiously up the stream again. About eight miles below Booneville, a large island divides the channel of the river. Opposite the upper end of this island, the south bank of the river rises into a high bluff. Below this bluff, and opposite the lower part of the island, the hills recede, leaving what is called river bottom land, a smooth meadow, nearly a mile and a half in width. The road leading to Booneville runs parallel to the river, through this bottom land. On the bluff which frowns upon the river near the upper end of the island, and which commands the stream, as well as the road passing over the meadow, the rebels had planted a battery. Gen. Lyon learning these facts, promptly formed his plan of action.

Leaving two companies in charge of the steamers, he landed the remainder of his force below the island, and throwing forward scouts, commenced the march up the river road. A little over a mile and a half brought them to the edge of the bluff, and to the enemy's pickets. This bluff rises gradually from the bottom, in series of undulating swells. On one of these the rebels were posted. A lane runs from the road to the river at this point, and a brick house stood at the juncture of the road and the lane. The enemy not only commanded the ascent of the bluff from the front, but also occupied this lane, and the brick house upon the right, and a grove situated upon the left. They had chosen their own position, and had chosen it well. They commanded the front and both sides of the road. Their force of over four thousand men, outnumbered the Union troops two to one. But their commander, Gen. Price, unfortunately for his reputation, was announced as too sick to command in person. He had retired from the field, and, it is said, had gone home. Gov. Jackson, who had never manifested any military ardor, save in his fiery proclamations, was discreetly in the rear.

Gen. Lyon placed himself at the head of his little band, and advanced firmly upon the intrenched rebels. His soldiers, many of whom were Germans, who had seen service in the Old World, were inspired with that ardor which enlightened patriotism ever enkindles. The battle was opened with much vigor, by volleys of artillery and musketry from the three positions, the bluff, the brick house, and the grove occupied by the rebels. The Union troops were speedily formed in line of battle, and Totten's efficient artillery brought into play. With careful aim and accurately adjusted fuse, two shells were thrown directly into the brick house, exploding at precisely the right moment. Even veterans could not stand this, and the young rebels fled instantly, as from an earthquake.

A well directed fire of bullets, cannon balls and shells, was then poured into the grove. For a time the rebels withstood the storm bravely, returning the terrible fire with much energy. But at length their lines began to waver, and they all retreated to the batteries on the summit of the bluff. There they formed again, in the attempt to make their final stand. But they were instantly assailed by an impetuous and resistless charge, which Lyon led in person. Though in this fierce encounter Lyon was thrown from his affrighted horse, he still led the assault, until the enemy again broke and fled in utter rout. Thus, in twenty minutes from the firing of the first shot, the whole body of the rebels was in full retreat. A few of them made another feeble attempt at resistance at their camp, but they speedily dispersed, and the victors had undisputed possession of the field. Their camp, with its ammunition and supplies, all fell into the hands of Gen. Lyon. Even the cannon placed near the shore to destroy the steamers, were taken before they had fired a shot.

The Union troops, advancing triumphantly beneath the Stars and the Stripes, and to the music of the Star-spangled Banner, entered the town of Booneville, which was rejoicingly surrendered to him by its patriotic citizens. As the troops entered the streets, the stores were opened and decorated, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, with great festive pomp the national banner was conspicuously unfurled, and cheer after cheer was given for Lyon, and Blair, and Lincoln. In a few hours order was restored, and peace resumed its sway, where treason and mob rule had, for some time, relentlessly reigned.

The Union loss was but two killed and nine wounded. The loss of the rebels has never been ascertained. It is generally estimated at from twenty to fifty killed and fifty wounded. The utter demoralization of the rebels, and the confusion into which they were plunged, may be inferred from the following fact. After the battle, Rev. W. A. Pill, chaplain of the First Missouri regiment, with four soldiers, two of whom only were mounted, in searching for the wounded, came suddenly upon a body of twenty-four rebel cavalry, armed with revolvers, seeking safety in flight. He commanded them to halt, and demanded their surrender. They complied, gave up their arms, and, guarded by five men, were marched off, prisoners of war.

On leaving St. Louis, Gen. Lyon had issued a proclamation in which he stated that he had received complaints from loyal men, in various parts

of the State, who were suffering from violence at the hands of the Secessionists. He declared it to be his purpose, in accordance with instructions received from Washington, to maintain the authority of the General Government at every hazard; and to protect all loyal men in their rights as citizens of the United States. From Booneville he issued another proclamation. Finding most of his prisoners to be young men, who had been induced to enlist by the grossest misrepresentations, he liberated them upon their oath that they would not again engage in hostilities against the United States. His words were, "out of compassion for these misguided youths, and to correct the impressions created by unscrupulous calumniators, I have liberated them upon the condition that they will not serve in the impending hostilities against the United States Government." He, however, declared that such clemency could not be repeated. Learning that the rebels had circulated the most atrocious rumors respecting the design of the General Government to trample upon all State rights, he announced that he should scrupulously avoid all interference with the business, rights and property of law-abiding citizens. He declared, however, that the legitimate paramount authority of the United States Government, should be maintained with such force as he could command. Those who had been misled by false representations, and would now return to their homes, were assured that they should not be molested. This was the proper remedy to be applied to the disease—inflexible firmness in crushing out the rebellion with clemency for the deluded and the penitent.

Meanwhile, Gen. Price and Gov. Jackson had disappeared. The former did not even wait to see the issue of the contest. The latter with five hundred men, out of the four thousand, fled South, to unite the remnant of his scattered forces with those which McCulloch was gathering on the Arkansas border. His ranks were swelled by large additions upon the march. The previous history of Kansas had revealed the existence, in the western counties of Missouri, of a large number of that class of men known as border ruffians—idlers, vagabonds, marauders, always ready for a fight, never ready for any other kind of activity. These all flocked to Jackson's standard. Four years before, though countenanced, and in some measure aided, by the National Government, then almost exclusively under the control of the slaveholders, they had been effectually chastised by the Free-State men in Kansas. Now an opportunity for revenge on the "Abolitionists" offered itself. They eagerly embraced it. Many young men also, of restless energies, catching the fever of secessionism, or misled by lying misrepresentations, enrolled themselves in the ranks.

The numbers though not the efficiency of the army thus collected, were not a little increased by impressment. At Warsaw it was joined by a considerable force of Secessionists, who the day before had surprised a camp of Home Guards, killing and wounding twenty, and taking thirty prisoners. Thus, gathering his forces as he marched, the traitorous Governor hastened southward to join the rebels there. The motley crew which he thus collected could hardly be called an army. They were wholly without uniforms. Not a few were scarcely more than half-clad. Some had rifles, some shot-guns, some pistols, some no arms. They were nearly as

destitute of organization as a horde of savages. They were, however, recklessly brave men, at home in nothing so much as in predatory warfare. Possessing neither subsistence nor transportation, they lived on the country through which they passed. Neither friend nor foe, escaped their depredations. For miles on each side of their track, the country was scoured, and horses, hogs, cattle, poultry were borrowed from friends or exacted from enemies.

The second day after the battle, Gen. Lyon despatched Capt. Totten with a thousand men to pursue Gov. Jackson, but it was a vain pursuit; the wary Governor was too fleet-footed to be overtaken. Meanwhile, near the western border of the State, another rebel leader, Gen. Rains, had gathered the nucleus of a secession army. He had, unfortunately, been able to do so unmolested. About this time he started with the forces under his command southward, to join Jackson, and with him to effect, if possible, a junction with McCulloch in Arkansas. Major Sturgis, of the United States regular army, with two regiments of Kansas Volunteers, four companies of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, followed in pursuit. Gen. Rains, by the destruction of the bridge over the Osage at Papinsville, checked the United States forces, which were rapidly gaining on him. The high water compelled Major Sturgis to go into camp, until it should subside sufficiently to enable him to ford or bridge the river. While Capt. Totten pursued the flying Jackson, and Major Sturgis followed hard after Gen. Rains, Gen. Lyon remained in Booneville. He was not, however, idle. An army was to be organized. Thousands of men, in various parts of the State, were applying for protection. Mob law ruled in all the western counties. Whom the mob disliked, they hung or exiled. Applications poured in upon Lyon for authority to organize for self-protection as Home Guards. These were always accompanied by requests for arms. Every such request had to be carefully scrutinized, and in spite of the utmost care not a few of the Federal arms found their way into rebel hands. In less than a fortnight, Gen. Lyon had gathered almost a new army, composed partly, it is true, of volunteers from Iowa. By the first of July, he had taken up his line of march for the South, joining Major Sturgis at the Osage river. His purpose was to form a junction with the forces which he had already despatched to Springfield, offer the rebels battle there, and if they refused it, to drive them out of the State into Arkansas. But before he could reach Springfield, important events had taken place which demand our attention. Leaving Gen. Lyon, then, for the present at Booneville, we must turn our eyes south to the operations of the various forces which were there being gathered.

While these events had been transpiring on the Missouri River, Col. Sigel, of whom we shall learn more by-and-by, had been pushing south for Springfield. With a small force, he reached that place on the 23d of June. With his accustomed energy, he pressed immediately forward, due west, arriving on the 28th at the town of Sarcoxie, half-way between Springfield and the western border. His object was to cut off Jackson's retreat, and prevent his escape to the south. He then learned the condition of the forces which he had to meet. In Arkansas, on the south, a force of over

five thousand men, under Ben. McCulloch, had been gathered from Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas. They were supplied with arms by the Confederacy, by way of the White River. Gen. Price, with a force of State Guards, variously estimated at from nine to twelve hundred men, was encamped about fifteen miles south-west of Sigel, at Neosho, in Missouri. Jackson was about forty miles north-west of Sarcoxie, and Gen. Rains was a day's march further north. The combined forces of these three rebel leaders in Missouri were about five thousand men. Col. Sigel was thus placed between two armies. On the south of him were between six and seven thousand men. On the north were over five thousand. To oppose them, he possessed but a little, if any, over twelve hundred men. And though additional forces were on their march to Springfield, the exigency of the case did not permit him to await their arrival. To allow a junction of Jackson and Rains on the north, with Price and McCulloch on the south, was to ensure his own destruction.

His plans were quickly laid, Napoleonic in their sagacity and the vigor of their execution. He determined to attack the rebel forces separately, before they could form a junction. The risk of a battle was great, but the risk of delay was greater. On the morning of the 29th of June, he took up the line of march for Neosho, determined first to give battle to Gen. Price, and then, turning north, to meet Jackson and Rains. As he neared Neosho, reports came in that a part of the Arkansas forces had joined Price, swelling his army to thirty-five hundred. The issue of a contest between such unequally balanced forces seemed doubtful. But the odds were not sufficient for the chivalry. The consciousness that they were in rebellion, utterly without excuse, made even brave men cowards. Price retreated without firing a gun, and Sigel marched beneath the banner of the Stars and Stripes into Neosho, unopposed. To pursue the flying host, leaving an army of five thousand men in his rear, was out of the question. He, therefore, turned his attention northward. Leaving a small detachment to protect the Union citizens of Neosho, and sending out one or two other detachments to guard certain roads, and act as scouts, he advanced, with a force now reduced to nine hundred and fifty men, with two batteries of four field-pieces each, to find the enemy. On the fifth of July he came upon them. They were strongly posted on an elevation, about nine miles north of Carthage. Their force, which was over five thousand, was chiefly cavalry, but with some infantry, and several field pieces.

Col. Sigel immediately prepared for an attack. A hazardous proceeding, truly, to attack an enemy in his own position, and outnumbering the Union forces five to one. It was a case in which prudence demanded apparently the most reckless daring. Col. Sigel was the man for the hour. In the wars of Europe he had acquired the reputation of being the most accomplished artillerist in Germany, and on this day he heroically sustained his reputation. The rebels were found, carefully posted on an elevation rising gradually from the Dry Fork Creek. His centre was composed of infantry, cavalry, and two field-pieces. Two regiments of cavalry formed his wings, with interspersed artillery.

Col. Sigel, advancing within effective range, opened a very vigorous

and deadly fire upon the centre of the foe, from seven pieces of artillery, which his skill had admirably manned. It was half-past ten o'clock in the morning when the battle commenced. The enemy responded promptly, but very soon it was perceived that his fire began to slacken, and in about an hour his central battery was silenced. The enemy's line was manifestly wavering, and it could be perceived, that it was only by the most strenuous efforts of the officers, that the rebel infantry were held together. Col. Sigel now ordered a steady advance, under the rapid fire of his guns, resolved, by this resistless, solid charge of infantry and artillery, to take the height. As his line moved up the hill, the enemy's centre broke. But, unfortunately, just at that moment, the ammunition of one of the batteries gave out; and the enemy's cavalry, which constituted the two wings, nearly a thousand in each, and scarcely inferior as horsemen to the famed Mamelukes of Murad Bey, with yells and gleaming swords, came swooping around his flanks, like a thunder tempest, to seize the baggage train, three miles in the rear. To advance under these circumstances was certain ruin. The heroic little band of patriots, numbering in all but 950 men, were now almost girdled by their 4,000 opponents. With great reluctance, Col. Sigel ordered his troops to fall back to the baggage train. As coolly as if on a parade ground, they accomplished the movement, assailed all the way by the foe, crowding upon them. The train was on the other side of Dry Fork Creek. With the quick glance of the accomplished general, Col. Sigel selected his position, and so stationed his forces on the banks, that for two hours he held the enemy at bay, inflicting upon him the heaviest losses.

In the meantime, the enemy's cavalry, though thus baffled, succeeded in getting into Col. Sigel's rear, with the purpose of cutting off his retreat, and capturing all his force. They stationed themselves on the banks of a small creek, which the Union troops must pass. Col. Sigel ordered his artillery, accompanied by a portion of his infantry, to divide, and move to the right and left, as if to pass around the rebel horsemen. Deceived by this maneuvre, the cavalry left the road, and advanced to meet the Union forces on either side. Suddenly the artillery wheeled around, and, from both sides, poured a terrific volley of grape and canister upon the foe. At the same moment, the infantry charged at double-quick step, and so impetuously, that the rout of the opposing cavalry was immediate and complete. Hardly a show of resistance was made. Eighty-one horses, sixty-five double shot-guns, and many revolvers, fell into the hands of the victors. Fifty prisoners were taken.

The road to Carthage was thus opened, and Sigel reached that town without further fighting. Here the road to Sarcoxie, which passes to the north and east of Carthage, enters a dense wood. To gain this was Col. Sigel's object, since there the rebel cavalry being rallied anew, could not follow him. The enemy, aware of his design, had taken a strong position to prevent his further advance. And the Union forces, wearied with a march of twenty-two miles the day before, and one of eighteen upon that day, famishing for want of food, and fatigued with two battles already, were, after a short rest, compelled to prepare for a third. For over two

hours, the unequal contest raged. At length, as darkness gathered over the field, the rebels gave way, and Col. Sigel's heroic little band won their third victory. It was now half-past eight o'clock in the evening. But the labors of the day were not yet over. The enemy was too near, and in too overwhelming numbers, to make the woods a safe resting-place. After a brief respite, the word to march was given, and not till the Sabbath sun dawned upon them, did they reach Sarcoxie, and gain an opportunity for much-needed rest and refreshment.

Thus ended the battle of Carthage—the first hard-fought battle in the West. The Union loss, as officially given, was thirteen killed, and thirty-one wounded. The rebel loss, as ascertained from prisoners, is variously estimated at from three hundred and fifty to over seven hundred men. This great disproportion was due partly to the superiority of the Union artillery, but more to the splendid generalship of Sigel. In twenty-four hours, after a march of twenty-two miles the day previous, his little band, scarcely equal in number to one full regiment, marched over thirty miles, fought three distinct engagements, besides continual skirmishings—each time met the enemy in overwhelming numbers, and on ground of the enemy's choosing, and each time put them to flight with heavy loss. The fact that lack of ammunition, and the necessity of keeping open communication with Springfield, made an eventual retreat necessary, in no sense detracts from the well-earned laurels of so glorious a victory.

Col. Sigel, in his modest report of the battle, says:

"It affords me intense pleasure to be able to say in justice to the officers and men under my command, that they fought with the greatest skill and bravery. Although attacked by an overwhelmingly disproportionate force, they conducted themselves like veterans, without a man swerving from his place. Major Bakoff and Adjutants Albert and Heinrichs were of great service to me in this battle."

Of others he makes honorable mention, particularly Lieut.-Col. Hassendenbel, Col. Wolff, Captains Essig, Stephany, Golmer, Densler, Stark and Messner.

CHAPTER X.

GEN. FREMONT'S CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

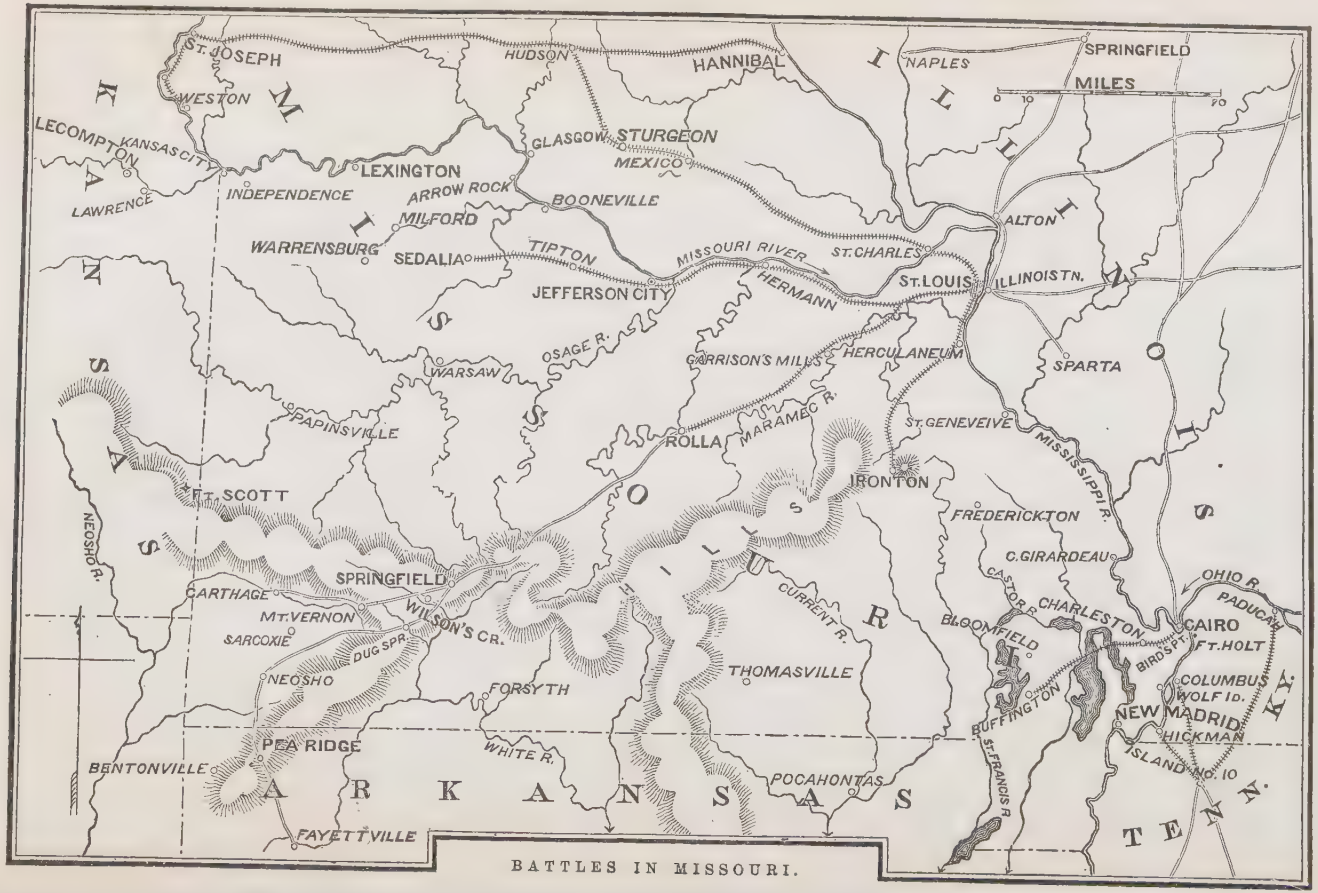
RECALL OF FREMONT FROM EUROPE, AND APPOINTMENT TO THE COMMAND OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT.—THREATENING ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.—GEN. POPE IN NORTHERN MISSOURI.—SERIOUS EMBARRASSMENTS CROWDING UPON GEN. FREMONT.—HEROISM OF GEN. LYON.—VALOR OF GEN. SIGEL.—BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.—DEATH OF LYON.—TRIBUTE TO THE HERO OF WILSON'S CREEK.—SKIRMISHES.—ENERGY OF FREMONT.—PROCLAMATION.—MODIFICATION BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

EVERY glorious era in the world's history, bright with courage, honor and patriotism, is, alas! marred with some exhibition of envy, jealousy, and the spirit of detraction, which causes one to blush for human nature. To every lover of his country and of his race, there is, in the history of the American Revolution, that which is sadder than the picture of Valley Forge and the retreat across the Jerseys. These scenes are brilliant with heroic endurance and lofty patriotism. But not one redeeming quality relieves the dark history of Arnold's treason, or the intrigues and malicious aspersions of rivals against General Washington. To such an unwelcome page we turn, in the history of this rebellion, as we commence the recital of the campaign in Missouri, under Major-General Fremont.*

At the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, John C. Fremont, then a colonel in the United States army, but retired from service, was, with his family, in Europe. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813. His father, a French gentleman, died the year of his birth, and his mother, with a limited income, took her son to Charleston, South Carolina, where he was reared. The studious boy educated himself, and at the age of fifteen entered the Junior Class in Charleston College, where he distinguished himself by his mathematical proficiency. In 1833, he commenced active life, as teacher of mathematics, on board the United States sloop-of-war Natchez, bound to South America. For two years he held this position, and on his return received the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts from his *alma mater*.

Abandoning a sea life as uncongenial, he engaged in railroad engineering, and assisted in surveying the route from Charleston to Cincinnati. In the years 1838–39, he explored the vast wilderness between Missouri and the British line, and, while thus engaged, was appointed by President

* The reader will excuse us for burdening this chapter with notes. But Gen. Fremont's campaign in Missouri has been involved in so much misunderstanding, and has been the subject of so much misrepresentation and dispute, that it seems important to give official authority for all important statements.



BATTLES IN MISSOURI.

Van Buren second lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. The next year he made a geographical survey of the territory between the head waters of the Missouri and the Pacific, searching out the south-west pass through the Rocky Mountains. In 1845, he explored the mountain regions of Oregon, California, and the Sierra Nevada. The renowned Kit Carson was one of his companions in this perilous adventure, during which he was at times compelled to feed his horses on the bark of trees, and his men on the flesh of the horses. In 1846, he was made colonel of a regiment of mounted riflemen, and commanded a battalion in the Mexican war, from July to November, 1847, when, in consequence of some disagreement with Gen. Kearney, he resigned. In 1848, he set out on a fourth journey to the Rocky Mountains. In 1849, he was appointed one of the United States Commissioners, to run the line between the United States and Mexico. He relinquished this post, however, on being chosen United States Senator from California. In 1856, he was the candidate of the republican party for President of the United States, and came near being chosen, receiving one hundred and fourteen electoral votes. Had he been elected, instead of Buchanan, our country would probably have been saved all the horrors of this civil war. The rebels were not then prepared for the outbreak. It was the imbecility of Buchanan which exposed the country, defenseless, to the daggers of treason.

Gen. Fremont had traveled extensively in Europe, and had been a close observer of all scientific, political and military movements. He has received several medals from scientific societies of Europe,—one from the hands of Humboldt, by direction from the King of Prussia, for proficiency in the sciences. At the age of forty, Gen. Fremont was probably more widely known throughout the world, than any man not of royal birth.

As we have mentioned, Gen. Fremont, then Colonel, was in Paris, at the time the rebels commenced their assault upon that flag which he had borne over the brow of the Rocky Mountains, and had unfurled triumphantly on the shores of the Pacific.* He was at a public breakfast, given in his honor, at the Hotel du Louvre, by one hundred and fifty Americans in Paris, one-third of whom were ladies, when he announced that, by the rebellion, he was called back to America, and that he was ready to give his best services to his country. Knowing how utterly unprepared the Government was for war, he immediately, through his own resources, purchased a large quantity of arms, and taking them with him, arrived in New York on the 28th day of June, 1861. On the 9th of July, he received from Washington a commission as major-general, with the following order:

* "Gen. Fremont had, with twenty-five men, crossed the great mountain deserts of America, amid untold hardships, yet with signal success, and had, with this force, recruited by a few American residents in California, while still unaware of the existing war with Mexico, hoisted the Bear Flag, for the Stars and Stripes, thus giving to his country, as a province, California, the land whose rivers ran over glistening sands of gold. As a soldier, it was his good fortune to win to his country a province whose untold wealth repaid the cost incurred by Taylor and Scott, in conquering territory to be afterward surrendered. As a man of science, he had received the praises of Humboldt, and, as a popular hero, the applause of the people."—*Fremont and McClellan, their Political and Military Careers, by Van Buren Denslow.*

"The State of Illinois, and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, will, in future, constitute a separate command, to be known as the Western Department, under the command of Major-General Fremont, of the United States army, headquarters at St. Louis."

The appointment of Gen. Fremont to that post was enthusiastically received by the whole country. The Eastern States had confidence in him, not only as one true to the integrity of the Union, but also as true to those principles of liberty underlying our Constitution, which declare all men "alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The West had confidence in him as a man of the people, of sincere and earnest nature, and of great executive ability. The whole previous history of Gen. Fremont had satisfied the people that he clearly understood the nature of the conflict that was now to be fought in America, the last great battle between aristocratic usurpation and popular rights. In these views he was undoubtedly in advance of many, possessing power in the cabinet and the army. But the progress of affairs eventually compelled nearly all reflective men to take the position which, from the beginning, he occupied.*

The position of Gen. Fremont, as he assumed the command of this vast Western Department, was far more difficult than that of any other officer in the army. His command embraced Illinois on the east, and all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. It was not only expected of him that he should free this territory from rebel control,—but he was to raise and organize, and equip and drill and lead the army, with which this purpose was to be accomplished. He was also expected with his victorious columns to pierce and divide the Southern Confederacy of rebels, by descending the Mississippi River from the Lakes to the Gulf. No plan for the campaign was afforded him; no special instructions were given. The accomplishment of the object desired, was entrusted wholly to his hands.

Up to this time, the Government at Washington had paid but little attention to the necessities of the far West. They could not. The danger which threatened the Capital was such as did not admit of a divided attention. What Gen. Lyon had so nobly done, he had accomplished almost wholly on his own responsibility. He had organized and equipped his little band himself. The appointment of Gen. Fremont to the com-

* Brig. Gen. Busteed, of New York, who has been one of the most prominent members of the democratic party, said eloquently, at a great war meeting in New York, Aug. 27, 1862, "I claim the right and embrace this occasion to say, that it is my deliberate conviction that the cause of this rebellion is slavery, and that the cause and the effect must perish, or survive in force together. For one, I sincerely believe that, if slavery lives, the republic dies. And I deny that this Government, struck at and attempted to be destroyed by the slave power, should do any thing to preserve slavery as stock in trade for a future rebellion. The Constitution tolerates it, does not favor the peculiar institution of rebeldom. The slave oligarchists have appealed from the Constitution to the rifle—from the senate chamber to the battle-field. They have taken the sword; they shall perish by the sword. God has decreed that their sin shall perish with them. There is a great fight on hand between democracy and aristocracy,—between the privileges of the few and the rights of the multitude,—between caste and republican equality,—and he is the genuine democrat who loves liberty more than slavery. The democracy which will not endure this test is spurious."

mand of the Western Department, was almost the first systematic attempt to provide for the West.

Meanwhile the rebels had not been idle, and the Western border was in very serious danger. It seemed almost impossible to prevent the rebels from more than regaining all that had been wrested from them. Gen. Lyon had effected a junction with Major Sturgis, and arrived in Springfield, but too late to participate in the battle of Carthage, and to prevent Jackson and McCulloch from joining their forces. His men were badly clothed, poorly fed and imperfectly supplied with tents. They had, as yet, received no payment whatever for their services. In the excitement of the threatened dangers at Washington, it was not probable they would for some time be provided for, or even thought of. Many of them were Home Guards, whom it was impossible to keep together any longer than they were inclined to remain. Still more were three months men whose term of service had nearly expired. Lyon's entire force did not exceed seven thousand. In thirty days it would not exceed thirty-five hundred. It was threatened by the joint forces of McCulloch, Price and Jackson, though the latter had himself gone to Montgomery, the Confederate capital. The rebel troops were rapidly increasing, both by reënforcements from the Confederacy, and by volunteers from Missouri. They bid fair soon to amount to twenty-five or thirty thousand men.* Gen. Lyon had telegraphed the most urgent requests for reënforcements, before Fremont assumed command, but neither McClellan nor Scott thought it possible to spare the men for that purpose. The only reply his demands had received was an order directing a part of the few regular troops he had to be sent to Washington.†

* J. M. Schofield, Acting Adjutant-General at Springfield, to Col. Harding, Adjutant-General Missouri Volunteers, at St. Louis, July 15th, 1861.

† SPRINGFIELD, MO., *July* 17, 1861.

COL. HARDING, ST. LOUIS ARSENAL, MO.:

SIR—I enclose you a copy of a letter to Col. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C., on the subject of an order from Gen. Scott, which calls for five companies of the 2d Infantry to be withdrawn from the West and sent to Washington. A previous order withdraws the mounted troops, as I am informed, and were it not that some of them were *en route* to this place they would be in Washington now. This order, carried out, would not now leave at Fort Leavenworth a single company. I have companies B and E, 2d Infantry, now under orders for Washington, and if all these troops leave me I can do nothing, and must retire, in the absence of other troops to supply their places. In fact, I am badly enough off at the best, and must utterly fail if my regulars all go. At Washington, troops from all the Northern, Middle and Eastern States are available for the support of the army in Virginia, and more are understood to be already there than are wanted, and it seems strange that so many troops must go on from the West, and strip us of the means of defense; but if it is the intention to give up the West, let it be so. I can only be the victim of imbecility or malice. Scott will cripple us if he can. Cannot you stir up this matter and secure us relief?

* * * * * * * * * * *

Yours truly, N. LYON, *Commanding.*

Memorandum by COL. PHELPS, *from* GEN. LYON *to* GEN. FREMONT, *July* 27.

"See Gen. Fremont about troops and stores for this place. Our men have not been paid, and are rather dispirited; they are badly off for clothing, and the want of shoes unfits them for marching. Some staff officers are badly needed, and the interests of the Government suffer for the need of them. The time of the three months volunteers is nearly out, and on returning home, as most of them are disposed to do, my command will be reduced too low for effective operations. Troops

In the south-east of Missouri, dangers still more serious threatened. Cairo and Bird's Point were held by Gen. Prentiss with eight regiments. They were, however, in a disorganized condition. Six of them were three months men whose term of service had nearly expired.* Though a large proportion of the men subsequently reënlisted for the war, these regiments could not then be depended on, for permanent or effective service; while, before they could be used at all, an entire reorganization was necessary. Cape Girardeau, between St. Louis and Bird's Point, was held by Col. Marsh, who, however, had not a single battery with which to defend it.† Col. Bland, with a force of but 850 men, held Ironton, less than seventy-five miles from St. Louis, with which place it is connected by railroad.

The rebels, elated with the victory which they had just achieved at Bull's Run, were organizing in large force to enter the south-eastern border of Missouri and overwhelm the Unionists at a single blow. Gen. Pillow was gathering a force of fifteen to twenty thousand men at New Madrid, well armed and drilled, which he was daily increasing by reënforcements from below. On the first of August scouts reported him nearly twelve thousand strong, well supplied with cavalry, having a hundred pieces of artillery, and expecting hourly the arrival of reënforcements amounting to nine thousand more.‡ Gen. Hardee with five thousand rebel troops, two thousand of whom were cavalry, was advancing on Ironton.§ Jeff. Thompson was gathering at Bloomfield another force of rebel Missourians. The rebels entertained no doubt of their speedy success. Col. Jeff. Thompson wrote, on the 16th of July, to a secession friend in St. Louis, that the Unionists would be driven north of the Missouri river in thirty days. He issued a proclamation inviting rebels to join his standard, and declaring that he had plenty of arms and ammunition.

Thomas C. Reynolds, Lieut.-Gov. of the State, issued a proclamation from New Madrid, on the 31st of July, assuring the rebels in that State, of the earnest and efficient support of the Southern Confederacy, and confidently asserting that "the sun which shone in its full mid-day splendor at Manassas, is about to rise upon Missouri." Gen. Pillow was also equally sanguine and positive in his wide-spread declarations of the success which was immediately to attend the rebel cause. He declared, moreover, that no quarter would be given to the Union forces. These were not empty and groundless boasts. The overwhelming numbers of the Secessionists were such as to justify their highest expectations. In St. Louis itself, the secession feeling was exceedingly strong. Many of the wealthy and influ-

must at once be forwarded to supply their place. The safety of the State is hazarded. *Orders from Gen. Scott strip the entire West of regular troops, and increase the chances of sacrificing it.*"

See also despatch of McClellan to Chester Harding, of July 20th, quoted in Colfax's speech of March 7, 1862.

These despatches are not inserted for the purpose of casting any blame upon the Government. But if Gen. Scott felt himself justified in depleting Lyon's little force to strengthen other more important positions, is Gen. Fremont to be blamed that he did not divert, from posts which he deemed essential to the defense of the State, troops to supply the deficiency?

* His entire force was 6,350. Gen. B. N. Prentiss to Gen. Fremont, July 28, 1862.

† Ibid.

‡ C. C. Marsh's despatch to Gen. Fremont, dated Cairo, Aug. 1, 1861.

§ Gen. Fremont to President Lincoln, July 30, 1861.

ential citizens of the place, were in sympathy with the rebels. A large number of loyal men, Germans and others, were absent in Lyon's little army. The city was ripe for an insurrection whenever a favorable opportunity might occur.* And Gen. Fremont had no more force in the city than was absolutely necessary for its protection, and the guarding of the arsenal.†

In the North and North-west, too, matters assumed every day a more threatening aspect. In every county north of the Missouri river, as, indeed, almost everywhere throughout the whole State, the rebels were organized either in open guerilla bands, or in secret military associations. They burned the property of loyal citizens, and shot, hung or exiled them; destroyed railroad bridges, tore up the tracks, fired into passing trains and steamboats, seized and rifled the mails, and even threatened the Iowa border. Finding no apparent power in the United States Government to interfere and punish their growing disorders, they waxed constantly bolder.

Such was the condition of affairs when, on the 25th day of July, 1861, Gen. Fremont arrived in St. Louis. The disaster at Bull's Run had just taken place. The capital was threatened. The whole country was in a state of wildest excitement. All the thoughts of the people, all the energies of the Government, were concentrated upon the Potomac.

To accomplish the herculean task thus entrusted to him, Gen. Fremont possessed a small army, in numbers far inferior to those of the enemy, scattered over a large State, nearly three hundred miles square. His troops were poorly clad, wretchedly armed, coarsely fed, and wholly unpaid. He had the entire work to accomplish of organizing an army—a staff to select, divisions to form, men to gather, arm, equip and drill. All this he had to do while an enemy, twenty thousand strong, was preparing to march through an open and almost undefended country upon St. Louis, and another rebel army equally large threatened Lyon's little force of 7000 men at Springfield. The well-earned fame and great popularity of Gen. Fremont, rallied many beneath his banner, not only from Missouri, but also from Iowa and Illinois. But he had no arms for them.

In preparation for this condition of affairs, he had, with great difficulty, while in New York, procured arms and accoutrements for twenty-three thousand men. But almost immediately after he left for Missouri, the imagined peril of the capital at Washington, induced the Government to seize these arms and send them to Virginia! It was indeed a sea of difficulties into which Gen. Fremont was thus plunged; and most men of even extraordinary energies would have thrown up such a commission in despair. He had no means, furnished by the Government, to equip a single new regiment. The arsenal at St. Louis, no longer contained a sabre or a gun. There were no other military supplies accessible in the West; and more than all the munitions of war which the East could

* This has been denied; but the fact that elections, subsequent to this period, in the Chamber of Commerce and the Mercantile Library Association, were carried by the Secessionists by considerable majorities, in spite of the most earnest efforts of the Union members, seems sufficiently to demonstrate the fact.

† Gen. Pope to Gen. Fremont, July 18, 1861. Col. Harding to Gen. Fremont, July 21, 1861.

afford, were demanded for the capital, now beleaguered by rebellion. He had no means with which to procure others. The arsenal at St. Louis had been depleted of its contents before his arrival.

Yielding to the urgent requests of Brig.-Gen. Pope, and his Adjutant-General, Col. Harding,* he had a week before his arrival, despatched the former officer with three regiments, from Alton, to restore order in the northern part of the State. Gen. Pope proceeded at once with that vigor of action which has always characterized him. Assuming that the citizens could put a stop to the depredations of guerilla bands, if they chose to do so, he distributed his forces in such a way as would enable him to punish violence and enforce his orders; and then he directed all illegal assemblages to be broken up, and no arrests to be made for mere opinion's sake; divided the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad into districts and sub-districts, and appointed, from the citizens, without respect to political opinions, superintendents and assistant superintendents, whom he held responsible for every injury to the road. The plan proved entirely successful. With but little bloodshed he accomplished his purpose, the protection of the railroad, and the restoration of order and peace along its line. By the wisdom of his plan, he both saved the citizens the burden of an extensive military surveillance, and his men the hardships which would have been necessarily involved in the attempt to guard so extensive a territory by pursuing and punishing himself every marauder.

Some persons who seem unable to understand that a soldier is serving any purpose unless he is fighting a battle, blamed Gen. Fremont for leaving four or five regiments apparently inactive in North Missouri, while reënforcements were so urgently called for in the South. But to have recalled them would have destroyed Gen. Pope's sole authority, undone his whole work, given the North to the rebels, ensured the destruction of the Northern railroads and the extinction, by death or exile, of all loyal Missourians in that region, and would have endangered the safety of the whole State, including St. Louis itself.†

The safety and repose of the North being thus provided for, Gen. Fremont turned his attention to the south and south-eastern border of the State. He sent, at once, upon his arrival at St. Louis, two urgent telegrams to Washington representing his condition. The dangers, however, which environed the capital, immediately after the disaster of Bull's Run, demanded the undivided attention of the authorities there. The only

* Brig.-Gen. Pope to Maj.-Gen. Fremont, Chicago, July 11, 1861.

† Col. Blair (Speech of May 7th, 1862) charged Gen. Fremont with culpable remissness in this respect, assuming, if he does not directly assert, that these troops were idle and might have been sent to Gen. Lyon's assistance, and quotes Col. Palmer, of the 14th Illinois, as saying, "If it be asked what all these troops were doing, the answer is, eating their rations and holding the railroads." And yet, surely both he and Col. Palmer must be aware, that prior to the battle of Wilson's Creek, there were four or five pitched battles in North Missouri between Federal troops or Home Guards, and secession guerillas—that in spite of Gen. Pope's forces, the railroad trains were fired into from ambuscade on more than one occasion, that, before his presence there, acts of violence were almost numberless, that nothing but the presence of his forces held the guerillas in restraint, and that the departure of the Federal troops would have been the signal for a general uprising, and perhaps the organization of a formidable rebel army on the North to coöperate with those already in active movement on the South.

reply which he received was one from Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, containing the following paragraph:

WASHINGTON, *July* 26, 1861.

DEAR GENERAL:—I have two telegrams from you, but find it impossible to get any attention to Missouri or Western matters from the authorities here. You will have to do the best you can, and take all needful responsibility, to defend and protect the people over whom you are specially set.

* * * * * * * *

Yours truly, and in haste, M. BLAIR.

Thus thrown entirely upon his own responsibility, and left to his own resources, he began to prepare, as best he could, for the emergencies which surrounded him. He at once ordered the erection of extensive earthworks about St. Louis. The dangers which threatened were two-fold, from the enemy without, and the Secessionists within; and were so imminent as to admit of no delay. He, therefore, directed the works to be carried on by night, as well as by day. The details of the contract, and the price to be paid, he left to be fixed by Gen. McKinstry, his quartermaster.*

He called in two regiments from Gen. Pope, and sent them South, to strengthen Col. Bland, at Ironton. Meanwhile, urgent demands poured in upon him from every quarter for reënforcements. Gen. Lyon sent courier after courier, begging for additional troops. Prentiss advised him of the constant increase of Gen. Pillow's forces at New Madrid. Every day brought news, more definite and decisive, of a threatened attack upon Cairo, Bird's Point, Cape Girardeau, and, probably, St. Louis itself, by an overwhelming force. A rebel army, also, of twelve thousand, was reported as gathering at Warsaw, to descend the Osage to the Missouri River, and thence to St. Louis.† From Ironton, Cape Girardeau, Cairo and Bird's Point, Springfield and Jefferson City, came simultaneous demands for reënforcements without delay.

To comply with these imploring calls, Gen. Fremont had neither a soldier nor a gun. Men, indeed, soon came flocking to his standard. But nearly all of them were without arms, accoutrements, clothing, camp equipage, or transportation. Regiment after regiment was detained for weeks in the city, before these indispensable wants could be supplied. The arsenal, as we have stated, was exhausted, and all arms and accoutrements had to be brought from the East.‡ There were Home Guards, too, and three months men, just on the point of disbanding. They were valuable men,

* Perhaps the most serious charge brought against Gen. Fremont, is for extravagance in the erection of these earthworks. This is not a defense of Fremont, yet it is proper to say, that, in directing their construction, he simply carried on a work already commenced by Gen. Lyon, and now imperatively demanded by the advance of an army with which it was impossible for him to cope, without the aid of formidable fortifications; and that, in respect to the price paid, which has generally been regarded as extravagant, it was fixed, *not by Gen. Fremont*, but by *Gen. McKinstry*, an *officer not of Fremont's selection, but detailed from the Quartermaster's department for duty at St. Louis by President Buchanan's administration, and continued at that post by President Lincoln.*

† Col. Stevenson to Gen. Fremont, Jefferson City, Mo., July 27, 1861.

‡ Col. C. Harding, quoted by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in his speech of March 7, 1862.

for they had seen active service. They were willing to reënlist. But they were laboring men, dependent for support upon their daily toil. The United States Government had given them no pay, and it was uncertain how soon they would find time even to think of them. Their families were in absolute destitution. If they could be paid, and the just debt of the Government to its soldiers be met, the men could be retained, but not otherwise. The necessities of the country imperatively demanded their services. What could Gen. Fremont do? Telegraph to Washington for instructions? He had already telegraphed, and received the reply that he must *act on his own responsibility.* He acted accordingly.

There were three hundred thousand dollars of the United States funds in the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis. He ordered the Treasurer to pay him one hundred thousand dollars, and prepared to enforce the order by military power, if necessary. He at the same time sent a note to the President at Washington, informing him of the fact, and of the necessity for the action. The President made no reply. Nor has he, to the present day, publicly expressed himself in respect to Gen. Fremont's movement in this matter.

Gen. Fremont, with the funds thus obtained, secured the reënlistment of a small force. He also purchased a quantity of arms. It is said that he paid extravagant prices for them. It is not improbable. In his exigency, he was at the mercy of those who had arms to sell. He at the same time telegraphed to Gov. Morton, of Indiana, for aid. Gov. Morton replied that he had five regiments ready, but they had been ordered East. Gen. Fremont then telegraphed to Washington to obtain those regiments for his service. He received no answer till the 6th of August. They were then placed under his command, but too late to save Lyon.

Meanwhile, Gen. Fremont prepared for a demonstration on the rebels, who were threatening Cairo and Bird's Point. His weakness he carefully concealed from both friend and foe. With a force of less than thirty-eight hundred men, and eight steamers, he started down the river for Cairo, distant about one hundred and fifty miles. The expedition was conducted with as much display as possible. Both by the country and by the enemy his force was greatly exaggerated. It was commonly reported that he was at the head of ten or twelve thousand men. The country impatiently asked why a part of this splendid army was not sent to reënforce Lyon. But the rebels, deceived also by the display, were held in check by Gen. Fremont's expedition. Thus, by the assumption of being in possession of a force far greater than was at his command, he prevented the rebels from making an attack upon Cairo, which, in all probability, they might then successfully have done. Cairo being thus adroitly reënforced, Gen. Fremont returned to St. Louis.

Still, the threatened dangers were far from wholly averted. Jeff. Thompson was still advancing with his rebel bands on Cape Girardeau. Every day brought appeals from Col. Marsh for aid. If Cape Girardeau fell into the hands of the foe, they could easily, from that vantage ground, cross the river and ravage the frontiers of Illinois. Gen. Fremont had not men enough to reënforce both Lyon in the south, and Marsh and Prentiss

on the eastern border. He was compelled to hazard either the one or the other. And he had the magnanimity to conceal his weakness and danger from the country, and patiently to bear the unmeasured reproach, which, in the universal ignorance of his position, fell upon him.*

On the first of August, Lyon moved his little army forward from Springfield, in pursuit of the enemy. On the 3d, he encountered them in

* The battle of Wilson's Creek was fought on the 10th of August. The following telegrams, a few among those received by Fremont during the ten days preceding that engagement, afford, without comment, a graphic picture of his position, and the urgency of the demands made upon him:

JEFFERSON CITY, *July* 27, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

* * * * * * * * * * *

I am advised of a gathering of a large force at Warsaw, estimated at ten thousand; also, an encampment, eight miles from Glasgow, of two thousand. With an additional regiment, so as to leave a garrison force of five hundred men at Booneville, I will be able to disperse both forces. If they are promptly met, they can be easily dispersed with the force indicated.

JOHN B. STEVENSON, *Col. Commanding, Missouri River.*

CAIRO, *July* 28, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

Rebels from Tennessee are concentrating at New Madrid, Missouri, with the avowed intention of assaulting Bird's Point. They may intend going to Cape Girardeau. Col. Marsh has no battery. I have none to spare.

* * * * * * * * * * *

B. M. PRENTISS, *Brig. Gen.*

August 1, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

The following information, just received, is, I believe, reliable. Gen. Pillow was at New Madrid on the morning of the 31st, with eleven thousand troops, well armed and well drilled. * * * * Nine thousand more moving to reënforce. He has promised Gov. Jackson to place twenty thousand men in Missouri at once.

C. C. MARSH, *Col. Commanding at Cape Girardeau.*

August 4, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

Information received last night of a large force at Bloomfield, reported from eight to ten thousand; at Garrison's Mills, on Picket road, five hundred; at String's Mills, on Castor River, five hundred. * * * * On 1st and 2d August they had orders to cook four rations of bread.

C. C. MARSH, *Col., &c.*

CAPE GIRARDEAU, *Aug.* 4, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

Thompson is advancing within sixteen miles of me. Am fortifying the hill in rear of Mills. Send me reënforcements and ammunition. Express waiting for reply.

C. C. MARSH, *Col., &c.*

CAIRO, *Aug.* 5, 1861.

TO MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

The following despatch was just received: "Cape Girardeau, Aug. 4, 11 P. M. Enemy advancing within sixteen miles of me. Help me if you can. Signed C. C. Marsh, Col., &c."

B. M. PRENTISS, *Brig. Gen.*

August 6, 1861.

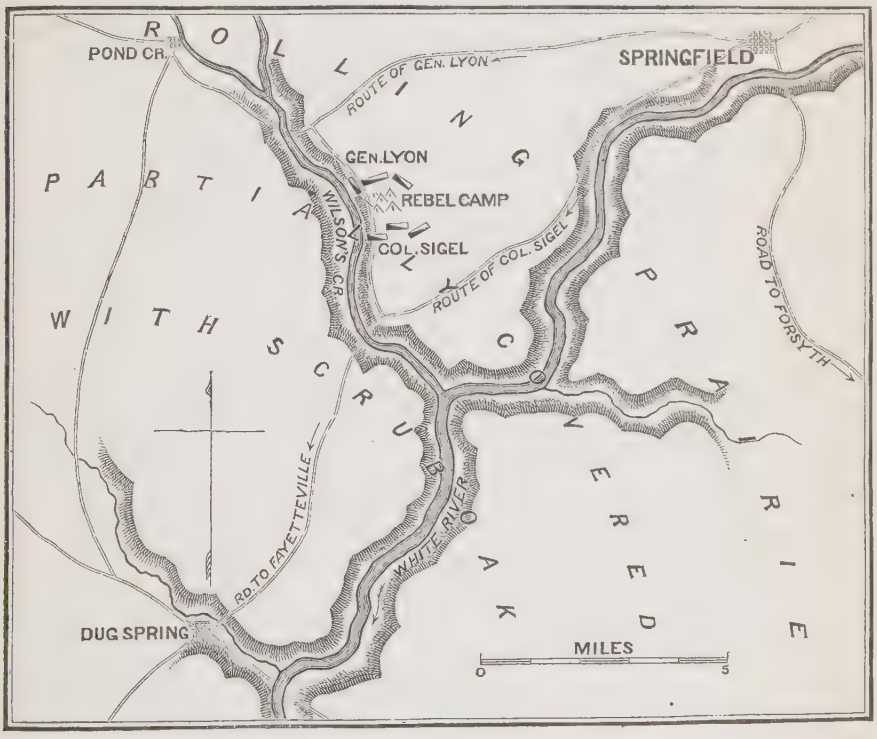
TO CHESTER HARDING:

* * * * Marsh has called for help again. Enemy five thousand and over. Citizens have left Cape Girardeau. * * * *

B. M. PRENTISS, *Brig. Gen.*

force in a valley called Dug Springs. After a little skirmishing, however, the enemy retired, without giving battle. The next day he proceeded as far as Curran, twenty-six miles south of Springfield. Here, learning that the enemy were in force west of him, and fearing lest his communication with Springfield should be cut off, he determined, having first consulted with his officers, to return again to Springfield, which he did accordingly. The rebels followed him, and encamping at Wilson's Creek, about ten miles south of Springfield, scoured the country with their cavalry, gathering supplies by foraging, and preparing themselves to make an attack with overpowering numbers.

Gen. Lyon, however, did not wait to be attacked. On the 9th day of August, he determined to surprise the foe in their camp, if possible, and



MAP OF WILSON'S CREEK AND VICINITY.

bring on the battle himself. For this determination he has sometimes been censured as rash. The enemy were over twenty thousand strong, according to the muster-rolls taken from them. Lyon could lead into the field but fifty-five hundred men. Two thousand of these were Home Guards, and there was one regiment whose term of service had already expired. The resolve of Lyon, under these circumstances, to make the attack, is not open to the charge of imprudence,—it was simply heroic. His force was disheartened, and growing daily smaller. He had no present hope of reënforcements. He was very poorly supplied with cav-

alry, of which the enemy possessed great numbers. He was a hundred and fifty miles from any railroad. If, with such an army, he attempted to retreat, it is probable his entire force would have speedily been disorganized and utterly destroyed. Nor could he remain on the defensive at Springfield, as his army would surely soon be surrounded and captured. His only hope lay in a bold and brave stroke. He made it. It cost him his life, but it saved his army.

To understand the nature of that stroke, a word of topographical explanation is necessary. From the village of Springfield, there is one road leading to Fayetteville, Arkansas, running in a south-westerly direction. Another road, pursuing a course nearly due west, conducts to Mount Vernon.

About ten miles from Springfield, by either of these roads, you reach Wilson's Creek, a tributary of White River. Along the banks of this creek there is a cross road, which connects the Fayetteville and the Mount Vernon roads. The valley of this creek is about twenty rods in width, bounded by gently sloping hills, which are covered with scrub oak a few feet high, except where the land is in cultivation. Upon this cross road, about three miles in length, equally accessible from Springfield by either of the roads we have mentioned, the rebel camp was situated.

Concealed by the shades of evening, on the 9th of August, Gen. Lyon, with floating banners, but silent bands, emerged from the streets of Springfield, to attack, by surprise, if possible, the foe, outnumbering him nearly three to one. His force was divided; one part, under his own command, moved along the Mount Vernon road, to attack the enemy in front, while the other part, under the intrepid Col. Sigel,* with six pieces of artillery, two companies of cavalry, and several regiments of infantry, took the Fayetteville road, with instructions to attack the rebels in the rear. Precautions were taken to render the surprise as complete as possible, and it was hoped that the rebels, distracted by the presence of an enemy thus unexpectedly assailing them on both sides, and taken by surprise, might be effectually put to flight. It is proper to add that the time of service of the Fifth Regiment of Missouri volunteers had expired; that Col. Sigel had gone to them, company by company, and, by his personal influence, had induced them to reënlist for eight days; that this reënlistment expired on the 9th, the day before the battle; that many of the officers had gone home; and that a considerable part of Sigel's force was composed of raw recruits.

* Gen. Franz Sigel was born in Baden, Germany, in 1821. He received a regular military education at Carlsruhe. In 1847, he was promoted to chief adjutant, and acquired the reputation of being the most accomplished artillerist in Germany. Espousing the cause of the patriots in 1848, he led 80,000 men against an equal number of royalists, and routed them, capturing all their ordnance. His skill and heroism had placed him in chief command of the patriot forces. At the close of the war, he came to America, and settling in Missouri, was soon elected to a professorship in the college of St. Louis. At the opening of the rebellion here, Sigel, true to his republican principles, rallied his countrymen to the support of our free institutions. He soon attained the highest position, in the affection and confidence of the community. His brilliant career, as he led his heroic countrymen through many a bloody fight, beneath the banner of his adopted country, will constitute some of the most attractive pages in our subsequent history.

The morning of the 10th of August was just beginning to dawn, when Col. Sigel cautiously arrived within a mile of the rebel camp. So quietly did he advance, that some forty of the rebels going from their camp to get water and provisions, were taken prisoners without being able to give their comrades any warning of their danger. Silently the Union troops ascended the hills, which bordered the creek, and there beheld spread out out before them, the tents of the foe. The rebels were at their breakfast. Col. Sigel, bringing his artillery into position, with a well-directed shot into the midst of their encampment, gave the rebels the first intimation of his presence. They were thrown into utter disorder by the suddenness of the surprise, and retreated in confusion down the valley. The infantry pursued and quickly formed in the camp so lately occupied by the rebels. The enemy, however, recovering from the first panic, were almost as quickly formed in line of battle, and Col. Sigel found his little force opposed by one, three thousand strong. The artillery now moved down into the valley, to coöperate with the infantry, and, after a short fight, the enemy retired in some confusion.

Meanwhile, the sound of heavy firing from the other end of the valley was distinctly heard, and it was evident that Lyon was there, engaging the enemy in force. In order to aid Lyon, Col. Sigel pressed forward his columns up the valley, selecting a position to cut off any attempted retreat of the enemy. He had already succeeded in taking over one hundred prisoners, when, by a natural but unfortunate mistake, his well-laid plans were overturned, and he was compelled to retreat. The firing in the north-west had ceased. He presumed that Lyon had been successful, and that his troops were in pursuit of the enemy. This was confirmed by the appearance to the east of him, of large bodies of rebels, apparently retreating to the south. Of course there could be no communication between him and Lyon, as the rebel force was directly between them. At this juncture, word was brought to Col. Sigel, that Lyon's forces were advancing triumphantly up the road. His troops were told not to fire upon them, and with exultant hearts they waved their flags to those whom they supposed to be their victorious comrades. Suddenly from the advancing troops there burst upon Sigel's little band, a point-blank destructive fire, which covered the ground with the dying and the dead. At the same moment, from the adjoining hills, where they had supposed that Lyon's victorious troops were pursuing the enemy, there came plunging down upon them shot and shell from a rebel battery. The Unionists were thrown into utter confusion; for they still believed that the volleys, which swept their ranks, came from their friends. The gloom of the morning, and the absence of all uniform, prevented the prompt detection of the error. The cry ran, from mouth to mouth, "Our friends are firing upon us." The soldiers could not be dissuaded from this belief, until many had fallen. Nearly all the artillery horses were shot down at their guns, and death was sweeping the ranks. Most of these young patriots had recently come from their peaceful homes, and had never before heard the spiteful whistle of a hostile bullet. It is not strange that a panic should have ensued. Under these circumstances, it might have been expected in the best drilled army.

Five cannon were abandoned, in the disorderly retreat. The foe, exultant and with hideous yells, came rushing on. Col. Sigel himself, in his efforts to arrest the rout, narrowly escaped capture. With anguish he afterwards summed up, that, out of his heroic little band he had lost, in dead, wounded and missing, eight hundred and ninety-two. Some popular complaints have been uttered against Col. Sigel, for not having afterwards, with the remnant of his forces, formed a junction with Gen. Lyon. But this was not possible. There were but two roads, by which he could gain access to Lyon's position, at the other end of the valley. One was the long, circuitous route of twenty miles, by the way of Springfield. The other was the valley road, then in the full possession of the exultant rebel army. There was, therefore, nothing for Col. Sigel to do, but to withdraw his shattered and bleeding ranks as safely as possible from the field.

Gen. Lyon, meanwhile, having left Springfield at about the same time with Col. Sigel, arrived, at one o'clock in the morning, in view of the enemy's camp fires. Here his column lay, on its arms, till daylight, when it moved forward. The enemy had pickets thrown out at this point, and their surprise was, therefore, less complete than it had been in the rear. By the time Lyon reached the northern end of the camp he found the enemy prepared to receive him. He succeeded, however, after a brief struggle, in gaining a commanding eminence at the north of the valley in which the camp was situated. Capt. Plummer, with four companies of infantry, protected his left flank. The battle was now commenced by a fire of shot and shell from Capt. Totten's battery, and soon became general. In vain did the rebel host endeavor to drive Lyon from his well-chosen position. On the right, on the left, and in front they assailed him, in charge succeeding charge, but in vain. His quick eye detected every movement and successfully met and defeated it. The overwhelming number of the rebels enabled them to replace, after each repulse, their defeated forces with fresh regiments, while Lyon's little band found no time for rest, no respite from the battle. The rebel host surged, wave after wave upon his heroic lines, as billows of the sea dash upon the coast. And as the rocks upon that coast beat back the flood, so did these heroic soldiers of freedom, with courage which would have ennobled veterans, and with patriotism which has won a nation's homage and love, hurl back the tireless surges of rebellion, which threatened to engulf them. It will be enough for any of these patriots to say, "I was at the battle of Wilson's Creek," to secure the warmest grasp of every patriot's hand.

Wherever the missiles of death flew thickest, and the peril of the battle was most imminent, there was Gen. Lyon surely to be found. His young troops needed this encouragement on the part of their adored leader, and it inspired them with bravery, which nothing else could have conferred. His horse had been shot under him; three times he had been wounded, and though faint from the loss of blood, he refused to retire even to have his wounds dressed; in vain did his officers beseech him to avoid so much exposure. It was one of those eventful hours, which Gen. Lyon fully comprehended, in which there was no hope but in despair.

Again and again had the enemy been repulsed, only to return again

and again, with fresh troops, to the charge. Colonels Mitchell, Deitzler and Andrews were all severely wounded. All the men were exhausted with the long and unintermitted battle, and it seemed as though one puff of war's fierce tempest would now sweep away the thin and tremulous line. Just then the rebels again formed in a fresh and solid column for the charge. With firm and rapid tread, and raising unearthly yells, they swept up the slope. Gen. Lyon called for the troops, standing nearest him, to form for an opposing charge. Undaunted, and ready for the battle as ever, they inquired, "Who will be our leader?" "Come on, brave men," shouted Gen. Lyon, "I will lead you." In a moment he was at their head. At the next moment they were on the full run; at the next a deadly storm of bullets swept their ranks, staggering but not checking them in their impetuous advance—on—on they rushed for God and Liberty; and in another moment, the foe were dispersed like dust by the gale. The victory was entire; this division of the rebels could rally no more; the army was saved; *but Lyon was dead!* Two bullets had pierced his bosom. As he fell, one of his officers sprang to his side, and inquired anxiously, "Are you hurt?" "Not much," was his faint reply. They were his last words. He fell asleep to wake no more. O! hateful pro-slavery rebellion! such are the victims immolated upon thy polluted shrine. Indignation is blended with the tears we shed, over such sacrifices which we have been compelled to offer to the demon of slavery. A nation mourned the loss of Lyon, the true Christian knight, without fear and without reproach. His remains now repose in the peaceful graveyard of his native village.*

The death of Gen. Lyon was, for a time, carefully concealed from the troops. Even Major Sturgis, the next in command, did not know of it for half an hour. Thus gloriously died one who needs no other eulogy than the record of his life—as surely none other can be more eloquent. Never grasping power, or seeking office, he yet never feared to assume any responsibilities, which the exigencies of the hour demanded. Energetic action and heroic deeds secured his title to true nobility. His policy was always to punish traitors, not to attempt to pacify them by imbecility of action and apologetic words. While many in the State and in the army, were yet uncertain what secession signified or designed, he manifested an appreciation of its nature and its inevitable results, which proved him a true statesman. And the boldness and skill with which he dealt with this demoniac power, placed him in the foremost ranks of our generals. He sought to crush treason in Missouri, in the egg, before it was hatched and grown strong. He failed only because others, his superiors in position and power, with a feebler comprehension of the enemy to be destroyed, failed to supply him with the means. If to accomplish great results, in an incredibly short time, apparently without any adequate resources, save

* "Funeral honors have attended Gen. Lyon, from the battle-field where he fell, across one-half a continent, taken up from State to State, from city to city, from village to village, and been carried forward, for near two thousand miles amid the tearful eyes, the bowed heads and the deepest expressions of personal sorrow of hundreds of thousands of grateful people. Such honors were never before, perhaps, paid to so young a general."—*New York Tribune.*

those of his own creation constitute greatness, then no general, since the opening of the war, has shown himself the superior of Gen. Lyon. Military genius must be put to the same test with all other genius. That high intelligence, which soars above all professional technicalities and all the routine of the schools, will declare him to be the greatest captain who, at the least expense of blood and treasure, accomplishes the greatest results.*

After the death of Gen. Lyon, Major Sturgis assumed command. His forces were wearied with long fighting. They had had no water since the evening before and could obtain none nearer than Springfield. An army twenty thousand strong† was yet before them. Though they had gained one great victory another battle was still impending. The results of Sigel's attack and his whereabouts were utterly unknown. The two wings of the Union army had been separated by a distance of three miles. At this juncture a heavy column advanced from the hill where Col. Sigel's guns had already been heard. Their dress resembled that of his men, and they bore the American flag. Major Sturgis, unaware of the deception which had dispersed Sigel's brigade, allowed them to approach unmolested. Suddenly the rebel colors were displayed, a battery from an adjoining hill was opened upon the Union troops, and the fiercest and most bloody encounter of the day commenced. Fortunately, however, Major Sturgis' men, better drilled than Col. Sigel's, sustained the unexpected attack with perfect firmness. Not a sign of wavering was manifested. Muzzle to muzzle, almost hand to hand, was the unequal contest waged with this new force. It seemed, at times, as though the heroic little band would be utterly swept away. Suddenly, by an ingenious manœuvre, the reserve was brought upon the enemy's flank, and in a few moments the whole rebel army was routed and in full retreat. Major Sturgis had, however, no force sufficient to follow up his victory. After a brief repose he withdrew his exhausted men in good order, arriving at Springfield at five o'clock that evening. The discomfited but still outnumbering foe attempted no molestation.

Thus ended the battle of Wilson's Creek. In its *results* it may be surely counted as a victory, for it secured the safety of the army which thus only could be attained. The enemy was thwarted entirely in his plans, and his baggage-train was fired and destroyed. The foe, admonished by the terrific blows they had received, did not venture to interfere with the retirement of the Unionists. Unassailed they withdrew to Rolla, taking with them their military stores and $250,000 in specie from the

* In respect to the question, Who is responsible for the failure to reënforce Gen. Lyon, it is proper to say, that Gen. Lyon himself never cast any blame upon Gen. Fremont. In a letter written the eve before the battle, he, with much feeling, throws the responsibility upon Gen. Scott, calling all the troops he could get from Missouri, to strengthen the army of the Potomac. The Adjutant-General of Missouri Volunteers, who was familiar with all the facts in the case, declares that Gen. Fremont made every effort in his power, to reënforce Lyon, but that he absolutely could not do it.—*Statement of Col. Harding, A. A. G., quoted in speech of Hon. S. Colfax, March* 7, 1862. *Capt. Kelton, A. A. G., to Maj. Farrar, Sept.* 21, 1861.

† In his official report Major Sturgis says *over* twenty thousand. But when the previous loss of the enemy is deducted it seems hardly probable that more than that number of efficient men were left.

Springfield bank. It is doubtless the decision of military judgment that the plan of attack at two points, three miles distant from each other, by forces so divided that no communication was possible between them, was ill-judged. It is, however, probable that, but for the natural mistake, into which Col. Sigel's forces were led, the speedy rout of the whole rebel army would have been secured. And it is even now doubtful whether an attack, conducted in any other way, under the circumstances, by so small a force upon one so much larger, and in its own chosen position, could have been equally successful.

Still, the news of the battle of Wilson's Creek filled the rebels of Missouri with exultation. They had met, and successfully resisted the Governmental forces, and had compelled them to retreat from Springfield. The mutterings of an approaching storm were heard again in St. Louis. On the 14th of August, the city was declared under martial law, and Gen. McKinstry was appointed Provost Marshal. The arrest of two or three prominent Secessionists, the suppression of two rebel papers, and a quiet note of warning to a third, had the effect to prevent any outbreak, and render St. Louis orderly and safe.

In North Missouri, meanwhile, disorders still continued in some measure, in spite of the very stringent regulations of Gen. Pope. On the 5th of August, quite a severe, but irregular, engagement had taken place, at Athens, on the Mississippi River, between twelve hundred Secessionists and four hundred Home Guards. So near the border was this engagement, that the Iowa military, forming on the eastern bank of the river, rendered the Home Guards good service, by aid of their Minié rifles. The rebels were put to flight.

In the South-east, also, the rebels continued to maintain a threatening attitude. Almost every day brought information of some marauding band needing attention, or of some brief but fierce contest. On the 16th of August, a company of four hundred rebels was surprised and put to flight, and their camp equipage taken. On the 19th, a band of twelve hundred, at Charlestown, were attacked and dispersed by three hundred Union troops. Seventeen prisoners and fifteen horses were captured. On the 21st, at Commerce, forty miles from Cairo, a battery, planted by the rebels, was taken by some Union troops sent from Cape Girardeau. In every such encounter, the patriots were successful.

While these exciting military events were transpiring, important civil changes were also taking place. A State Convention of Missourians, devoted to our national integrity, met, the latter part of July, at Jefferson City. They declared the offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Secretary of State, vacated, by the treason and flight of their occupants, and proceeded to fill their places with men true to the Union. The Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble was elected Governor, and he immediately issued a proclamation, calling for forty-two thousand troops, to aid the Federal Government in expelling the forces of rebellion from the State.

Meanwhile, Gen. Fremont continued his preparations in organizing an expedition to descend the Mississippi River, and sweep from its banks the traitors with which they were infested. The erection of fortifications for

the protection of St. Louis—the construction of gun-boats, built upon his own suggestion, and the organization of his army, were pushed vigorously forward, under his own immediate supervision. He infused the utmost life and energy into every department. It is said that he allowed himself only four or five hours for sleep, out of the twenty-four.

One of the unexpected difficulties which Gen. Fremont had to encounter, was the refusal of Gov. Gamble to commission officers for the service, appointed by Gen. Fremont.* The difficulty being represented to the Government at Washington, Gen. Fremont received a telegram from President Lincoln, promising to commission the officers whom Fremont should appoint.†

On the 19th of August, the Confederate Congress voted to receive Missouri into the Southern Confederacy, upon condition that she should ratify the Confederate Constitution, not by the people, but by the rebel Governor and his coadjutors, whom the people had already, by a large majority, repudiated. Sustained thus by the sanction of the Congress of rebels, disorders continued to increase, rather than diminish. The breaking up of one party of marauders, was at once followed by the organization of others. The State government had no militia, and was almost wholly powerless. Nothing but the most stringent measures could afford any hope of peace. On the 31st day of August, Gen. Fremont issued the following important proclamation:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
"ST. LOUIS, *Aug.* 31, 1861.

"Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders, who infest nearly every county in the State, and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force, to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder,—finally de-

* Gov. Gamble, while in favor of the Union, was perhaps still more devoted to the interests of slavery. Guarding the despotic institution with a watchful eye, he could not sympathize with Gen. Fremont, who not only considered slavery as the cause of all our troubles, but who, from all the dictates of his humanity, policy and religion, was the advocate of equal rights for all men.

† The following is the correspondence:

ST. LOUIS, *Aug.* 19, 1861.

To HON. M. BLAIR, *Washington, D. C.*

It is necessary, in order to facilitate the organization here, that Maj. Gen. Fremont have power to commission officers, as Gov. Gamble has neglected to accede to a request to do it, much to the detriment of the public service. If the President telegraphs that he will appoint the officers Gen. Fremont commissions, it will remove a great stumbling-block from our path.

FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

In answer to this, Mr. M. Blair telegraphed that if Gov. Gamble would not commission officers, the President would. But some mistake rendering the despatch incomprehensible, the President repeated it himself, as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Aug.* 21, 1861.

To COL. BLAIR:

I repeat, I will commission the officers of Missouri volunteers.

A. LINCOLN.

mand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages, which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition, the public safety and the success of our arms requires unity of purpose, without let or hindrance, to the prompt administration of affairs.

"In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain as far as now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi River.*

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.

"All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of this law.

"All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in fomenting tumult, in disturbing the public tranquillity, by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their own interest warned that they are exposing themselves to sudden and severe punishment.

"All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith; any such absence without sufficient cause will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

"The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner, and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.

"The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety, hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the loyal people of the country.

"J. C. FREMONT, *Major-General Commanding.*"

In issuing this proclamation, Gen. Fremont was ten months in advance of the nation's representatives. He realized that the country was involved in real war. He realized that the rebels were in earnest. He realized that all attempts at pacification by timidity, and concessions to traitors were unavailing, and would but add fuel to the flame. He realized that the only way to stop rebellion was to chastise rebels with the rod of justice.

* This proclamation was not a *brutum fulmen.* The territory thus bounded was in the military occupation, and under the control, of Gen. Fremont.

Ten months later the Government at Washington began to see what Fremont then saw. In July, 1862, Congress incorporated, in a confiscation bill, the substantial principles of Gen. Fremont's proclamation. The world has, however, never suffered men to teach it with impunity. An outcry from all pro-slavery partisans, in all parts of the country, went up against the man who had first dared to proclaim *liberty to the slaves of rebels*. The Border States, supported by some *conservative* coadjutors in the North, demanded his removal. Fair means were not alone used for this end. The most strenuous efforts were secretly made to undermine him in the confidence of the Administration, and by bitter public attacks through the press to rob him of the confidence of the people. The most heinous charges were heaped upon him, both in private, before the Government, and in public before the country at large. Political rivals assisted in the work of partisan antagonists. And bitter enemies made common cause in their attacks upon one whose position, while he was defending his country from her enemies in the field, should have secured for him the coöperation of all who wished to see the integrity of their country maintained. But Fremont had friends as warm as his enemies were bitter. They rallied to his support. The masses of the people were his enthusiastic admirers. The journals were filled with discussions concerning his habits and all the details of his administrative career.

Gen. Fremont paid no attention to either the secret designs of the politicians, or the public calumnies of the press. He continued to devote all his energies to the task of overpowering and punishing the enemies of his country. President Lincoln wrote requesting him to modify his proclamation. He replied requesting the President himself to make such modification.

"If," said he, "your better judgment decides that I was wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. The implied censure will be received as a soldier always should receive the reprimand of his chief. If I were to retract of my own accord it would imply that I myself thought it wrong, and that I had acted without the reflection which the gravity of the point demanded. But I did not. I acted with full deliberation, and with the certain conviction that it was a measure right and necessary, and I think so still."

The President accordingly issued an order modifying that of Gen. Fremont. The effect of this modification, which the still controlling influence of slavery constrained the President to make, was to confine the confiscation and liberation of slaves to such as had been actually employed by the rebels in military service. If they worked the guns, they were to be free. If they only raised the cotton which enabled the rebels to buy the guns, they were not to be free. Gen. Fremont submitted to the modification. But this did not suit those who were even more anxious to protect slavery from harm, than to strike the rebellion heavy blows. The Cabinet at Washington, greatly embarrassed by these pro-slavery demands, which were continually pressing upon them from the Border States, could furnish Gen. Fremont with but very little sympathy or support, and were

finally forced to the humiliation of withdrawing the officer who, as this narrative proves, had developed, during his brief campaign, the highest qualities of the statesman and the general.*

* The following is a copy of one of the deeds of Manumission, given by Gen. Fremont, and which the Government forbade him any longer to issue. "*Deed of Manumission.*—Whereas, T. L. S., of the city and county of St. Louis, Mo., has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the Government of the United States, Now, therefore, I, John Charles Fremont, Major-General, commanding the Western Department of the army of the United States, by authority of law, and the power vested in me, as such Commanding General, declare Frank Lewis, heretofore 'held to service' or labor, by said T. L. S. to be *Free*, and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude; giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said T. L. S., or any one to claim by, through or under him. And this *Deed of Manumission*, shall be respected and treated, by all persons and in all courts of justice, as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Frank Lewis.

"In testimony whereof this act is done at St. Louis, Mo., this 1st day of September, 1861, as is evidenced by the departmental Seal hereto affixed by my order.

(Signed) "JOHN C. FREMONT."

CHAPTER XI.

GEN. FREMONT'S CAMPAIGN.—CONTINUED.

FAR-REACHING PLANS OF GEN. FREMONT.—TROUBLES MULTIPLYING.—HIS UNCEASING LABORS.—CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.—INCIDENTS.—VISIT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL U. S. A.—ZAGONYI'S HEROIC DASH INTO SPRINGFIELD.—EFFECT OF THE GOVERNMENT ORDER FOR THE REMOVAL OF FREMONT.—FREMONT'S APPEAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.—HIS RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE OF ST. LOUIS.—RESUMÉ OF THE LABORS AND POLICY OF GEN. FREMONT.—REAL REASON OF HIS REMOVAL.—VIEWS OF THE NORTH RESPECTING THE POWER OF THE NORTH OVER SLAVERY.

ON the 8th of September, Gen. Fremont sent a private note to President Lincoln communicating his plan for the commencement of the Mississippi River Campaign. He had already taken possession of Fort Holt and Paducah, Kentucky, by which movement he was enabled to command the Tennessee river, and thus to prepare the way for the movement down that river, which was successfully accomplished, at a much later period by his successor. He proposed also to occupy Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river, and Hopkinsville, a town connected by railroad with Henderson, on the Ohio river, and twenty or twenty-five miles north-east of Fort Donelson; at the same time sending Gen. Nelson with a force of five thousand men to occupy Bowling Green, in Southern Kentucky, and Gen. Grant to occupy New Madrid and the western shore of the Mississippi river opposite Cairo. He then proposed a combined attack on Columbus and Hickman, and an advance from Bowling Green and Hopkinsville on Nashville, with which point they are connected by railroad. These suggestions, subsequently proved to be so sagacious, were not, however, adopted. The rebels were permitted to occupy Bowling Green, fortify the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and take possession of New Madrid. Months afterwards Gen. Fremont's plan was followed to the letter, and the same results which, had he been then sustained, could have been accomplished without a battle, unless possibly one at Columbus, were accomplished only after a long delay, and at the expense of millions of treasure and many sanguinary conflicts. The bombardment of Fort Henry, the terrible battle of Fort Donelson, the bloody engagement at New Madrid, and the tedious siege of Island Number Ten, were among the results of this rejection of Gen. Fremont's strategic plans. To all this we must also add the long unmolested occupation of Bowling Green by the rebel army, a source of terror to all Kentucky, of real danger to Louisville, and a rallying point for all Secessionists in the State.*

* "It is known that Gen. Fremont, on the 8th of September, sent to Washington, by a special

While Gen. Fremont was thus preparing the way for a successful descent of the Mississippi River, and was, meanwhile, laboring to maintain order in Missouri, and to prevent the rebels from advancing in Kentucky, Gen. Price, with his army of rebels, reorganized and recruited, was marching northward, toward the Missouri River. What point he intended to attack it was impossible to know, but it was believed that his purpose was to regain possession of Jefferson City, the capital of the State, and re-establish Gov. Jackson there. He had now reached the upper Osage, with a force of about fifteen thousand men, which was being constantly increased by recruits. The entire Missouri River had to be protected from his approach, and Gen. Fremont, in addition to his other labors, was busily engaged in organizing a force at Jefferson City and Rolla, to march to Springfield, and thus either compel Price's retreat, or surround him and destroy his force. Want of transportation, arms and money, impeded Gen. Fremont at every step, while the evident lack of cordial support, and thorough confidence, on the part of the National Government, sensibly weakened his credit, and added to his embarrassments.

At this critical position of affairs, he was visited by a Committee sent from Washington, to investigate his Department. Their visit, as a sign of growing suspicion on the part of the administration, was widely bruited throughout the country. Difficulties in his own camp also harassed him. For causes which have never been explained, Hon. Frank P. Blair, Jr., then acting Colonel of Missouri volunteers, who had been one of Gen. Fremont's warmest friends, became his bitterest enemy. He was arrested by order of Gen. Fremont for insubordination, and was promptly discharged, by orders from Washington, without any investigation as to the causes of his arrest. Col. Blair retaliated by filing charges against Fremont, which, however, were never pushed to a trial.

On the 9th of September, Gen. Fremont received intelligence that the rebels were on the eve of a general forward movement in Kentucky. They were at Columbus, in large force, and were preparing to advance on Paducah and Cairo. He immediately forwarded reënforcements to Gen. Grant, at the former point. On the 12th, he learned that Price was threatening Lexington, one hundred and fifteen miles west of Jefferson City. He immediately telegraphed to Col. Jeff. C. Davis, who was in command at the latter point, to despatch reënforcements to Lexington, to which point Col. Mulligan, with twenty-seven hundred men, had already been sent. A considerable force, however, threatened Booneville, and Col. Davis, under the belief that the latter was the point really threatened, held the reënforcements back for that place.* On the 14th, Gen. Price appeared before Lexington, and invested it with his whole army, not less now than twenty-five thousand strong.

A busy and sad day was that for Gen. Fremont. On that day, six

messenger, lest, if sent by mail or telegraphed, it might become known to the country, and ultimately to the rebels, the entire plan of that now famous campaign, by our army and gun-boats, by the way of the Mississippi, Tennessee, Cumberland and White rivers, which his ultimate successor Halleck adopted, and which Halleck's subordinates carried out in its details."—*Van Buren Denslow.*

* Col. Davis to Maj. Gen. Fremont, Sept. 13, 1861.

days before the fall of Lexington, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, United States representative from Indiana, arrived at St. Louis. Lieut. Gov. Hall met him on his arrival, and informed him of the condition of affairs. "Fremont," said he, "has twenty thousand men in St. Louis. He ought at once to send out a column to intercept and capture Price's army." Mr. Colfax went immediately to Gen. Fremont's headquarters. He was a personal friend. He urged that reënforcements be sent, to cut Price off without delay.

"Mr. Colfax," replied Fremont, "I will tell you confidentially how many men we have in St. Louis, though I would not have it published on the streets for my life. The opinion in the city is that we have twenty thousand men here, and this gives us strength. If it were known here what is the actual number, our enemies would be promptly informed. But I will show you how many there are."

He rang the bell, and his secretary brought in the muster rolls of the morning. There were in the city, and for a circuit of seven miles around, less than eight thousand men, *Home Guards and all.** *There were but two full regiments.* The remainder of the force was made up of fragmentary and undisciplined regiments of two hundred and fifty, four hundred, and six hundred men. Mr. Colfax was astounded.

"It is a beggarly array of an army," exclaimed he, "even for the defense of the city. Yet—can't you spare some of these men?"

Fremont made no reply; but, with tears in his eyes, he handed the inquirer the two following telegrams, that day received from Washington. They speak for themselves.

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 14, 1861.

To MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

On consultation with the President and head of Department, it was determined to call upon you for five thousand well armed infantry, to be sent here without a moment's delay. Give them three days' cooked rations. This draft from your forces to be replaced by you, by draft from the States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, &c. How many men have you under arms in your district? Please answer fully and immediately.

SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 14, 1861.

To MAJ. GEN. FREMONT:

Detach five thousand infantry from your department, to come here without delay, and report the number of troops that will be left with you. The President dictates.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

"Telegraph," said Mr. Colfax, "that you have not the men to send—that Missouri will be lost if these troops are taken away."

"No," replied Fremont, "that would be insubordination, with which I have already been unjustly charged. The Capital must be again in

* The official return to the War Department, of this date, shows, in the city of St. Louis, including Home Guards, 6,890.

danger, and must be saved, even if Missouri fall, and I sacrifice myself."*

In truth, he had not the men. His official return† to the War Department, of this date, shows his entire force to have been (55,693) fifty-five thousand six hundred and ninety-three. Of these, over twenty thousand were at Cairo and in Kentucky, where their presence was imperatively needed, to protect Paducah, Cairo, and the Illinois border, from a threatened advance by the rebels. Of the remainder, a large proportion were Home Guards, and many were raw recruits, undrilled, unarmed, unorganized. They were scattered over a large territory, protecting important railroad lines, and maintaining order where it could only be maintained, by the presence of an efficient military force. And now, from his few and scattered bands, threatened with assault by an advance in Kentucky, and by a rebel foe twenty-five thousand strong in the West, he was required to send, without delay, not merely five thousand unorganized and unarmed men, to be armed and equipped from the arsenals in the East, but five thousand well armed men, their rations cooked, and themselves ready for service.‡

Gen. Fremont, however, put forth every energy to accomplish what the exigency of the case demanded. He telegraphed to Washington that he was preparing to obey the orders received. He telegraphed to Gen. Grant to send forward two regiments from Paducah. He commenced at once the work of organizing the other three. He telegraphed to the Governors of Ohio and Indiana for reënforcements, and received in reply that all the Ohio troops were ordered to Western Virginia, and all those of Indiana, to swell the army reposing upon the Potomac. He ordered the only two full regiments he had in the city of St. Louis, to proceed to Jefferson City, and telegraphed to Col. Davis a peremptory order, to send forward two regiments up the river to Lexington. He sent dispatch after dispatch to that officer, to hasten his movements. He telegraphed to Gen. Sturgis, then at Mexico, in North Missouri, to proceed to Lexington with his entire force, and assume command of the place. He telegraphed to Washington his situation, and urgently requested leave to retain the three regiments not yet sent East.

* Speech of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, March 7, 1862.

† Official return to War Department, dated Sept. 14, 1861, and quoted by Hon. Frank P. Blair, in Speech of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, *supra*.

‡ We can not refrain from quoting here the indignant utterance of an able writer, who could not but express too strongly that which he so strongly felt. "There is one occasion upon which the nation may wish, for Fremont's sake, that he had acted differently. McClellan sat in his office at Washington, in command of 70,000 men, a surfeit of troops, such as no general, on this continent, had ever led into an engagement. There was no attack to be made or met, but—he telegraphs to Fremont, to send him five of his best regiments immediately. The dispatch finds Fremont about to send these very troops to the relief of the imperiled Mulligan. True, Sturgis and others have been ordered to his relief, but he would make assurance doubly sure. Fremont protests. The administration reiterates the order, more and more peremptorily. FREMONT OUGHT TO HAVE DISOBEYED THE ORDER. But he obeyed, sending the troops eastward, leaving but three thousand to defend St. Louis, and Mulligan was sacrificed. Yet this is the man who is charged with being naturally insubordinate."—*Fremont and McClellan, by Van Buren Denslow.* Gen. Fremont surely did right in obeying the above order, cruel, as under the circumstances, that order seemed.

On the 18th, he received the desired permission. It came, however, too late to be of any avail in reënforcing Lexington. On the 16th, he received a telegram from Gen. Pope, that, by the 18th, two regiments of infantry, four pieces of artillery, and one hundred and fifty cavalry, would arrive at Lexington; and by the day following, further reënforcements, making a total of four thousand men. On the 18th, supposing Sturgis to have arrived at Lexington, he telegraphed to him, *at that point*, to coöperate with Col. Davis in a combined attack upon the enemy—so strong was his assurance that the Union forces were sufficient, not only to defend Lexington, but to assume the offensive. He telegraphed to Gen. Lane, of Kansas, to coöperate with and under Sturgis. He telegraphed to Col. Davis, to unite with Gens. Sturgis and Lane. Every day carried message after message over the wires. And if his commands had been carried out, or if Gen. Pope's promised reënforcements had come up, Lexington would not have fallen. But, for some unexplained reason, those reënforcements failed to arrive. Gen. Sturgis came to the north bank of the Missouri River, a few miles below Lexington, which is on the opposite bank, and learning that the ferry-boats had been destroyed, so that he could not cross, retired, without even showing himself to the enemy. Col. Davis stopped with his troops, on their way up the river, at a point where a rebel battery had been erected. Here he landed, for the purpose of storming it, in the darkness of the night. The troops, by accident, fired into each other, and were thrown into disorder. By this untoward event, they were so delayed, that they failed to reach Lexington in season.* While the country was wondering why Gen. Fremont did not put himself at the head of his troops in St. Louis to intercept Price, he had no troops there. At the time he was charged with doing nothing, he was straining every nerve to accomplish what, in truth, he had not sufficient means to accomplish. And, two days before Lexington fell, he had every reason to believe that, through the herculean efforts he had made, the Union troops were there in sufficient force, to justify an aggressive movement against the foe.

While Gen. Fremont was thus putting forth every energy to meet the demands made upon him, Gen. Price with his entire army had made his appearance before Lexington. It was occupied by Col. Mulligan with two thousand six hundred and forty men. Of these five hundred were Home Guards, and five hundred were cavalry, having only sabres and side arms, and, therefore, quite unfit for service in a siege. With this feeble band Col. Mulligan was to encounter an army of the most fierce and desperate men who could be gathered from the frontiers of civilization, amounting, as was admitted by the rebels, to twenty-five thousand, and estimated by others at ten thousand more.

On the 12th, Price invested the city. For a few days the fighting was confined to skirmishing on the outposts, as the dense lines of the beleaguering army selected and seized their positions. Early in the morning of the 18th, the rebels commenced a vigorous assault, from every available quar-

* Speech of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, March 7, 1862.

ter. The patriots stood as firm as the hills they trod, and through a long day of ceaseless and exhausting battle, beat off the foe with heavy loss. On the 19th the fight was again renewed, and there was another day of tumult, blood and woe, with no marked success on either side. But heroically the little band of patriots struggled against the swarming foe, assailing them at every point, and sure of the final victory. All access to the river, was, during the day, cut off by the rebels, and the Union camp was thus deprived of water. Provisions also began to fail. Some reënforcements, hastening to Mulligan's aid, were intercepted and driven back. The river boats had been burned by the rebels, and retreat was, therefore, impossible.

At 8 o'clock in the evening of this sad day, when the hearts of the boldest must have been sinking in despair, the rebel chieftain sent in a summons to surrender. Col. Mulligan nobly replied, "Come and take us." At 10 o'clock another flag of truce penetrated the patriot lines bearing another summons accompanied with the threat, that if the demand were not complied with, every man in the garrison should be bayoneted who survived the attack. Though the repulse of the foe seemed hardly possible, the flag was sent back with the stern, heroic resolve to fight to the bitter end. Such developments of moral grandeur make one proud of his race. These men were worthy of the cause for which they were ready to die.

A few hours of troubled repose were interrupted, at midnight, by the opening of a fierce cannonade. The rebels were so numerous that they could furnish relief parties, and thus continue the conflict night and day. The moment a few streaks of gray light appeared in the east, announcing the approaching dawn of morning, column after column, of desperate men, yelling like fiends, were hurled upon the slender lines, where but twenty-seven hundred martyr patriots stood in battle array. As the foe came rushing, roaring on, ten to one, the Home Guard, utterly exhausted with sleeplessness, thirst and toil, wavered, broke, and were swept away by the surge. In vain did Col. Mulligan endeavor to rally them. Despairingly they declared they had no strength to stand any longer. It was true. Their officers were nearly all slain; they had not a cartridge left; they had not a drop of water in their canteens, and nothing remained but to say to the rebels, fighting for the destruction of their country and its supporters, "Here are our bare bosoms; plunge in your swords." *

At 3 o'clock Lexington was surrendered. The officers were held as prisoners of war. The privates were discharged on taking an oath not to serve against the Confederate States. Terrible as had been the scene through which this little band of patriots had passed, many of the men, were, to the very last, entirely unreconciled to the thought of surrender,

* After the surrender Gen. Price detailed an officer to collect the ammunition. The officer called on the adjutant to produce it. The adjutant called up a dozen men, one after another, and exhibiting the empty cartridge boxes, said to the astonished rebel, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had, before we stopped fighting. Had there been any more, upon my word you should have had it, sir. But I will inquire, and if, by accident, there is a cartridge left, I will let you know." The rebel officer turned away, reflecting upon the glorious victory of having captured men who had fired their last shot.—*Chicago Post.*

and begged to be permitted in the death struggles of the most desperate sally, "to finish the thing." Some of the cavalry shot their horses, that they might not fall into the possession of the rebels.

The capture of Lexington was the only decided victory which the rebels thus far had achieved in Missouri. An army of twenty-five thousand men, with seven brigadier-generals, among them, Price, Rains and Hardee, succeeded, after eight days of close investiture, and three of hard fighting, in capturing a force of less than twenty-seven hundred men, five hundred of whom were irregulars, and five hundred imperfectly armed cavalry. This success they did not achieve until the provisions, water and ammunition of the Union forces had given out. Such a contest is unequaled in the annals of war. Let the rebels have all the credit of such a victory! It gave them five pieces of artillery, a considerable amount of arms, possession of the State seal and public records, about nine hundred thousand dollars in specie in the bank, and some prisoners. Otherwise their victory was as barren of results, as of glory. The position was untenable. No attempt was made to hold it. Indeed, if Gen. Fremont had possessed transportation, he might probably have cut off Price's retreat, and succeeded in capturing nearly his whole army.

On the 20th day of September Lexington fell into the hands of the rebels. On the 28th Gen. Fremont went into camp at Jefferson City, and gave his personal attention to the work of organizing a force to drive Price out of the State. An incident in camp life, illustrative of his character, is narrated by one of his officers. Twice in one night the long roll of the drum sounded the alarm. The staff officers sprang from their beds and rushed to report to their General. On each occasion they found him at the door of his tent waiting—the first officer ready. The alarms proved false.

In a little over a week, in spite of lack of transportation or means to procure it, and in spite of public discredit cast upon him, he was prepared to move. On the 30th of September, Price evacuated Lexington and commenced a retreat to the south. He left a rebel guard there in charge of some Union prisoners. On the 15th of October, Major White, commanding a squadron of cavalry, called Prairie Scouts, with two and twenty men, made a forced march of nearly sixty miles, surprised Lexington, dispersed the rebels, captured sixty or seventy prisoners, took two steam ferry boats and some other less valuable articles, rescued the Union prisoners left there, and with a rebel captured flag returned by another route to Warsaw, traveling with neither provisions nor transportation, and joining Fremont's forces south of the Osage. As characteristic of the energy of the men whom Gen. Fremont gathered about him, it is worth narrating, that Major White's horses being unshod, he procured some old iron, called for blacksmiths from the ranks, took possession of two unoccupied blacksmith's shops, and in five days made the shoes and shod all his horses. At another time the cartridges being spoiled by rain, they procured powder and lead, and turning a carpenter's shop into a cartridge factory, made three thousand cartridges. Such men could march, if necessary, without waiting for army wagons and regular equipments.

On the 8th of October Gen. Fremont commenced his pursuit. His men were imperfectly equipped. He possessed very insufficient transportation. But his soldiers were full of enthusiasm for him. And by aid of that enthusiasm he accomplished what scientific military men pronounced to be impossible. He was not merely in pursuit of Price. It was his plan, though not yet disclosed even to his second in command, not only to drive Price into Arkansas, or force him to battle in the State, but also to take possession of Little Rock, turn the position of the enemy on the Mississippi river, cut off all the rebel supplies from Arkansas, and be ready to coöperate with the descent of the gun-boats when two months later they should be completed. Thus his pursuit of Gen. Price was part of a well-formed plan for the opening of the Mississippi river.

On the 13th of October, while he was encamped at Tipton, he was visited by Mr. Cameron, from Washington, Secretary of War, accompanied by Adj.-Gen. Thomas. They had come upon a second visit of inspection. They informed Gen. Fremont of no charges against him, asked him for no explanations. Gen. Thomas, however, conversed freely with his subordinates upon the general conduct of the war. The intended visit of these high officials, and its purpose had been publicly made known to the country. The enemy were not ignorant of it. Charges had already been preferred against Gen. Fremont of a serious character. It was confidently asserted that he was to be removed, even that he was to be court-martialed. It was evident that the country was being prepared for a change in command. The Secretary and his aid returned to Washington. The former issued an order directing the fortifications in process of erection about St. Louis to be stopped. The latter presented a report of the results of their visit to the West. At a time when the journals of the North were forbidden to give any information concerning the condition of the army of the Potomac, this official report of the condition of Fremont's army was given to the newspapers and carried by them all over the land. Full details of every disadvantage under which Gen. Fremont labored were thus communicated to the enemy. Gen. Fremont's exact force was published, thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine men; it was averred that his arms were useless, and that in one regiment only twenty out of a hundred muskets would go off—that the men lacked necessary equipments—that Gen. Hunter, Fremont's second in command, had no confidence in him—that the army possessed no sufficient transportation, and that it was impossible for it to make the contemplated march. No efforts, however, were made to furnish the care-worn, but indomitable, General with more troops, or better arms or more effective means of movement. Gen. Fremont, as usual, answered the allegation that his proposed movements were impracticable by proceeding, with his accustomed energy, to complete them. Sigel, the indefatigable Sigel, his chosen general, led his advance. He marched with no other transportation than that which he could obtain from the farmers' wagons and ox-teams pressed temporarily into service. Whatever Gen. Fremont needed he took. Where the owner was unquestionably loyal he paid for it. Otherwise he gave a receipt, stating that it should be paid for, in case the owner continued loyal.

On the 18th of October, Gen. Fremont reached Warsaw on the Osage river. The stream broad, deep and swollen with heavy rains, could not be forded. There were neither boats nor lumber to be obtained. But in five days a bridge was constructed from the native forest, over which the army passed.

On the 25th the army was inspirited by the news that Jeff. Thompson's guerilla band, four thousand strong, had been utterly routed at Fredericktown, Mo. Three columns under Colonels Plummer, Marsh and Carlin, had been ordered, by Gen. Grant, in command at Cairo, to intercept and capture Thompson at that point. A messenger from Col. Plummer, advancing from the south to meet Col. Carlin advancing on the north, fell into Jeff. Thompson's hands. Learning thus of the projected attack, he evacuated Fredericktown and commenced a retreat in a southerly direction, successfully avoiding Col. Plummer. Leaving information that he had retreated, he formed an ambuscade about a mile from the town, and awaited the Union forces. By intelligence received from a negro woman, they escaped the trap, which was set for them. The position of the enemy being thus discovered, the Union troops assailed them with such impetuosity that, after a short, but severe contest, they were utterly routed, and were driven in disordered flight, having encountered heavy loss, more than ten miles.

Gen. Fremont was now near Springfield. The enemy was not far distant. A rebel garrison of three or four hundred were said to be in Springfield. On the 25th, Major Zagonyi, commandant of Gen. Fremont's body-guard, was directed to ride forward, with a force of about three hundred, to make a reconnoissance, and, if practicable, capture or disperse the rebels, and take possession of the village. Major Zagonyi was a Hungarian officer, drawn to the Western service by the fame of Fremont. He had himself recruited the body-guard which he commanded. It consisted of three companies of carefully picked men, armed with light sabres and revolvers. The first company also carried carbines. One hundred and sixty of this guard, with one hundred and forty of Major White's prairie scouts, already spoken of, constituted his force. As he advanced, he learned that the rebel guard had been reënforced, and that over two thousand men were ready to receive him. They had also been warned of his approach, and surprise was impossible. Prudence would have dictated that he return for reënforcements.

But Fremont's body-guard had been a subject of much ridicule and abuse. He determined to make good its reputation for valor, at least. Perhaps, by attacking the enemy in the rear, he might still secure the benefit of a surprise. This advantage he would gain, if possible. A detour of twelve miles around Springfield brought them to the rebels' position, but upon their south flank. They were strongly posted, just west of the village, on the top of a hill, which sloped toward the east. Immediately in their rear was a thick wood, impenetrable by cavalry. Before they came within sight of the enemy, Zagonyi halted his men. Drawing them up in line, he addressed them in the following brief and nervous words:

"Fellow soldiers, this is your first battle. For our three hundred, the

enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back."

He paused; no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat," he continued. "Our honor, and the honor of our General, and of our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis. To-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*Fremont and the Union!*' Draw sabre! By the right flank,—quick trot,—march!"

With that shout—"Fremont and the Union"—upon their lips, their horses pressed into a quick gallop, they turn the corner which brings them in sight of the foe. There is no surprise. In line of battle, protected in the rear by a wood which no cavalry can enter, the rebels stand, forewarned, ready to receive the charge. There is no time to delay—none to draw back. In a moment they have reached the foot of the hill. The rebel fire sweeps over their heads. The Prairie Scouts, by a misunderstanding of orders, become separated from their companions, and fail to join them again. Up the steep hill the hundred and sixty men press upon the two thousand of their foe. Seven guard horses fell upon a space not more than twenty feet square. But nothing can check their wild enthusiasm. They break through the rebel line. They drive the infantry back into the woods. They scatter the hostile cavalry on this side, and on that. They pursue the flying rebels down the hill again, and through the streets of the village.

It seems incredible, yet it is sober history—not romance; in less than three minutes, that body-guard of a hundred and sixty men had utterly routed and scattered an enemy, twenty-two hundred strong. Planting the Union flag upon the court-house, they retire as night set in, that they may not be surprised in the darkness by new rebel forces. Their loss was sixteen killed and twenty-eight wounded, out of the whole three hundred.

This has been pronounced an unnecessary sacrifice. The charge, it is said, was ill-judged. But the bravery surely merits the highest commendation, and the success sanctifies the judgment of Zagonyi, which directed the assault. Moreover, we needed the example of this chivalrous dash and daring, to wake up some of our too cautious generals, and to inspire that enthusiasm and that confidence of success, which are essential to great accomplishments. For let it not be forgotten that this was an expedition, which, in its ultimate results, was designed to sweep the Mississippi to the Gulf.

The ladies of Springfield, thus redeemed from rebel marauders, requested permission to present to their heroic deliverer a Union flag. Will it be believed? When this body-guard returned to St. Louis, by peremptory orders from Washington, it was disbanded; the officers retired from service, and the men were denied rations and forage. It was deemed inexpedient that a corps should exist, so enthusiastically devoted to their chivalrous leader. In the order which came for their disbanding, they were condemned for "words spoken at Springfield," condemned for that war-cry,

which inspired to as glorious a charge as was ever made on battle-field. "Fremont and the Union."

Zagonyi, in his official report of the battle, says, "Their war-cry, 'Fremont and the Union,' broke forth like thunder. Half of my command charged upon the infantry, and the remainder upon the cavalry, breaking their line at every point. The infantry retired into the thick wood, where it was impossible to follow them. The cavalry fled in all directions through the town. I rallied and charged through the streets, in all directions, about twenty times, returning at last to the court-house, where I raised the flag of one of my companies, liberated the prisoners, and united my men, who now amounted to seventy, the rest being scattered or lost.

"From the beginning to the end, the body-guard behaved with the utmost coolness. I have seen battles and cavalry charges before; but I never imagined that a body of men could endure and accomplish so much, in the face of such a fearful disadvantage. At the cry of 'Fremont and Union,' which was raised at every charge, they dashed forward repeatedly, in perfect order, and with resistless energy. Many of my officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, had three, or even four, horses killed under them. Many performed acts of heroism; not one but did his whole duty."*

On the 29th of October, Gen. Fremont, who always marched with his advance, established his headquarters at Springfield. So imperfectly had he been supplied with transportation, that many of his men carried their tents on their backs. The day following, Gen. Asboth's division and Gen. Lane's brigade came up. The latter was composed of Kansas border men, and two hundred negroes, armed and mounted. Gen. Fremont thought a negro was quite good enough to shoot a rebel. An arrangement was at this time partly consummated between Fremont and Price, for the exchange of prisoners, the release of all persons proscribed for mere opinion's sake, the abandonment of guerilla warfare, and the confining of the military struggle to the armies in the field.

Gen. Price was now at Neosho, in the south-western corner of the State. It was quite evident that he must either give the Union men battle, or abandon the State. Only a part of his forces could he possibly induce to follow him beyond the frontiers. Many of his Missouri recruits enlisted for Missouri alone, and had been induced to enlist only by false representations. Nor could the result of a battle be doubtful. The spirit which actuated Fremont's body-guard, was the spirit of the entire army. At this juncture of affairs, on the eve apparently of battle, (for the news had already come that Price was advancing from Neosho,) while Gen. Fre-

* Major Zagonyi was born at Szatmar, Hungary, in 1826. Espousing the patriot cause during the Hungarian Revolution, he enlisted under Bem, in Transylvania. His gallantry soon raised him to the rank of Captain of Hussars. At the disastrous close of the war, he followed Bem into Turkey. About the year 1852, he emigrated to this country, and took up his residence at Hoboken, New Jersey. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he earnestly espoused the cause of the National Government, and received a commission from Gen. Fremont, in whose service he engaged with all the enthusiasm of ancient chivalry.

mont was in the immediate presence of the foe, there came, on the second day of November, an order, superseding him, and directing him to transfer the command to Gen. Hunter. The latter was still far in the rear. His division was the last of all to enter Springfield. Incessant and venomous as had been the attacks upon Gen. Fremont, the country was taken by surprise. The army was even less prepared for it. As soon as the intelligence spread through the camps, the wildest excitement everywhere prevailed. Officers and men organized themselves into indignation meetings. Large numbers of officers declared their determination to resign. Whole companies threw down their arms. Gen. Fremont consecrated all his personal influence, entreating the men to remain, like true patriots, at their posts. He sent immediately to Gen. Hunter the intelligence of his appointment, and, without delay, issued the following beautiful and effective appeal to the army:

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., *Nov.* 2, 1861.

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY: Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirit which you bring to the defense of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support, with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I had thus far labored to bring together. Soldiers! I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms. (Signed) J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General U. S. A.

Gen. Hunter was so far in the rear, that although Gen. Fremont had sent three couriers after him, he had not, the next day, Nov. 3d, arrived. It became evident, that if Gen. Fremont left before Gen. Hunter's arrival, the discipline of the army would be endangered. Nor was this all. News now came that the enemy, availing themselves of the disturbed condition of the Union forces, were concentrating, and marching toward Springfield. Price's advance guard were reported by scouts to have arrived, the night before, at Wilson's Creek, but ten miles distant. The remainder of his force was but a little in the rear. McCulloch was reported at Dug Springs. The rebels were apparently moving, to concentrate at Wilson's Creek. Their combined force was estimated at forty thousand men.* The news of their advance was brought in, both by scouts and by great numbers of Union citizens, who came, fleeing before the rebel army, to Springfield, for protection. In the evening, one hundred and ten officers,

* Acting Maj. Gen. Asboth's (4th Div.) official report to Maj. Gen. Fremont, Nov. 3, 1862.

including every brigadier-general in the army, visited Gen. Fremont, in a body. They presented him a written address, full of sympathy and respect, and earnestly urged him to lead them against the enemy. Gen. Fremont replied to the address, that if Gen. Hunter did not arrive before morning, he would comply with their request. At eight o'clock in the evening, he accordingly issued the order of battle. The enemy occupied the same ground as that which they had occupied in the battle of Wilson's Creek. Gen. Lyon's plan of attack was to be substantially followed. The rebels were to be surrounded. Gens. Sigel and Lane were to assail them in the rear, Gen. Asboth from the east, Gens. McKinstry and Pope in front. The attack was to be simultaneous. Every camp was astir with the inspiriting news. Every soldier was full of enthusiasm.

But at midnight Gen. Hunter arrived. Gen. Fremont informed him of the condition of affairs, advised him of his plans, and surrendered the command into his hands. The order for battle was forthwith countermanded, and orders were issued to the army to prepare to turn their backs upon the foe, and retrace their march to St. Louis. The next morning, Gen. Fremont, with his staff, left the camp. As he passed along the lines, the soldiers crowded around him in a tumultuous throng, to seize his hands and receive a parting greeting. The crowd was so dense, that it was with difficulty the General made his way through it. Never was an officer more adored by his troops than was Fremont. He arrived in St. Louis on the 8th of November. The loyal citizens flocked to meet him. A long procession escorted him from the station. At night, a magnificent torch-light procession marched through the city to his headquarters. A triumphant general, clothed with the splendors of victory, could scarcely have received a more magnificent ovation than did Gen. Fremont, dishonored by the Government which he had so faithfully served. It is said by the St. Louis papers to have been one of the largest assemblages ever gathered in that city. Resolutions of confidence were passed, and an address of the warmest sympathy was presented to him. This voluntary and unexpected display of popular confidence and affection, in the city best acquainted with his military administration, completely overpowered Gen. Fremont. He could scarcely reply. His speech contained no word of bitterness against his traducers, no strictures upon the Government. And from that day to this, he has spoken but once in his own defense, lest he should be the means of distracting the country, and embarrassing the administration, surrounded by greater difficulties than any administration ever encountered before.

Slowly and sadly, the army, under the command of Gen. Hunter, prepared to retrace its steps. Accompanied by a mournful procession of exiles, who had fondly trusted to Fremont's expedition to render their homes henceforth safe, it marched back, and South Missouri was left to be overrun and pillaged by the rebels once more.

Months after, another army, under Gen. Curtis, pursuing the same plan which Gen. Fremont had formed, marched over the same ground, to obtain possession of Little Rock, and the control of the State of Arkansas. But it was now mid-winter; the troops toiled through mud and storm.

They met the foe at Pea Ridge, under the disadvantage of fearful odds, and fought that terrible battle, which vindicated Gen. Fremont's policy and strategy.

Why was Gen. Fremont removed? Not until the secret political history of the rebellion, which unmasks hearts and exhibits motives, shall be written, can this question be fully answered. No ground for his removal has ever been officially made known. It has, indeed, been charged that extravagance marked the financial management of his department. Very likely. Wherever there is carrion, the vultures flock. Wherever there is an opportunity for public plunder, corrupt men greedily gather. They abounded in Washington, in New York, in St. Louis. But it has never been shown that there was any greater extravagance or corruption in St. Louis, than existed in every branch of the Government. No definite charge has ever been made, that Gen. Fremont himself participated in any schemes for defrauding the country, or ever reaped any advantage therefrom; while it is certain that the finances of his department were mainly under the control of a man whom he did not appoint, and could not remove. Gen. McKinstry, moreover, deserves applause, not censure, for his energetic and sagacious administration of affairs.

It has also been averred that he was incompetent. And the specifications against him are the death of Gen. Lyon and the fall of Lexington. How far he was responsible for these two disasters, the only ones which ever occurred under his command, the reader can now judge for himself. But it is worth while to note what, in the short space of three months, this incompetant man had accomplished.

At the time of taking command he found the State of Missouri seething in every county with rebellion, and overrun with guerillas; he found it threatened with two large armies entering its borders from different quarters; he found the United States forces scattered, discouraged and many of them on the point of disbanding; he found the entire department disorganized and himself in the midst of a rebellious city, without coöperation from the General Government, without arms or equipments, without money and with but imperfectly sustained credit. He had to redeem the State from rebellion, protect the border of Illinois against a rebel advance through Kentucky, and make preparations for the descent of the Mississippi river. He carried on his operations in spite of public detractions, private machinations, and a constantly increasing and unconcealed distrust on the part of the National Government.

At a time when the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was repeatedly destroyed, and the Potomac river blockaded, he guarded over one thousand miles of river and railroad communication in a rebellious territory and without the aid of a navy, not once allowing a single railroad in the State of Missouri to pass from under his control. At a time when Western Virginia and East Tennessee were overrun with guerillas he had restored comparative order throughout nearly the whole State of Missouri, and confined the contest to one between armies in the field. By a mere show of strength which he did not actually possess, he successfully defended the south-eastern border from an army of twenty thousand men,

and by taking possession of well-selected points in Kentucky, effectually guarded the southern border of Illinois from threatened attack. He formed an ingenious plan for piercing the centre of the Southern Confederacy by means of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers; the subsequent successful accomplishment of which, though at a terrible expense of life which Fremont's earlier energy would have saved, afforded the country its first real encouragement, and gave the loyal arms their greatest success. And in addition to all this, at a time when no other Division General had left his intrenchments, he had organized an army of nearly forty thousand men, put himself at its head, and marched through an enemy's country over three hundred miles, in pursuit of a retreating foe, bridging a deep and broad river on his march, and pursuing his course in spite of obstacles, which the Adjutant-General of the United States had declared to be *insurmountable*. If to all these successes he did not add that of a glorious victory upon the field, it is only because, on the eve of a decisive battle, the result of which no one can doubt, the Government yielded to the persuasions of his enemies, and removed him from command.

No! Gen. Fremont's removal was owing neither to financial nor military mismanagement on his part. Two causes conspired to produce it—political jealousies and pro-slavery partisanship. Gen. Fremont had been a popular presidential candidate. The West admired the man, the East his principles. A successful military career would make him a dangerous rival in the future. He was constantly rising in popular esteem. Men who loved office more than country, sought to be rid of him. They feared not that he would be defeated, but that he would be victorious. And they set in motion every possible political machination to secure his overthrow.

They were assisted in their effort by a powerful pro-slavery faction, whose good-will it was thought good statesmanship to conciliate. Gen. Fremont loved freedom for the human race, as well as for himself. No fugitive slave was ever refused admittance within his lines. None was ever returned to the tender mercies of rebel masters. With energy and vigor he entered upon the work of his campaign, as though that policy was the truest and the best, which should most speedily crush the rebellion. Those who thought that the utmost care must be taken, in making war upon slave-holding rebels, not to hurt slavery, were shocked that Gen. Fremont struck his country's enemy, in his most vulnerable part. Border-State men demanded a different policy, and Border States were to be satisfied at every hazard. Those, too, who imagined that the rebellion was a mere temporary excitement which would spend itself soon by its own want of enduring energy, thought Gen. Fremont formed plans on too large a scale, and prepared for movements of unnecessary magnitude. Months have sinced passed away. Every plan which he formed has since been successfully carried out. The military campaign which he planned, and *as he planned it*, has been executed by his successor. The gun-boats which were built under his direction, if not indeed planned by his inventive genius, have given us our most glorious victories. While the Government which removed him, because his action was too energetic and his

principles too radical, adopts, ten months after, those principles as its own, and at the time of this writing, encourages a people yet to hope, under serious reverses, for ultimate success, by the promise to inaugurate, at last, that vigorous war policy, the adoption of which by Gen. Fremont in the Fall of 1861 resulted in his removal from command.

The supposed necessity of uniting all parties, led the Government, at the commencement of the rebellion, to place the command of the armies in the hands of men of known pro-slavery proclivities. It could hardly be expected that such men would vigorously press the war. They were committed to the idea that the war was needless, and that the North ought to have assented to the requirements of the slaveholders, and to have adopted those changes in the Constitution which slavery demanded. Many of our leading military officers manifested far more hostility to the spirit of emancipation, than to the spirit of slavery, and were less reluctant to *sustain*, than to *abolish* the institution. But we were fighting the great battle of freedom against slavery. No general can be expected to be victorious who has not faith in his cause. The great generals of the past, Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, were profoundly earnest in the great principles for which they had drawn their swords. They had no sympathy with the antagonistic principles of their foes. The rebels were ferociously in earnest. But we sent against them many men, as leaders of our armies, who openly affirmed that the rebels were half right. Such men fought merely from a sense of military etiquette, and from no profound conviction of the justice of the national cause. Of several of them, it is reported that they long hesitated which side to choose. In so fierce a conflict between freedom and slavery, no man was fit to be in command of the armies of freedom, whose head and whose heart were in sympathy with slavery. These influences for months paralyzed our energies. Generals intensely pro-slavery, and with wives openly and avowedly Secessionists, were hardly in the right moral position, to meet Jackson, and Lee, and Beauregard. That we had such, none will deny. Hence our arms were, at times, sadly dishonored.

It is true that the North did not take up arms for the overthrow of slavery. Over slavery in the slaveholding States, it admitted that neither the General Government nor the free States had a right to exert any control. The South took up arms to overthrow the Constitution, to carry slavery into all the States and Territories, and to confer upon the slaveholders new guarantees of power, and the efficient support of the National Government. Those who urged the emancipation of the slaves, urged it, not as the end and object of the war, *but as the cheapest, the most bloodless, and, in fact, the only efficient means of bringing the war to a close.* Much as the North abhorred slavery—criminal as they deemed it in the sight of God, in this terrible conflict they were constrained to regard emancipation *merely as a potent instrument of war, with which to save the blood of their sons, and to rescue the Union from destruction.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

SECESSION PLANS FOR SECURING FOREIGN AID.—PRIVATEERS.—TREATY AT PARIS IN 1856.—ISSUE OF LETTERS OF MARQUE.—SHORT SUCCESS OF PRIVATEERS.—THE SAVANNAH.—THE JEFF. DAVIS.—RETALIATION OF THE REBELS.—LETTER OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—ATTITUDE OF OTHER MONARCHS OF EUROPE.—JOHN M. MASON.—JOHN SLIDELL.—CAPT. WILKES.—SEIZURE OF THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS.—CAPT. WILKES' REASONING AND ACTION IN CASE OF THE TRENT.—EXCITEMENT CAUSED BY THE TRENT AFFAIR IN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.—SECRETARY SEWARD'S OPINION.

THE same acts of violence at the South, which closed the door to any peaceful and lawful settlement of the questions at issue, between the slave States and the free States, threw wide open the broad road which invited foreign nations to embroil themselves in the conflict. It was doubtless one of the objects of the Secessionists, in refusing a constitutional solution, and raising arms against the Government, that war might create motives, and give opportunity, for aid from abroad, which could not otherwise be had. So long as the struggle was a political debate, the interests of slavery never could invite sympathy. But to break the peace of the world, was to compel the attention of other nations, and bring into play causes which might at last subserve those interests, and which could not make them more hopeless of prevailing than they were under peaceful discussion. Every thing favored this design. The manufactures and the commerce, alike, of England and France, would stand opposed to any efforts which the Government would make to regulate the exportation of the Southern staples. The blockade of rebellious seaports would stop the wheels which gave employment to millions of Europeans. Governments which draw their revenues from commerce, can not stand idle while commerce is suppressed, even in the name of liberty. Governments which dread the discontent of their own common people, can not suffer those people to spend a year of idleness, even though the future of a foreign continent depended on the event. Once fairly at war, the Confederacy, claiming the position of a belligerent, and offering a free trade to European commerce, could invite alliance from those nations whose intervention the North would most dread. The original cause of the struggle would be forgotten, in the new conditions to which war would give rise. The scene would be changed, in the eyes of Europeans, from a political debate, which every American loves, and few foreigners appreciate or much care for, into a war, which would bring both parties irresistibly before their notice. Immediate motives of interest would countervail sympathy throughout

the civilized world. The voice of commerce would silence the voice of humanity. Thus shrewdly was it argued throughout the South.*

The settled position of the United States upon questions of the relative rights of neutrals and belligerents, contributed, it so happened, to favor this policy. Peace and the rights of peaceful commerce, have been the constant care of our Government, in the periods of European war which have occurred during its national existence. It could not, when placed before other nations in the attitude of a belligerent, reverse its policy, and assert against such nations those belligerent claims, which, for three-quarters of a century, it had strenuously resisted.

These considerations, which entered largely into the motives for war, also moulded the policy of the Secessionists throughout, and made it apparent, from the outset, that while the chief trial of force would be upon land, foreign relations and maritime questions would require the utmost delicacy and skill, to avert conflicts at sea, and a foreign intervention,—more to be deprecated than many reverses at home.

From these sources arose some of the most engrossing questions, and some of the most exciting incidents of the war.

In respect to a navy, the conspirators commenced their contest without fearing much from the Government, for, by the precautions of traitors, the national navy, as we have before shown, had been so scattered into distant parts of the globe, that there were but three vessels of war at the immediate service of the administration, when the necessity for their use became apparent.

The Confederates, during the progress of the conflict, had two vessels of war upon the ocean, which have excited much attention and solicitude: the Sumter and the Nashville. The former was a propeller, of about five hundred tons burden, which escaped the blockade at New Orleans, early in the summer of 1861. After about nine months of active service, in the course of which she ingeniously eluded our cruisers, and captured eighteen American merchant vessels, seven of which she burnt at sea, she was finally abandoned at Gibraltar. The Nashville, formerly a merchant steamer, running between New York and Southern ports, was converted into a vessel of war by the rebels, and in October, 1861, escaped from Charleston, and, after burning a merchant vessel at sea, and carrying the crew in irons to Liverpool, encountered an American vessel of war, but under the shelter of the English coast. Since then, the Nashville has been

* Soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, early in June, 1861, Mr. William H. Hurlbut, one of the editors of the New York Times, had an interview with several of the leading men in the rebellion, at Richmond. He reports of Mr. Toombs, Secretary of State for the Confederacy, "He professed the profoundest indifference to the sentiment of the civilized world on the subject of slavery and its extension—avowed his intimate conviction that the policy of England and France must depend absolutely on the interests of the cotton-trade, and would consequently be controlled by the Confederate States. France, in particular, he felt assured, must be drawn into such a practical alliance with the Confederacy, as would afford her the means of overtaking and outstripping England in the race of industry; and he had no doubt that France would rapidly recognize the importance of conceding to the new republic, an unlimited extension toward the tropics. With Europe thus comfortably secured, the Southern Secretary was quite at his ease in regard to the pending war with the North."

for much of the time imprisoned, either in foreign ports by the watch of a national vessel of war, detailed for the purpose, or in a Southern port by the general blockade.

The practice of privateering is founded upon a barbarous doctrine, which, though it has been abandoned in warfare upon land, is still the general rule of warfare upon the sea. The time was, when war was a license to any citizen or combination of citizens, to prey upon the private property of citizens of the enemy; but by the customary law of civilized nations, this is no longer justified with respect to private property upon land. But such property, if embarked upon the sea, is still deemed lawful prize. From this grew the practice of enlisting private vessels in coöperation with the navy, such vessels being authorized, by the government employing them, to capture the enemy's property upon the sea, for their own benefit. Privateering thus is distinguished from piracy, only by the circumstance that it is the authorized act of individuals in coöperation with their government, in the prosecution of a war. The interests of commerce, so much prejudiced by such a rule, have at last secured among European nations an important modification. The first Napoleon made strenuous efforts to confine war, upon the sea, as upon land, to belligerents; but England, then mistress of the seas, pertinaciously refused. In 1856 the nations of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, at the Congress of Paris, agreed that the enemy's goods, except contraband of war, should not be liable to capture when carried in neutral vessels, and that neutral goods, except contraband of war, should not be liable to capture, though carried by an enemy's vessel. By the same compact these nations agreed that privateering was abolished; and they invited to these modifications of existing international law the adherence of other nations.

The United States, who have steadily contemplated peace rather than war, and have provided for self-defense, but not for invasion, were unwilling to relinquish a resort to the coöperation of privateers, which would eke out, in time of war, that small navy which a settled policy of peace permits, except with the adoption of the manifestly righteous rule that private property should be wholly respected at sea as on land. So long as the devastation of private property is lawful, it matters little whether it is committed by a great navy, or by a small navy aided by privateers. Our Government, therefore, urged again, as it had done before, the adoption of the rule that all private property, not contraband of war, should be respected wheresoever found, and offered to accede to the abolition of privateering upon the adoption of this principle. Their views, however, were rejected. In April, 1861, immediately after the President called for a force of militia to defend and retake the Federal property, Mr. Davis issued a proclamation inviting private vessels to embark in privateering, under letters of marque and reprisal, which he announced that the Confederacy would issue. By the authority of the Confederate Congress, a bounty of twenty dollars was offered for each person on board any armed vessel of the United States, burned or sunk by a privateer, as well as a bounty for prisoners taken into port. Subsequently the rebel Congress

declared its adherence to the rules adopted by the Congress of Paris, except that one which relates to privateering.

No sooner was the war commenced than our Government, anticipating the depredations of Southern privateers, offered to the European Governments their adherence to all the rules adopted in the Congress at Paris of 1856, including that abolishing privateering; but the proposal was declined unless accepted on the understanding that it should not apply to the present conflict; a qualification which, of course, defeated the offer.

The United States, however, adopted for itself the rules which it had thus offered to adhere to, and instead of resorting to privateers, created a new navy, far more formidable than any force which it had ever before wielded at sea; and the few schooners and brigs, which under commissions from Jefferson Davis, stole out of Southern harbors, eluding by shallow and unfrequented inlets, the cruisers of that navy, found brief success in their privateering cruises. The close of the year brought Southern legalized buccaneering substantially to an end.

The capture of some of these privateers and the trial of the men thus taken, in the Federal courts, gave rise to very interesting discussions. The first privateer which ventured out was the first to be captured. On the 3d of June, 1861, the American brig *Joseph*, bound from Philadelphia to Cardenas with a cargo of sugar, fell in, off Charleston, with a pilot-boat, which, at such a distance from the harbor, was deemed a suspicious vessel. The merchantman changed her course, hoping to avoid an encounter. The stranger pursued her and gained constantly. She proved to be a schooner of about fifty tons; and though she displayed the American flag, this scarcely allayed the fears of the master of the brig, after he discerned upon the deck of his pursuer, which proved to be the *Savannah*, a large carronade mounted on a swivel platform, amidships. The crew of this vessel, numbering about twenty men, had been collected for the purpose from the wharves of Charleston, but entered upon the expedition without any shipping articles, and regarding it apparently as an excursion of a few days, in which profit might be combined with pleasurable excitement. Her career was short. She left Charleston on Sunday afternoon. Monday morning she overhauled the *Joseph* and demanded that a boat be sent on board with her papers. With this demand the captain of the *Joseph* complied. As he came on board, the privateer hoisted the Confederate flag, and told him that he was a prisoner and his vessel a prize to the Confederate States. The merchantman had no other means of resistance than an old musket, and without remonstrance surrendered, and a prize crew took possession of the vessel and carried her into Charleston. The *Savannah* stood off in search of another prize.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, a sail was descried, which, with the aid of opera-glasses from the mast-head, the privateers took for another merchant vessel, and prepared to attack her. On approaching she was found to be the *Perry*, a United States vessel of war, and the chase was quickly reversed. Soon after dark the privateer being overhauled, was ordered to heave to, and resistance being in vain, he surrendered as quietly as his victim had done a few hours before. The captain of the privateer and

his twelve remaining confederates were sent to New York for trial, and their arrival there, and the proceedings had in their case, excited an intense interest. They were indicted for piracy, and one of their number turned state's evidence. The trial occupied eight days, but the testimony in the case was brief and simple; the discussions of counsel filling most of that time. Those discussions ably reviewed the position of the contending parties. For the prisoners it was urged, not only that the posture of the Confederates was justifiable, but even conceding that it were wrong, these men, who were simple and ignorant, were excusable in falling in with the general course of the people of their region. It was insisted that the Confederacy, however lawless the court might deem its origin, was an existing and powerful government, which, since it could compel the obedience of individuals, could also sanction their action; and that the signature of Jefferson Davis upon the commission which the privateer bore, was a protection to them against any other fate than that of prisoners of war. On the other hand it was urged, that acts which by the law of the land were piracy, did not gain a sanction by claiming an authority from treason; that that, which was traitorous in eight men, was so in eight thousand, and this though eight millions consented; that the audacity, the vigor, and the alarming extent of the insurrection, so long as it continued to be but an insurrection, without recognized and established success, did not make it a lawful authority which could turn acts of piracy into legitimate warfare.

The court declared that they could not recognize as a lawful power, any political community which had not been recognized by the other departments of the Government, but loosely left the broad question of whether the prisoners were guilty of piracy or not, to the jury, who upon that question were unable to agree, and the prisoners were remanded for a second trial.

The other important trials were those of William Smith and his companions, who were members of the crew of the privateer *Jeff. Davis.* The *Jeff. Davis* was a brig which was fitted out in the harbor of Charleston in the month of June, 1861, and cruised upon the Atlantic coast for some time, capturing and burning a number of American vessels, until in the middle of August she was wrecked near St. Augustine, Florida. She sailed under the French flag. On the 6th of July she captured the schooner *Enchantress*, bound from Boston to Cuba. The privateers deemed as the chief item of their prize, next after the vessel, the colored cook, who, they said, would bring a thousand dollars in Charleston; and they accordingly sent him back in the *Enchantress* to be sold there with the cargo. The rest of the crew were taken as prisoners upon the *Jeff. Davis.* William Smith, the boatswain of the *Jeff. Davis*, with several other privateer's men, went on board the *Enchantress* to carry her in; and in the course of a singularly slow voyage they were alarmed by encountering an American vessel of war, the *Albatross.* The colored cook, though he was a captive, was performing his usual duties, and while he was going to and fro between the galley and the cabin with his dishes, saw the captain of the prize crew, with a spy-glass, observing the approaching steamer. He made errands in his work, that he might continue on deck. He was told

to conceal himself in the forecastle, but instead of that went into his galley, where he watched with intense interest the approach of deliverance. He saw the steamer hoist the American flag, and he saw one of the prize crew hoist the same colors in response. He heard the prize crew agreeing among themselves to personate the master and crew of the *Enchantress*, who were now prisoners upon the *Jeff. Davis*. He heard the man-of-war hail the schooner, and the reply from her deck that she was the *Enchantress* "bound to Cuba." As soon as that was said, he ran from the galley and jumped overboard toward the American vessel of war, shouting, "She is a captured vessel of the privateer *Jeff. Davis*, and they are taking her into Charleston." A boat from the United States vessel picked up the heroic man and then boarded the schooner, took the crew prisoners, and carried them into Philadelphia for trial.

Upon the trial much the same questions were discussed as in the case of the *Savannah*, and it was further urged in behalf of the prisoners that by the laws of Georgia, from whence Smith came, every man capable was compelled to enter the service of the Confederate States, on land or on the sea. Under a more explicit charge from the court, the prisoners in this case were convicted of piracy, with the exception of one of the crew, Eben Lane, against whom the Government produced no evidence, it being alleged that he, having charge of the helm of the *Enchantress*, as one of the prize crew, steered the vessel south in the day time, but north by night, when he was not observed; thereby keeping her longer upon the ocean and conducing to her re-capture.

When the news of the conviction of Smith reached Richmond, the rebels took immediate measures of retaliation, by the infliction upon officers of the Federal army whom they had taken as prisoners of war, of a mode of imprisonment similar to that inflicted upon felons, accompanied by threats that the execution of sentence upon the privateers' men would be the signal for the execution of these officers. In pursuance of this purpose a general of the Confederate army, acting under specific instructions from the Confederate Secretary of War, entered the military prisons in Richmond and compelled Mr. Ely, a member of Congress, who was among the prisoners, to draw by lot from the names of six Federal colonels there confined, one, who was to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons, to answer for the safety of the convict Smith, and also to draw from the officers next in rank to the remaining five colonels, eight more to be with him imprisoned in a similar manner, to answer for the safety of the thirteen prisoners taken on the *Savannah*, who were then awaiting their trial at New York. The first lot fell upon Col. Michael Corcoran of the 69th N. Y. State Militia. He was handcuffed and chained to the floor in a solitary cell in South Carolina. The other officers thus drawn were Col. Lee, 20th Mass. Vol.; Col. Coggswell, 42d N. Y. Zouaves; Col. Woodruff, 2d Kentucky; Col. Wilcox, 1st Mich.; Col. Wood, 14th N. Y. State Militia; Maj. Potter, 38th N. Y. Vol.; Lieut.-Col. Neff, 2d Ken. Vol.; Maj. Revere, Mass. Vol.; Lieut.-Col. Bowman, Penn.; Maj. Vodges, U. S. 1st Artillery; Capt. Rockwood; Capt. Bowman, 15th Mass., and Capt. Keffer, 1st Cal. These officers were also imprisoned.

Such threats, thus vigorously carried into effect, renewed the discussion at the North, as to whether the privateers ought to be treated as felons. It was forcibly urged, that whatever technical distinctions might be based upon the letter of the law, a seaman who had enlisted as a privateer had not, in fact, been guilty of any greater offense than a landsman who enlisted in the Confederate army, and that, if our Government expected to succeed in maintaining their policy of forbearance, in dealing with those who had been led into the rebellion, the same treatment must be applied to both classes of prisoners, and either class must be exchanged for prisoners taken by the Confederates. Upon these, and similar considerations, the privateersmen were subsequently ordered to be treated as prisoners of war, and were finally included in the general exchange of prisoners, by which their hostages were released.

Although a few months of vigorous ship-building created a navy that sufficed to close the chapter of privateering, the difficulty and delicacy of sustaining our peaceful relations abroad, increased steadily with the progress of the war.

The Emperor of Russia, in a course contrasting with the attitude of other European nations, as strongly as does the condition and promise of his realm contrast with theirs, expressed to our Government the profound regrets which he felt at the aspect of our conflict. "For more than eighty years," said his prime minister, by his command, "the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress, to the concord of its members, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions, and of their interests, and perhaps even because of their diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond, which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifices which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it, are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United, they perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed." * * * * * * "This Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium: it constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interests,—for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests, and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other."

With such words as these did he attest a lively solicitude, in the presence of the dangers which menaced the Union, and his sincere desire for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised, and which appeared so rich in its future. And the Russian ambassador, through whom this communication was addressed, was requested to express these

sentiments, as well to the members of the General Government, as to the influential persons whom he might meet, giving them the assurance that, in every event, the American nation might count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of the Emperor, during the important crisis through which it was passing.

In other friendly nations of Europe, to whom, on the breaking out of the insurrection, the American people looked for, at least, the moral support of allies, they found cool neutrals. When they looked again for sympathy, they found indifference, and no good wishes; and, still later, when they could hope for nothing more than indifference and neutrality, even this hope seemed insecure, and it became obvious that, in fact, they owed even immunity from molestation during their trouble, to the hearty and unanimous agreement of the North in resisting the insurrection, and in devoting every thing to this paramount object; and to the quiet but decided announcement of the administration, to European Governments, that whoso made friends with rebels made enemies of us, in a cause to which the whole resources of the nation were consecrated.

That the English nation, of all others most closely connected with ourselves by every tie both of interest and of sentiment, should have looked upon our troubles, with more complacency than any other nation, was a startling surprise to the American People. Besides the motives of commercial interest, upon which the Secessionists counted, other causes, which though deeper, are as obvious as the contrast between popular rights and hereditary privileges, combined to raise antipathy, especially in England, to the National cause. Jealousy and distrust, which find no expression while their object enjoys prosperity, quickly become an ill-disguised or open enmity, when adversity befalls it.

The successful exercise of political power by the common people at large, and the efficient and economical conduct of government upon a system that denies the privileges which nobles and monarchs claim, and repudiates the burdens they impose, have long been an argument against the existence of aristocratic institutions in England, which English reformers have freely used and which the opponents of reform have found difficult to answer. Much of the obloquy and prejudice with which America has been viewed by England is doubtless due to this cause. When those who believe in the rights of the common people have urged an extension of the suffrage there, and the adoption of the ballot, and have pointed to the successful operation of the ballot and general suffrage in America, the only reply to be made has been, The United States are but an experiment, and it can be but a short time before the defects of their system will prove fatal. To support this reply, the evils incidental to the operation of the ballot were depicted in strong colors, and the accidents of the system were magnified, to represent its essential features.

When those who desired to alleviate the burdens of taxation which are rendered necessary by enormous military and naval establishments, have resorted to the example of the United States, to demonstrate that a free nation may be secure, without spending its best energies in a constant preparation for war, and taxing its people to maintain standing armies,

the answer has been, America is but an experiment, and is only safe in such a policy by reason of her isolated position and her broad and thinly peopled territory; but when internal dissension or a formidable foreign war comes upon her, such a government will be utterly helpless.

When those who believe in the equal destiny of every portion of the race, have sought to induce the Government of England to take some care for the thorough education of the masses of the people, and have pointed to the common school system of America, urging that it is alike the privilege and duty of a government to pursue such a method, which affords to the poorest and humblest child the opportunity of obtaining equal intelligence and learning with the most wealthy, and that the experience of America ought to suffice to show that such a system is sound economy, and that the welfare of the nation largely depended upon the intelligence of the masses of the people; those who believe that the masses were made to be governed, and that a superior intelligence is the duty, and the privilege of a few, but is a dangerous source of discontent and ambition among the common people, whose lot it is to submit, could make no other reply, than that America was but an experiment, and the time might be anticipated when a country whose common people assumed to regulate their own affairs would fall into disorder, and the people would be compelled to return to the custody and tutelage of aristocracies and hereditary power.

For many years the continued success of the democratic government and the growing prosperity of the people, have postponed the fulfillment of these evil predictions, and given new strength to arguments which a reform party of increasing vigor and boldness have drawn from our example. Thus gradually the fundamental ideas of democratic polity, have shaped and animated the policy and sentiment of a small but respectable and influential school of English statesmen. When the scheme of the Secessionists was declared, the final answer to these troublesome reformers was deemed near at hand; and it is no wonder that men whose power was in the course of slow but sure diminution and restriction, in part from the influence of our example, and who had constantly predicted that insuperable evils were inevitable, under a democratic system, and must yet appear in America, were ready to accept an ordinance of secession as the dismemberment of the nation. It is no wonder that the stability of their own political influence, the desire for uninterrupted commerce, and a repugnance to the bloody spectacle of war, should all unite in making them impatient to see the dissolution successful.

It was only by the most distinct assurance, on the part of our Government, that the United States, if represented at all at foreign courts, would be represented solely and alone by the Federal Government; and that an attempt to cultivate diplomatic relations with the Confederates, would be the signal for the immediate suspense of such relations with us,—that the early recognition of the Confederates, by one or more of the European powers, seems to have been prevented. The British Government promptly declared themselves neutral in respect to this contest, by a proclamation which treated the insurgents and the Government as belligerents, and warned all subjects of the realm against aiding either of the parties.

Early in June, 1861, the Emperor of France, by proclamation, declared his resolution "to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the Government of the Union, and the States which propose to form a separate confederation;" and he forbade vessels of war or privateers, of either party, to stay in French ports, or Frenchmen to engage in the service of either belligerent.

Even before the schemes of the Secessionists had been disclosed at the North, they had sent agents to Europe, to prepare the way there for their intended movement; and very soon after the leaders of secession had established themselves at Montgomery, three commissioners were officially sent abroad, for the avowed purpose of securing the coöperation of European Governments. The character of their instructions was not made known at home. Many months passed away, and they accomplished nothing. In October, 1861, by direction of the Confederate Congress, a new effort was made to establish diplomatic relations abroad. For this purpose, there were selected by Mr. Davis two men, who had long been conspicuous in the councils of the nation, as well as in the Southern States where they resided, for their devotion to the cause of slavery, and its propagation throughout this continent. James M. Mason, of Virginia, was for many years a senator of the United States, whose chief part in the great drama which culminated in the present war, was to strengthen slavery against the North; and, by every possible means, to weaken and insult the national love of liberty. He was the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and a prime mover in the effort to find a political origin for John Brown's chivalric vagary, in some supposititious combination of anti-slavery men at the North. Before his State had acceded to the Confederacy, he publicly avowed in Virginia, that it was necessary for every citizen of that State to unite in voting for the ordinance of secession, and declared that those who could not in conscience do so, must refrain from voting and leave the State. And when the Secessionists of Maryland sent recruits to swell the armies that were marching against the Government, he was selected, in the name of Virginia, to welcome them to the Old Dominion. Ability, audacity, arrogance, and long experience in the councils of statesmen, combined to give him a bad eminence among the propagandists of slavery.

The other was John Slidell, of Louisiana, who had perhaps been equally conspicuous and active in years past, in behalf of slavery, though in a different way. To him, more than to any other one man, are to be attributed the disgraceful attempts to enlarge the area of slavery, and invoke in its behalf a lawless and military spirit, by those inroads upon other American soil than our own, which have been known as fillibustering.

These men were selected by Mr. Davis as representatives of the Confederate cause, and he accredited them respectively to the courts of England and France.

About the last of October, 1861, it was rumored at the North, that these gentlemen, with their secretaries, had sailed from Charleston in the steamer Theodora, had evaded the blockading squadron, and were on their

way to Cuba. Their successful departure was the cause of great satisfaction to the Confederate Government, who anticipated the most important results from this mission.

The capture of these emissaries, while on board a British steamer, by the vigilance and zeal of an officer of our navy, without instructions on the part of our Government, produced at once exultation and solicitude throughout the North, and gave rise to a discussion of international law, whose results may prove to be of no mean importance to the commerce of the world.

The circumstances of the capture were as follows. The San Jacinto, a first-class steam sloop, mounting fifteen guns, which had been attached to the United States squadron on the coast of Africa, left that squadron in August for the Atlantic coast, where, under the command of Capt. Charles Wilkes, she was to serve, in searching for Confederate privateers.*

In cruising among the West India islands for this purpose, Capt. Wilkes learned at Cienfuegos that the steamer Theodora had run the blockade at Charleston, and arrived at Havana, after landing at Cardenas the Confederate commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries, Messrs. Eustis and McFarland, with the families of Mr. Slidell and Mr. Eustis; and that the party would proceed overland to Havana. As soon as Capt. Wilkes heard this, he hastily took sufficient coal for a short cruise, left Cienfuegos on the 26th of October, and arrived at Havana on the 28th; but there he learned that the Theodora had already departed, on her return to Charleston.

The Confederate commissioners, at Havana, did not conceal their character or intended movements. They were received with marks of distinction by Southern residents there, and were afforded an opportunity of meeting the Captain-General of the Island, and the British consul. Capt. Wilkes ascertained that the whole party would depart in the English steamer Trent, for St. Thomas, there to take the West Indian mail-steamer for England. There he determined if possible to intercept them. The Trent was a merchant steamer, having a regular route between Vera Cruz, Havana and St. Thomas; carrying the English mail by contract with the Government. The agent of the vessel was the son of the British consul at Havana. Capt. Wilkes was aware that the question of capturing the emissaries involved important considerations of public law, and he carefully examined such works on that subject as his cabin contained,

* Com. Charles Wilkes was born in the State of New York, 1805, and at thirteen years of age entered the naval service. Endowed with superior natural powers, and with a taste for scientific research, he rapidly rose in public note, and was intrusted, in 1838, with the command of the celebrated naval expedition, fitted out by the United States Government, to explore the Southern and Pacific Oceans. This memorable expedition occupied four years, and its results were published in five octavo volumes, entitled, "A Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition." He has also published several other works, on geographical research, which have made his name generally known. For forty-three years he has been engaged in the United States service. He was returning from the coast of Africa, with directions to look out for pirates, or vessels running the blockade, when he fell in with the British mail steamer Trent, as is recorded in this chapter. Commodore Wilkes is said strongly to resemble, in person, Admiral Nelson, as he certainly resembles him in calm and quiet energy. His seizure of the rebel commissioners will ever entitle him to the gratitude of all Americans.

as to the right of search, the privilege of ambassadors, and the power to seize dispatches. He was led to the conclusion that since the Governments of Great Britain, France and Spain had proclaimed the Confederate States to be considered as belligerents, and since the ports of Great Britain, France, Spain and Holland, in the West Indies, were open to their vessels, which were admitted to all the courtesies and protection that vessels of the United States received, those nations were to be deemed neutrals, and had brought themselves within the international law of search, and under its responsibilities. He, therefore, felt no hesitation in boarding and searching any of their vessels for contraband of war. The question then arose whether he had the right to capture the *persons* of these commissioners. There was no doubt, according to his books, that he might capture vessels with *written* dispatches; but these gentlemen were not dispatches in the literal sense, and as they did not seem to come under that designation, nowhere could he find a case in point. It being hard, however, to say upon general principles why *written* dispatches should be contraband, and yet *live* dispatches go free; and these emissaries neither having a passport from the adverse belligerents, nor having yet been received by the neutrals to whom they assumed to be accredited, he aptly characterized them as the *embodiment of dispatches.* He regarded them as but escaped conspirators, plotting and contriving to overthrow the Government of the United States, and therefore not to be considered as having any claim to the immunities which the law of nations attaches to the public character of lawful ambassadors. Determining, therefore, to seize them if he could, Capt. Wilkes, in great haste, took in coal and provisions and left Havana on the afternoon of the third of November, to take up a suitable position upon the anticipated route of the Trent, and there await her arrival. The officers of the San Jacinto entered with zeal into the purpose of their commander. On the fourth of November, in the morning, a steamer being in sight from the mast-head, orders were given to beat to quarters; all were in hopes that the emmissaries of treason were now within reach. In a few minutes the vessel was ready for the emergency; but their hopes were disappointed, as the steamer proved to be a British gun-boat. It happened that on the next day the San Jacinto sustained a collision with a French brig, which induced Capt. Wilkes, after assisting in the repairs of the brig, to return towards Havana, for the purpose of towing the brig thither. From thence he went over to Key West, hoping to find another Government vessel to aid him in intercepting the Trent. The anticipated course of the Trent would be through the Bahama channels, and there being two passages, he desired another vessel to cruise in the New Bahama channel, while the San Jacinto should guard the old; thus rendering escape impossible. Not finding a vessel at Key West, he resolved to undertake the enterprise alone, relying upon the vigilance of his officers and crew. He accordingly proceeded the next morning to the north side of the Island of Cuba, and touching at Sagua La Grande, telegraphed to the American Consul General at Havana to ascertain the time of the departure of the British mail steamer. Being unable to ascertain it, he proceeded thence to the eastward, some ninety miles, into the old

Bahama channel, which route the Trent was supposed most likely to take. Here this channel contracts to a width of fifteen miles. At a point about two hundred and fifty miles from Havana, in sight of the light-house of Terra del Grande, on a point of the Island of Cuba, from which they were distant nine or ten miles, the San Jacinto, with all her battery loaded, and the bulwarks around the pivot-gun on the forecastle removed, lay off and on, during the night of the seventh of November, ready to meet the object of her search.

The Trent left the port of Havana on the morning of the seventh, and pursuing her usual way, discerned at about half-past eleven on the eighth, a large steamship ahead; on a nearer approach found that she was hove to, evidently in waiting. The Trent, approaching, hoisted her English colors, in answer to which, when the vessels were within a mile of each other, the San Jacinto hoisted the American colors, and beat all hands to quarters. Waiting ten minutes, the Trent showing no signs of stopping, the San Jacinto fired a gun across the bows of the Trent. The Trent was now sufficiently near for those on board to see that all the ports of her adversary were open, the guns run out, and the crew at their stations; but she still disregarded the request to stop, until a shell from the great swivel gun on the forecastle hissed by her bows and burst in the water some hundred feet beyond. This brought her to; not, however, until she was within hailing distance, when the captain asked what was wanted, in reply to which he was informed that a boat would be sent on board.

Capt. Wilkes charged Lieut. Fairfax, the executive officer of the San Jacinto, with the delicate duty of the search. He delivered to him written instructions, which directed that he should demand the papers of the steamer, her clearance, and her passenger and crew lists; that he should take the emissaries and their secretaries prisoners, with their baggage and all dispatches, and seize the ship as a prize, if they were found on board. In reference to the probability that some members of the commissioners' families might be with them, he directed that to such, a passage to the United States, with every attention and comfort which could be provided, should be tendered. Force was not to be used in executing these instructions, unless the fault of the prisoners should render it necessary; the boarding party were charged to conduct themselves with all the kindness, in the execution of this delicate duty, which becomes the character of the naval service of the United States.

Lieut. Fairfax, accompanied by two officers, repaired to the Trent in an armed cutter. He went on board the vessel alone, not desiring to display any force unless its use should be necessary. Being shown to the quarter-deck, he met the Captain, who refused to comply with his demand to show the passenger list. Lieut. Fairfax then stated that he was informed that Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their companions, had taken passage in the Trent, and that his object was to ascertain whether they were on board. Hearing their names mentioned, the commissioners and their secretaries came forward, and the object of the visit was made known to them also. It being noised abroad among the passengers and officers of the ship, a crowd gathered, and amid great confusion, the commissioners

protested against the arrest. The noise of the dispute brought up to the deck one of the officers of the San Jacinto, who had waited in the boat. The boat's crew were ordered up, and found Lieut. Fairfax on the deck, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen. The commissioners refused to yield, except on compulsion, and Lieut. Fairfax sent a messenger to the San Jacinto, reporting the presence of the gentlemen sought for, and asked for a further force. Another cutter, which had before been in readiness, soon came. The arrival of a file of marines created a new excitement; the passengers shouted and threatened; but a row of bayonets, and the laying hands upon the four prisoners, were sufficient to prevent any resistance. Mr. Mason being led to the gang-way, got into the boat. Mr. Slidell made more effort to evade his capture, and took refuge in his state-room, which was surrounded by a crowd of excited passengers. The marines marched into the cabin, Mr. Slidell jumped through the window of his state-room, and submitted to be carried to the bulwarks, and lifted over the ship's side by three officers. The two secretaries walked into the boat.

Upon the San Jacinto, Capt. Wilkes received his prisoners at the gang-way, and conducted them to his own cabin, which he placed at their disposal; their baggage, and some additional stores procured for their use from the Trent, having been brought on board, the San Jacinto, at half-past three, hoisted her boats, and stood away for the Atlantic coast, leaving the Trent to pursue her course.

It had been Capt. Wilkes's first intention to seize the Trent herself, if the rebel emissaries were found on board, and send her to an American port, where the illegality of her engaging in transporting the representatives of the Confederates might be adjudicated; the vessel and cargo condemned as a prize, according to the law of nations. Conceiving, however, that as he was in the possession of the prisoners and their effects, he had accomplished every object to be attained, except a distribution of the prize money, which would be awarded upon a condemnation of the vessel, if she had been seized also,—in consideration that his force was small, and a large number of innocent passengers would be put to serious inconvenience and loss by the interruption of their voyage, he determined to forego claiming the prize; so he left the Trent to pursue her way. He proceeded himself immediately to the vicinity of Charleston, where he hoped to take part in the expedition against Port Royal. He arrived there, however, too late to coöperate in the capture of that place, and thence sailed for New York, touching at Hampton Roads. Without landing the prisoners, the San Jacinto was ordered from New York to Boston harbor, where they were incarcerated in Fort Warren.

The news of this affair created the most intense excitement throughout the whole country. With congratulations at the defeat of the embassy, were mingled doubts as to the legality of the capture, and everywhere the principles of international law applicable to the case were discussed, in conversation, in public meetings, and in the press. The question of law was doubtful, but the triumph was undeniable. Capt. Wilkes and his lieutenant were received everywhere with acclamations, which their modest bearing showed they little expected. The Captain received the

congratulations of the Secretary of the Navy, which were only qualified by his expressly withholding any opinion upon the course taken *in omitting to capture the vessel;* and a banquet was given to him and his officers at Boston, at which the Governor and Chief Justice of the State, and the Mayor and leading men of the city, united in his honor. At Washington, the House of Representatives passed resolutions requesting the President to order the commissioners into close confinement, in return for similar treatment imposed upon the colonels of volunteer regiments, who had been captured by the Confederate forces in the battle of Bull Run.

Meanwhile, however, the discussion went on; the country awaiting in great solicitude the reception of the news in England. At the South, the disappointment of the voyage of the commissioners was lost sight of, in the hope that this affair might prove the cause of war between England and the United States; and a notorious sympathizer with the Confederates, who held a seat in the National Congress, offered and urged, but without success, resolutions declaring it to be the duty of the President to approve and adopt the act of Capt. Wilkes.

The British mail agent, who on board the Trent had protested, in the name of the Queen, against the search and capture, immediately wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, and on his arrival in England was summoned to the Foreign Office, and the law officers of the crown were called on for their opinion. The news of the capture elicited the expression of much indignation, particularly in Liverpool, and in some of the leading English papers.

The turbulence of democratic communities has been a favorite bug-bear with the possessors of aristocratic power. It was freely asserted, and perhaps generally believed, in England, that the Americans, embittered by their disappointment at the want of sympathy which the English Government had shown, had sought this as an occasion for giving an intentional affront; that the administration had entered upon this course for the sake of popularity; and that, from fear of popular insubordination, they would not dare to retrace their steps, and surrender the emissaries. The mob, it was said, always ruled in America; and now the mob was organized in five hundred regiments; with arms, they were encamped about Washington; and the administration must do as their soldiers bid them.

It is a keen mortification, which an American citizen feels, when such opinions are announced to him as the opinions concerning his country, prevalent in the community which, next after that country, he most regards. But this mortification is soon forgotten in a deeper regret, when he contemplates the disbelief in the capacities of human nature, from which alone such opinions could spring. We feel a temporary chagrin that such imputations should be cast upon us, but deeper and more permanent is the disappointment, of knowing that those who wield the power in such an empire as Great Britain, should be so unwilling to believe that the common people would consent to sacrifice feeling, to the performance of what might be calmly deemed right, in the administration of their affairs; that the irresistible tendencies of the age toward democracy, which De Tocqueville so clearly foretold, and which every philosophical observer, since his

day, has recognized, should be the subject of so much repugnance, hostility and disbelief; that the destiny which the Creator has provided for even the common people, should be so resolutely repudiated. The event proved how far the moderation and sagacity of the nation transcended the expectations of such spectators. The general mind awaited in suspense the opinion of the administration, ready to accept and abide by the result of their investigation of precedents, and consideration of general principles, whatever application of them might be made to the question in hand.

Such, however, was not the estimate which the Government of Great Britain formed of our attitude. They regarded the act of Capt. Wilkes as an affront, which, whether intended or not, our Government would be compelled by popular clamor to maintain; and, though they made a formal demand, through their Minister at Washington, that the prisoners be given up to them, and a suitable apology be made; yet, before making this demand, they instituted the most vigorous preparations for immediate war. Troops, ammunitions and men of war were instantly ordered to the American coast, and the demand which the Government made for rendition of the prisoners was accompanied by secret instructions to their ambassador to leave Washington in a week, unless the demand were complied with. Ship-owners were advised to instruct the captains of outward-bound ships to signalize any English vessels, that war with America was probable. The Government by proclamations forbade the export from the United Kingdom, to the United States, of gunpowder, saltpetre and other munitions of war, large quantities of which had there been purchased by agents of our Government, and which were awaiting transportation.

The leading presses of London declared that England was interested to proclaim war. The ministerial organ declared that war was for her advantage, since she might then adjust the boundaries of her colonies at her own will, open the Southern ports, and teach a lesson to the United States. The first steamers which hurriedly sailed from England, loaded with troops for Canada, left the docks with the band playing "I wish I was in Dixie's Land," amid cheers of an enthusiastic multitude on shore.

It was on the 17th or 18th of November that the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell was reported to the Government at Washington. As early as the 3d of December the President determined to surrender the prisoners to Great Britain; but thought it better before announcing his determination, to await the demand which he expected Great Britain would make. That demand made no allusion to the principles of international law which were deemed to have been violated. Indeed, the delicacy of the question was much enhanced by the fact that principles and precedents alike were against the English, in making the demand, and equally against America if she should refuse it. For twenty years, from the organization of our Government, until the pretension became so offensive as to form a chief cause of the war declared by this country in 1812, the English Government insisted upon the right to search any neutral vessel and to take from it summarily, and upon the determination of the British lieutenant making the search, any person deemed to be a British

subject and liable to impressment in the royal navy. In more than six thousand cases, men claiming to be Americans had been taken from American vessels on this ground, in precisely the same way that the rebel emissaries had been taken from the British mail steamer; and the war, which abated the exercise of this power, did not suffice to silence the pretension of right to its exercise. Although the language of English jurists, and of American authorities founded thereon, sustains the doctrine that an ambassador may be captured and the vessel that carries him may be condemned, yet the early and constant predilections of Americans for neutral rights, had led our administrations in a long course of diplomatic negotiation, to urge the adoption of a more liberal rule, which should exempt from such seizure persons of every description, officers and soldiers in the military service of the enemy alone excepted; and by provisions in our treaties with every nation which would accede to such a rule, the United States had done all in their power to introduce this modification of what may be deemed the general law of nations.* Great Britain, however, had never acceded to this rule.

The English demand was received and answered about Christmas.

In reply to it the Secretary of State explained that Captain Wilkes acted, in making the capture, upon his own suggestions of duty, and that the Administration had given instructions neither to him nor to anybody else, to seize the commissioners. Inasmuch, however, as during this insurrection Great Britain had declared herself to be a neutral, and the prisoners were emissaries presumed to bear dispatches, our Government deemed them and their dispatches to be by the general law of nations contraband, and justified Captain Wilkes in stopping the *Trent* and searching her, both in the act and in the manner of the act. Our Government, however, conceded that the *capture* of the emissaries was not effected in the manner recognized by the law of nations.

Contraband property, the Secretary reasoned, is not to be declared so by the mere fiat of the captor. By the law of nations he must bring his prize into a port and give to the captive the benefit of a judicial trial; where the facts giving the right to capture must be established, before the captor can enjoy its fruits. It is true that the courts have no process adapted to try the right to seize prisoners. But, in such case, there ought, if practicable, to be, at least, the same safeguards as in a case where only property is at stake. These can be secured by requiring the captor to institute a trial, in respect of the vessel, on the ground that by *carrying the prisoners she was guilty;* and if the vessel be regularly forfeited in this way, a legal certainty that the prisoners were contraband, is clearly, though circuitously, attained. The Government, therefore, ought not to detain these prisoners, if, under the circumstances, it would have been practicable to bring the *Trent* back as a prize, so as to have her case judi-

* The history of the American doctrine on this subject is well told by Mr. Sumner of Massachusetts, in his speech on Maritime Rights, delivered in the Senate on the 9th of January, 1862. The treaties into which the United States have procured the incorporation of this doctrine are there enumerated, and the broadest doctrines of the liberties of neutral commerce vindicated with a masterly hand.

cially determined. Since it was not wholly on the ground of impracticability, but in part to avoid what he deemed an unnecessary inconvenience to innocent passengers, that the captor omitted this step, our Government were led frankly to concede that, though approving his motive and ratifying his act, they still could not consistently detain the prisoners, since without the presence of the *Trent* on which to found a suit, there was no legal process by which to give the question of the legality of the capture a trial. Our Government as well as the captain were satisfied of the legality of the seizure, but there ought to be more than a conviction on the part of those interested in the act; there ought to be an adjudication, in a trial, where the defense could be represented; and this was now out of the question.

The Secretary closed his clear and frank discussion of the case with reverting to the fact that these principles of neutral rights, had always been strongly asserted by ourselves, and that we cheerfully should adopt them, even against our own impulse, and not seek for English precedents for a less liberal course, but rather accept, from the present generation of England, this practical disavowal of belligerent claims which previous generations, with peculiar interests and passions, had insisted on.

In accordance with these views the British Government were informed that the prisoners would be given up to them, and accordingly a short time afterwards they were transferred, in an American tug-boat, from Fort Warren to a British vessel, which came for the purpose to Provincetown, and at last they reached England, where, however, they were not officially received. Their arrival elicited no marks of popular approval, but not a few contemptuous comments from the very organs of popular opinion which had most warmly appealed for their rescue.

The result of the discussion was accepted by the British Government, but they refused to accede to the grounds on which the surrender was accorded. Hence, though it can hardly be said that the discussion resulted in finally adding anything to the recognized principles of international law, yet it afforded, perhaps, the most signal proof our nation has ever given of her attachment to the interests of peace, and her favor towards the principles which neutral nations may claim against the pretensions of nations who are waging war; and it gives new courage to a hope for the coming of the time when Peace shall be the acknowledged mistress of the seas—a time auspicious of her ultimate, universal sway.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROANOKE AND NEWBERN.

FLEET OF COM. GOLDSBOROUGH AND ARMY OF GEN. BURNSIDE.—SAILING FROM HAMPTON ROADS.—STORM AT HATTERAS.—PERILS OF THE CREW OF THE NEW YORK.—EFFECTS OF THE STORM.—A STRIKE FOR FREEDOM.—POSITION AND DEFENSES OF ROANOKE.—RECONNOISSANCE.—CONTEST COMMENCED BY THE FLEET.—DISEMBARKATION OF TROOPS.—MARCH UP THE ISLAND.—CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES.—VIGOR OF GENERALS RENO AND FOSTER.—ROANOKE SURRENDERS.—INCIDENTS.—O. JENNINGS WISE.—ELIZABETH CITY.—EDENTON.—PLYMOUTH.—CHARGES UPON BATTERIES NEAR NEWBERN.—ARRIVAL AT NEWBERN.—ANECDOTE.

ON the 11th of January, 1862, a strange and heterogeneous assemblage of vessels filled Hampton Roads. Gen. Burnside had been ordered to fit out an expedition to proceed against a certain point on the Southern coast—but where that point was it was reserved for time and events to announce. Accordingly, by dint of unwearied exertion, Gen. Burnside had collected this mass of one hundred and twenty-five water-craft. Utterly regardless of the appearance of his fleet, and with a single eye to utility, he drew upon all the resources of the steam merchant service from the Kennebec to the Chesapeake.*

There were ferry-boats changed into gun-boats; old lake-boats into transports; and not a few river boats appeared, with extemporized port-holes, through which frowned a cannon's mouth. One queer craft, from the Kennebec, was particularly noticeable, and was the subject of many jokes from the seamen. This boat, the "Union," was a stern-wheeled vessel, floating very light upon the water, and apparently suffering from old age and ill usage. This "wheelbarrow" made the trip, from the Ken-

* Ambrose Everett Burnside, of Scottish ancestry, was born at Liberty, Indiana, May, 1824. At eighteen years of age he entered West Point, and graduated, with distinction, in the Artillery, in 1847. He immediately entered upon the Mexican campaign, as 2d lieutenant. He was placed in such a position, guarding the trains, that he had no opportunity to signalize himself here. He was afterwards engaged on the frontier in the wild adventures of Indian warfare. Subsequently he commenced a manufactory of fire-arms at Bristol, R. I. At length he became Treasurer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and took up his residence in New York. He was in this situation at the opening of the rebellion, when Gov. Sprague, knowing well his merits, invited him to take command of a regiment. In half an hour after receiving the dispatch he was on his way to Rhode Island, and four days after passed through New York at the head of the Rhode Island Volunteers, for the defense of Washington. He was at the battle of Bull Run, where he displayed extraordinary energy, courage and military ability, acting as Brigadier-General in Hunter's division. He is an intimate acquaintance and very warm friend of Gen. McClellan. It has been said of him, "He is, in personal appearance, one of the finest looking men to be seen in the service. His countenance is an exponent of his character. Frank, brave, guileless and open-hearted, he is distinguished for every manly quality and every soldierly characteristic."

nebec to the Capes, a regular sea voyage, in remarkably quick time, and her after career was worthy of her name.

The land forces, under the command of Gen. Burnside, amounted to sixteen thousand men, with an ample supply of field-pieces and batteries, and all the materiel of war. The troops were divided into three brigades, under the command of Generals Foster, Reno and Parke, all experienced and able officers of the regular army.*

Com. Louis M. Goldsborough, a veteran of fifty years' service in the United States Navy, was appointed to the command of the fleet, to coöperate with Gen. Burnside. The Commodore had spent eighteen years at sea, in command of different vessels, and his skill as a seaman, and his marked ability as an officer, rendered him the fittest person to aid in this great naval enterprise. About six o'clock in the evening of a bright, mild winter's day, unusual activity was observed in the fleet, and tug-boats were flying rapidly in all directions, conveying orders to every vessel to get up its steam, and to be ready to obey the signal at midnight to put to sea. There were many last things to be done, and many loiterers to be hunted up, but with untiring energy all hands were employed, some taking in water, some receiving fresh supplies of food, some making their frail transports more secure to meet the storms of ocean. Just at midnight signal lights gleamed in the sky, thrown up from the Flag-ship; and almost instantly every paddle-wheel was revolving, and the whole majestic squadron was in motion.

The wind was fair, the sky cloudless, and a brilliant moon looked down upon the animating scene. That there was hard work to be done, every man knew; but when and where they were to be led to battle, was a question which but three or four of the highest officers on board the fleet could answer—and they were silent. At noon, the next day, the fleet was entirely out of sight of land, steaming rapidly down the Southern coast. The next day a dense fog enveloped them, and the fleet became somewhat scattered, but still they all pressed on, in the same general direction. At three o'clock in the afternoon of January 12, the leading ships caught sight of the Capes of Hatteras, where the national flag was floating, and it soon became evident that the squadron was to enter the inlet, and operate somewhere on the coast of North Carolina, through Pamlico and Albemarle sounds. Before the sun of that beautiful day went down, seventy-five vessels, constituting a magnificent panorama, were collected off Hatteras. Thousands of men were clustered like bees upon the decks and the rigging, gazing upon the gorgeous sunset, the long line of the shore, and the billows rolling in from the wide Atlantic, which, with thunder roar, threw the spray mast-head high, as they dashed upon breakers and beach.

* J. G. Parke was born in Pennsylvania in 1827. He graduated at West Point in 1849, the second in his class, as brevet second lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. Engaged in professional duties he crossed the Continent three times to the Pacific, surveying routes for the contemplated railroad. He was also employed as Engineer Secretary to the Light-House Board, and Secretary to the Board of River and Harbor Improvements. After subsequently serving in New Mexico and California, he was appointed Chief Astronomer and Surveyor on the North-west Boundary Commission. The rebellion found him thus actively engaged in the service of his country. He espoused the National cause with all his heart, and became one of our efficient officers.

By the next morning, the 13th, most of the fleet had arrived, and they were all signaled to enter the inlet. For some time the indications of one of those terrific storms for which Cape Hatteras has a world-wide renown, had been anxiously watched. Clouds were gathering; the sea growing black, and billows of ever-increasing grandeur were chasing each other with their foaming crests—the war plumes of these battalions of the seas. The water on the bar of the inlet is very shallow, and the sands on the bottom are ever shifting by the action of winds and currents. Thus where twelve feet of water are found to-day but ten may be found to-morrow. To cross this bar safely, with such a fleet, was a very difficult and dangerous operation, even in the most propitious weather. But now three hundred vessels, many of them exceedingly frail, and all crowded with soldiers, were tossing on the swelling seas; and a tempest was manifestly gathering its energies to smite them. The Picket, carrying Gen. Burnside, entered the inlet first, and passed through in safety. The Cossack followed, and immediately after, several others pursuing the same path, were within the sound. The transport ship New York now made the attempt. She struck the bar. A mighty billow came, lifted her up like a cork, plunged her forward a few feet, and burying her keel into the sand, left her as immovable as a rock. The transport was loaded with horses. The waves made a clean sweep over her, and the horses all perished, some drowned as they stood, and large numbers hurled into the sea and tossed while living and dead at the sport of the waves. The first mate and a part of the crew infamously took the long-boat and escaped, leaving their comrades to their fate.

It was a cold, wintry day. The breakers, as they struck the ship, resistlessly swept the deck. The seamen lashed themselves to the rigging, and there they remained, without food, without sleep, drenched to the skin, for forty hours, until the storm abated. No help could reach them. Every endeavor was made to send them aid,—two heroic men, Col. Allen and Dr. Wellar, perishing in the attempt,—but all in vain. At length, after the storm had nearly exhausted itself, a steam-tug succeeded in reaching the wreck, and the sufferers, half dead, were rescued. The second engineer was the last to leave the ship. He remained lashed to the mast until every other man had left. Then climbing to the top-mast, he cut down the flag, and winding it around his body, bore it in triumph away. "I was determined," said he, "either to die beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes, or to bear them safely to the land."

The gale continued with almost unabated fury until Monday morning. About seventy of the vessels succeeded in getting within the inlet. All the rest were outside, seeking safety as they best might, in riding out the storm. The fierceness of the gale was such, that the vessels within the inlet were very much exposed. They were huddled together in a space suitable for not more than twenty. Dashed against each other by the waves, none escaped injury, and some were almost fatally shattered. The Zouave also grounded upon the bar, and was a total loss, with all her valuable cargo. The wrecks of two schooners were also added to the disfigurement of the involved and narrow channel. Thus the first few days

at Hatteras Inlet were gloomy indeed. But a calm always succeeds a storm. "This, too, passeth away," is written upon all things earthly. The wind lulled and died; the clouds disappeared; the ocean became glassy as a mirror; all the remaining ships passed the inlet; damages were repaired, and again the squadron was in readiness to prosecute its enterprise, wherever it chose, over those extended waters known by the name of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds.

It was first necessary to cross what is called Buckhead Shoal, an expanse of quicksand which has long been the terror of navigators. It is about a mile wide, with a tortuous channel leading through it, varying with the ever-shifting quicksands of the bottom. With immense difficulty, the fleet was carried through. Many of the ships grounded, but were towed off by the ever active, never weary little Kennebec "Wheelbarrow," which could go anywhere, and which the sailors averred would float in a heavy dew. There is an ocean current here, which, at times, is exceedingly swift. While passing the shoal, a brisk breeze sprang up, which, acting in concert with the flood, swept a gun-boat from its moorings, and dashing it against a schooner, demolished its smoke-stack and one wheel. The two vessels, locked in an affectionate embrace, whirled around, and went waltzing down the stream together, until they reached the hospital ship, which they grasped with united hands, and all three danced sidling along, until they were brought up by a portion of the shoal, which said to them emphatically, "thus far, and no further."

Two weeks elapsed, after the arrival of the first vessels at Hatteras, before the whole fleet had obtained an anchorage in Pamlico Sound. They had scarcely reached their place of safety, before another gale arose. As the squadron were all riding at anchor, during this second fierce blow, a queer-looking sail-boat was seen approaching them, laboring, and almost foundering in the heavy sea. The boat came confidingly under the lee of one of the ships, and four colored men, five women and ten children, climbed up over her sides. They had made a bold stroke for freedom. In a crazy boat, scarcely large enough to hold half their number, and a tattered sail, they had ventured out upon the stormy sea, sure, as they expressed it, that "they would come cross de Yankees somewhere." The poor creatures, seeking only the ownership of themselves, were thoroughly drenched and much exhausted. No words can express the satisfaction they manifested, when, received kindly by Commodore Goldsborough, they were warmed and fed, and greeted with that which, to the weary heart, is more prized than all things else, words of sympathy.

The announcement of the final departure, from Hampton Roads, of the Burnside expedition, filled the hearts of the rebels along the sea-coast with the greatest anxiety. It was manifest that a withering blow was to be struck. But where it would fall no one could tell. It was, therefore, necessary for them to fortify every vulnerable point, and their attention and energies were thus distracted. All doubt was now dispelled. But still the question rose, To what point in these spacious sounds are the prows of the fleet to be turned? These inland seas, separated from the ocean by a long, narrow bar, wash hundreds of miles of the North Carolina

coast, penetrating Virginia almost to Norfolk, and receiving the floods of the magnificent rivers, the Chowan, the Roanoke, the Pamlico, and the Neuse.

As you pass up Pamlico Sound to the north, through the strait which leads into Albemarle Sound, in the very heart of the strait you find Roanoke Island, about twelve miles long and three broad. The strait, on either side of the island, is but from one to two miles in width, and the channel through, narrow and tortuous, is commanded by batteries placed upon this island. This strait is the only door to Albemarle Sound, and the rebels appreciated the importance of seeing that that door was thoroughly closed. The island is admirably adapted for both offensive and defensive operations, having eminences where batteries could occupy commanding positions, and low and sandy expanses, cut up with lagoons and marshes. The most consummate engineering skill had been exercised in constructing its defenses; for these very engineers, now with traitorous hand assailing the National Government, had been instructed, at the expense of that Government, in the highest principles of their art. The strongest fortifications of the rebels were reared near the centre of the island, about four miles from Ashley's Harbor, on a narrow neck of land, connecting the upper and lower parts of the island. On the right and left were morasses, deemed impassable, extending from the fortifications to the water. The only approach to the works was by a long, narrow causeway, composed of logs laid side by side on the bog. This causeway was raked, through its whole extent, by these heavy guns. On Parks' Point, there was a spacious fort, octagonal in form, covering five acres. This fort was strongly constructed, and armed with ten guns, and two rifled cannon. At a little distance from this, there was another battery, also commanding the causeway. At Thiers' Point, on the north end of the island, there was still a third fort, upon which great labor, by hundreds of slaves, had been expended, to render it impregnable. The main channel, through which the fleet would be compelled to pass, was also commanded by all these forts, being distant from them not more than half a mile. Three of these guns were 100-pounders, rifled. This channel was so obstructed with strong, sharp-pointed sticks, and sunken hulks, as to render the passage apparently impossible; while any parties who should attempt to remove these obstructions were exposed to the fire from the forts. Beyond the obstructions there were eight rebel gun-boats, ready for action, to coöperate with the forts in assailing the national fleet. Each of these boats carried two heavy guns, one of them a 32-pounder, rifled. Two thousand three hundred men manned the batteries on the island. At Nag's Head, on the outer beach, five thousand. Such were the formidable preparations which the rebels had made for defense.

The impatience of the community was such, that great fault was found with Gen. Burnside for the delay of a fortnight, after entering the inlet at Hatteras, before commencing vigorous operations. Few, however, knew the arduous toils in which he was engaged. At eight o'clock, on the morning of Feb. 5, the signal was given for the whole fleet to get under way. Com. Goldsborough had his well-disciplined little navy immediately

in motion. The transports, rather more slowly, and with less military precision, followed. Still the whole squadron, as they gallantly moved forward to the death-struggle before them, presented a very imposing spectacle. The Philadelphia, the flag-ship, led the naval squadron. The nimble little Picket, with Gen. Burnside on board, pranced over the waves, in front of the transports. It was a clear, sunny morning, and the wind blew invigoratingly from the land. The whole fleet, consisting now of about one hundred vessels, moved in three columns, the sail-vessels being in tow of the steamers. It was a distance of fifty miles from Hatteras to the lower end of Roanoke Island, and, in consequence of the heavy tows, the fleet could move only at the rate of about five miles an hour.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of a short February day, the leading ships came in view of the low outline of the island, ten miles before them. Signals were immediately given for the whole squadron to assemble and cast anchor, in the form of a semi-circle, around the flag-ship. The sheltered sound was now smooth as a mill-pond; lights were seen gleaming from the white cottages on the shore; brilliant lanterns were suspended from the rigging of the vessels; and the commanders, in swiftly-rowed gigs, moving through the silent yet splendid and imposing scene, exchanged visits, and prepared for the deadly strife of the morrow.

Wednesday morning, the 6th, dawned luridly. Heavy clouds gathered in the sky, and another Hatteras storm seemed brewing. Through the haze and the drizzling rain, hundreds of glasses were directed to Roanoke Island. It seemed for some time doubtful whether the fog and the rain would not render a postponement of the action necessary. But at ten o'clock, the anxiously looked-for signal, "*Prepare for Action*," was run up to the mast-head of the flag-ship; and instantly, all through the squadron, there was a general beating to quarters. The men had long been looking for this hour, and it was hailed with enthusiasm. The whole fleet, under the control of steam, guided by signals, moved with the precision, and more than the rapidity, of troops upon the shore. Two of the ships, the Ceres and Putnam, were sent to the entrance of the Croatan Strait, to make a reconnoissance. This strait is on the western side of the island, and is the main passage to Albemarle Sound. In the meantime, the fleet advanced to within three miles of the south end of the island, where they again cast anchor, as a Hatteras storm was in active movement, and a dense fog was settling down over land and sea. Groping through the fog, two rebel steamers came prowling down the sound, and, after a hurried look at the national fleet, ran back again. The entire expedition, swept again by wind and drenching rain, anchored for the night.

All awaited anxiously the light of another morning. The day opened darkly; heavy clouds hung in the sky, and nothing could be seen, through the fog, at the distance of two miles. But gradually the wind veered to the south-west, streaks of blue sky became visible, and by nine o'clock there were such indications of a pleasant day that the fleet was again signaled to get under way; and Nelson's famous order was run to the mast-head of the flag-ship, "America expects every man to do his duty." This was responded to with a thunder-peal of cheers which rose from all the ships.

The fleet now entered Croatan Strait, which is about one mile wide. The ships as they advanced, in file, through the contracted channel, stretched out about eight miles in length. They soon came in sight of the fortifications. The whole upper half of the island seemed to be lined with heavy batteries. The first which they approached was about midway of the island, at a spot called Park's Point. Opposite this battery, was the first line of piles and sunken vessels, filling the channel. The rebel gun-boats were behind this barricade, where, if disabled in the fight, they could not be pursued. A portion of the fleet immediately engaged these gun-boats, firing across the barrier, while others opened their broadsides upon Park Point battery. The gun-boats were soon driven away, and then the whole fire of the fleet was concentrated upon the battery. The rebel troops, for some reason, did not vigorously respond. The appearance was that our storm of shot fell so heavily upon them that they preferred the shelter of the casemates, to the exposure of standing by the guns. The officers of the fleet, with their glasses, could see the shells falling with terrible destructiveness in and around the batteries. Many of the ships approached as near the shore as the depth of water would permit, pouring in, with wonderful rapidity and precision, their devastating fire.

While this bombardment by the war ships and gun-boats was going on, the transports were landing, near the southern end of the island, the army which was to coöperate with the fleet. A boat, with a reconnoitering party, had first been sent towards the shore. They were fired upon by the rebels, concealed in the forest. The Delaware instantly pitched a few dozens of nine-inch shrapnell shells into the woods. No mortals could stand this, and the rebels fled, like sheep before the hound, and the disembarkation continued unmolested. Two thousand rebels, with rifles and three heavy guns had stationed themselves at this point to prevent the landing. The shrapnells of the Delaware were so destructive, that, in their flight, the rebels abandoned their cannon and even threw away many of their muskets, that they might run more swiftly. Though Gen. Burnside was well provided with launches, the water was so shoal that the boats could not approach within four hundred yards of the shore. The men had to wade, often with the water to the waist, and sinking a foot deep in the soft mud of the bottom. This was very exhausting, as every man had to carry his musket and his heavy knapsack, and the water was icy cold.

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon when the United States flag was raised at Ashley's Harbor. The cannonade was still raging at the battery. It continued unabated all day, and as the night was clear and the range was perfect, it did not cease with the going down of the sun. Nothing can be imagined more sublime than a bombardment by night. The glare of the guns, so passionate and spiteful in expression; the roar of the explosions; the shriek of the shells, as if demons were howling through the air; the explosion of the shells with meteoric brilliance and thunder peal; the volumes of smoke rising into the darkened sky—all these, blended with the gloom of night, present a scene, which once witnessed, can never be forgotten. About one hour after dark the fleet drew

off, and was silent and motionless for the remainder of the night. The land forces had indeed a cheerless prospect before them. Thoroughly drenched and chilled by the cold wintry waves, they were compelled to bivouac on the shelterless shore, without tents, exposed to a cold north wind, and a heavy rain. Their discomfort, through the night, was extreme. Still they were in good spirits. A landing in force had been effected with the loss of but four men killed and eight wounded. The fleet had been severely handled, by the heavy shot of the batteries and the rebel gun-boats. Round shot and shell passed through several of the National ships, killing and wounding a few of their crews. Still no damage was done to interfere with the efficient action of the fleet, and all on the island and in the ships waited impatiently, cheered with hope, for the opening of another day.

The morning of Thursday, the 8th, came. It was still cold and dismal. With the early light the fleet opened fire upon the battery, which the rebels still held. About nine o'clock a large reënforcement was conveyed to the upper part of the island, by the rebel gun-boats, which the National force could do nothing to prevent—as the formidable obstructions sunk in the channel, prevented their passing. But while the bombardment was prosecuted with the utmost vigor, Lieutenant Jeffers was sent at one o'clock with eight gun-boats, to attempt the removal of the obstructions, that the fleet might pass through into Albemarle Sound. Three batteries opened fire upon them. Heroically they prosecuted their work, broke through the barricade, and one after another eight gun-boats passed through the gap, and anchored above in the Sound. In the mean time the land forces were early aroused from their comfortless bivouac, and, in the twilight dawning started, under Gen. Reno, for a march of three miles, up the island, to attack the enemy in their central stronghold. There were few paths on the island; and they waded through morasses and struggled through the dense undergrowth, picking up, all along their path, the guns which the rebels, in their flight the day before, had thrown away. After a tedious march of two hours they came in sight of the enemy, strongly intrenched behind ramparts through whose embrasures, heavy guns were frowning. This battery seemed perfectly to command the narrow causeway by which there was the only path to the redoubt. Gen. Foster's brigade, composed of the 23d and 25th Massachusetts, and the 10th Connecticut, under the young and heroic Col. Russell, immediately commenced the assault, with musketry and a few field-pieces. Gen. Reno, and his brigade, groped through the swamp, knee-deep in mud, tearing their way through bushes and brambles, to attain a more favorable position of attack upon the enemy's left.* Both men and officers coöperated

* Jesse L. Reno was born in Virginia in 1826. He entered West Point in 1842, and graduated the eighth in his class. In July, 1846, he was appointed brevet 2d lieutenant in the Ordnance Department. In March, 1847, he received his full commission. In the Mexican War Lieut. Reno signalized himself at the stern conflicts at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec, and, for this gallantry, he was breveted captain. A severe wound rendered it necessary for him to retire for a season from service. In 1849, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. After that, for several years, until 1860, he was efficiently employed in coast surveying, building military roads, and finally as chief ordnance officer in the Utah Expedition. The rebellion recalled him to

heartily and heroically in this work. While they were thus employed, Gen. Burnside was on the beach, pushing forward as rapidly as possible, the disembarkation of the troops, and sending up reënforcements to aid the men in their attack upon the central fort.

Gen. Foster was unwearied in his exertions, leading his men, inspiriting them by his courageous example, and skillfully selecting the points in the redoubt most available for attack. The gallant Col. Russell, according to the testimony of his men, who loved him as rarely has a military officer been loved, seemed unconscious of danger and incapable of the emotion of fear. As he was cheering on his men a bullet pierced his heart, and, without a word or a groan, he dropped dead. The advance of the assailants was slow, but firm and steady. At length the ammunition was expended, and it became necessary either to retire, or to strive to take the battery by an impetuous and desperate charge. Major Kimball, of the Hawkins' Zouaves, just then came up and offered to lead the charge. "You are the very man," said Gen. Foster, "and this is the very moment. Zouaves! storm the battery." In an instant they were in motion, sweeping like a gale across the narrow causeway, shouting their war-cry, *Zou, Zou, Zou*, from a thousand lips, with a roar which rose above the clamor of the battle. The onset was so sudden, unexpected, impetuous, that the rebels in a panic, staggered for a moment in bewilderment, and then started and fled. They did not even stop to assist their wounded or to spike their guns. As they rushed in one direction, the Zouaves, with shoutings, came clambering over the ramparts and through the embrasures into the vacated fort. Gen. Foster, with his brigade, followed the path of the Zouaves.*

Gen. Reno moved in one direction to cut off the retreat of the rebels, while Gen. Foster pushed on at double-quick following their tracks. The road, along which the rebels fled, was strewed with everything of which they could disencumber themselves. For nearly six miles the hot pursuit was kept up, the National troops crowding the very heels of the foe, and allowing them no time to rally. Col. Hawkins, pursuing a little different route, came upon a two-gun battery, which he found deserted. Pressing on he overtook a body of two hundred rebels, who surrendered without a struggle. Gen. Reno, in a vigorous march to cut off the retreat of the foe, came across a body of eight hundred rebels, under Col. Jordan, who also were compelled to an unconditional surrender. The tide of victory was setting thus strongly in favor of the National troops, when Gen. Foster saw a flag of truce approaching him, borne by Col. Pool, from the North Carolina volunteers, asking on what terms he would accept their capitulation.

Washington, where he was commissioned as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, under Gen. Burnside, and, in this capacity, he accompanied him on the expedition to Roanoke.

* John G. Foster, of New Hampshire, was one of the heroes of Fort Sumter. He graduated at West Point in 1842, the fourth in his class. The next year he was breveted 1st lieutenant, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco." At the storming of El Molino del Rey, he fell, severely wounded. For his gallantry here he was breveted captain. In 1854, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Engineering at West Point. While here he was advanced to a 1st lieutenantcy. The heroism he displayed at Fort Sumter secured his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

"Unconditional surrender," was the reply. "How much time can we have for consideration," was then asked. "Only time for you to report to your superior officer." Gen. Foster waited what seemed a sufficient time, and then commenced again his onward march, when the flag returned with the surrender. This surrender included all the batteries, all the defenses, all the troops upon the island. Over two thousand rebels laid down their arms. Many of the rebels had arrived that same morning upon the island, from Norfolk, and all were plunged into consternation by their sudden and hopeless discomfiture. Before five o'clock the Stars and Stripes were floating over Park Point battery and all the other batteries of the foe. The fleet had pushed through the barricade, and the whole island and all those vast internal waters connected with Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds were in possession of the National troops.

The rebel steamers, sharing in the dismay, after setting fire to one of their number, the Curlew, which had been hopelessly crippled, fled up the sound. Night had now again come on, and the darkness was illumined by the blaze of the burning steamer, and also of a battery and barracks, which the retreating rebels had fired. Thousands on the distant shores watched the leaping flames, appalling proof to them that rebellion had been chastised. And when, at length, the magazine exploded, filling the air with volcanic thunders and fire, followed by silence and midnight gloom, to many minds it must have seemed symbolic of the doom of this direful and most guilty rebellion.

A victory had been won, second to none since the national forces took the field. It was a victory to thrill every loyal heart, throughout the land, with joy. As the sun went down on that Saturday evening, Feb. 8, it closed a week of glorious work for God and humanity. Even with a spy-glass, from the central bastions of Roanoke, no rebel flag could be seen. The national banner floated everywhere. Nothing now remained to be done but to pursue the rebel steamers to their lurking-places, and to re-establish the national authority in all the important towns, washed by the two Sounds and their tributary rivers. Six forts, 2,500 prisoners, 42 heavy guns, with a large quantity of smaller arms and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victors. The Union loss consisted of 40 killed and 200 wounded. Among the killed was Col. Russell, of the Connecticut 10th, a gallant officer, a genial, generous man, a fearless soldier, a warm-hearted Christian. He died universally lamented.

After the battle, our troops took possession of the hospital of the rebels. It was well supplied, but presented an appalling scene of sickness, suffering and death. One young man had been struck on the back of the head by three bullets, which, glancing around the skull, entered the jaws and passed out through the cheek, mangling and crushing in awful wounds more dreadful than death, and yet not fatal. His sufferings were terrible, his aspect loathsome, and could not be otherwise while he lived. He entered the battle, declaring that he had set it, as his *stent*, to kill eight Yankees. Near by was another, gasping, struggling, groaning, in the agonies of death, all alone, with no one having time to attend to him. He was a young man of wealth, and amiability, and loving friends, from

Goldsboro, N. C.; a professed disciple of Jesus, leaving a young wife and a babe to mourn his loss. On the next cot at his left was a burly, brutal sinner, painfully wounded, maddened to frenzy, cursing his Maker, the day of his birth, his friends, his foes, heaven and hell. His awful blasphemies blended with the moans and stifled prayers of the dying Christian at his side.*

The long lines of couches were filled with the victims of this insane rebellion. An exceedingly gentlemanly and intelligent looking young man, whose countenance betokened a high state of moral culture, was on a couch near the door, not mortally wounded. With gratitude he accepted the kind attentions and proffered hand of one whom he had just met in deadly battle. He was a Tennesseean, and had come to Roanoke, in company with eight hundred men, the day before, with the rebel, O. Jennings Wise, son of the notorious Governor Wise, of Virginia, a young man who inherited all his father's malignity. He fought bravely behind the ramparts, until nearly all the gunners were stricken down at his side, and his own clothing had been pierced by five bullets. He admitted that the courage of our troops, advancing boldly to within five hundred yards of their blazing batteries, elicited their wonder and admiration. It was to them entirely a new, and hitherto undeveloped, exhibition of the Yankee character. Just before the close of the engagement, a Minié ball pierced his leg, grazing the bone. Faint from loss of blood, the ground covered with the dying and the dead, and such a storm of shot sweeping through their embrasures, from the rapid and well aimed volleys of our troops, that no mortal could stand at the guns, he and Capt. Wise, with fifteen privates, attempted to escape, in two small boats, from the island to the shore. Capt. Wise was also wounded. They had pushed off upon the water about one hundred yards, when a company of Zouaves suddenly emerged from the woods, and poured into the retreating boats a deadly fire. Several were killed. A bullet struck the chest of Capt. Wise, and passed through his right lung. He was a desperate man, and one of the most envenomed of the rebels. Escape in the boats was hopeless, and they were immediately turned back again toward the shore, and the men surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Wise was dying in the bottom of the boat, drenched in blood. With his last breath, he exclaimed, "I will fight the Union as long as I live."

His intelligent companion, of whom we have spoken, as lying wounded on the cot of the hospital, a genial, generous man, who had been carried away by the flood of secession, which swept like a surge over the Southern States, alluded freely to the state of affairs, and in terms of kindness. He was a brave and an honest man. He spoke of the Southern army as sadly demoralized by intemperance, gambling, and all the vices of the camp. "Our army," said he, "lacks that element of unity and efficiency, which I observe among your Northern troops. Our men are complaining, proud, restive under restraint. They have never been accustomed to brook con-

* For these incidents, I am indebted to the Rev. Jacob Eaton, who, with true Christian heroism and a martyr spirit, enlisted as a private in this *holy war*. He was a member of the Connecticut 8th.

trol. They are willing to govern, but not to be governed." He frankly admitted the superiority of the Northern troops, in all that constitutes a noble and efficient army. He was at Richmond at the time of the battle of Bull Run, and described the loss in the rebel ranks as appalling. Thousands of their best and bravest men were slain. The dead were piled upon each other. From a select company of wealthy Georgians, numbering one hundred and twenty, only ten returned from that bloody field unhurt. One captain, who was in the thickest of the fight, informed him, that on one square acre, where the famous New York 69th made their desperate charge, he counted five hundred of their own dead. In Richmond, almost every one seemed in mourning.

A bitter feud arose, after the battle, between Davis and Beauregard, as to their future movements. Beauregard wished to rush upon Washington, and seize the Capital, and lay it in ashes if they could not hold it. Davis was more cautious. He was better acquainted with Northern character and Northern troops, and feared to assail the intrenchments of the Potomac. He was apprehensive that the United States Government might suddenly bring strong reënforcements into the field, and that his troops might be outflanked. Davis was right. Out of the 32,500 who marched upon Manassas from the Potomac, 25,000 returned to their intrenchments, with ranks unbroken. Had the rebels advanced upon Washington, but few would have lived to march back again. The troops at Alexandria, in columns which had not yet wavered, would have come up upon them on one flank, Patterson's army would have assailed them on the other, and, with a broad river before them, their doom would have been sealed. Beauregard was so angry that his plans were not adopted, that, for four months, he refused to make any official report of the battle, and when he finally made a report, he suppressed the most important facts, that he might favor his own well-known views. The friend to whom I am indebted for the above information, says,

"My last hour in the hospital had expired. I took the sufferer's hand in my own, and said, 'My friend, do you not really think that we shall ultimately subdue your army, and bring back the disloyal States?' He replied cautiously, and in a somewhat despondent tone, 'I think, if men, money and discipline will do it, you may eventually succeed.' His heart, his sympathies were evidently with the South; but he was neither bigoted nor dishonest. He gave me his name in full, Wm. L. Johnson, Carrol County, West Tennessee. As I left him, we shook hands warmly. He requested me to write to him, if I survived the war. He was to be released on parole of honor." Should this page ever meet his eye, let it remind him that the Christian stranger, who addressed him in words of sympathy and solace in the hospital at Roanoke, is but a representative of millions at the North.

So many prisoners were taken, that it was not convenient to provide for them all, and they were dismissed on parole. But the rebels had brought one or two hundred slaves upon the island, to work upon the intrenchments. By a recent law of Congress, all slaves, who had been thus employed, were declared to be free. These bondmen were called

together, and informed that they might remain on the island, as freemen, under the protection of the army, or return with their masters to the main land. To the astonishment of all, nearly every man, with some half dozen exceptions, chose to return to slavery! This was so remarkable, so contrary to previous experience, that, after a pause of bewilderment, the question was asked, "What does this mean?" One honest, earnest looking man, stepped forward, and taking off his hat, said, "We'se wives and chillern in slavery. We can't leave them. Bress de Lord de day of jubilee is come. We'se all to be free now. We must go back, and get our wives and chillern."

This incident needs no comment. The heart which is not moved by its pathos, can not be touched by words. The wary masters had taken bonds of the slaves for their safe return, by conveying to Roanoke Island mainly those who left loved ones behind. The affectionate natures of these defrauded children of our common father, led them to plunge back again into the horrors of slavery, that they might rescue these their hearts' treasures.

The next day was the Sabbath. The exigencies of war seemed to require that the routed and demoralized foe should be vigorously pursued, before he had time to make a new stand, and collect his forces for another defense, which might cost many lives. Fourteen vessels were accordingly dispatched, under Capt. S. Rowan, to pursue the retreating rebel gun-boats up Albemarle Sound. They had fled directly north, about thirty-five miles, to Elizabeth City, at the head of Pasquotank River. This antique little city of 2,000 inhabitants was connected with Portsmouth and Norfolk, in Virginia, where the rebels were in great strength, by the Dismal Swamp Canal. Just as the Sabbath sun was going down, the national squadron, amply strong for the purpose it had in view, anchored at the mouth of the river, fifteen miles below the city. The rebel gun-boats were entrapped. There was no escape for them, and their doom was sealed. It was a beautiful night, and the cloudless moon illumined the whole expanse of ocean, earth and sky, almost with the brilliance of day. The squadron kept a vigilant watch through the night, but there was no alarm.

The inhabitants of the city, with no means of making any successful resistance, awaited the dawn with intense anxiety. They had not dreamed that the national forces could pass the fortifications of Roanoke, and were thus utterly unprepared for the disaster bursting upon them. The rebel gun-boats anchored near the city, making arrangements for such resistance as they still could hope to present. At day-light the squadron was again in motion, and when they arrived within five miles of the city, they found the gun-boats, seven in number, drawn up in line of battle. About a fourth of a mile in front of the rebel fleet, there was a point of land jutting out some distance into the river, and upon this a fort was constructed, mounting four guns. Directly opposite this fort, on the other side of the river, there was a sort of floating battery, mounting two rifled cannon. Through this narrow passage, but half a mile in width, the fleet must pass, to reach the rebel gun-boats. The men immediately prepared for action, inspired by Capt. Rowan's command to engage the enemy at close quar-

ters. The vessels were all ordered to advance under full head of steam. The flag-ship Delaware led the van, and paying no regard to fort or battery, plunged through the gauntlet of their shot, followed by the whole fleet, and before the rebel crew could recover from their consternation, the national troops, with shouts, and sabre blows and bayonet plunges, were upon their decks. It was a short, but a bloody conflict. It lasted but fifteen minutes. Nearly every rebel was killed or captured, with the exception of a very few, who set fire to their vessels, and escaped to the shore in their boats. The Union loss, in this truly heroic action, was but two killed and twelve wounded. The crew who had escaped, in their insane fright, set fire to Elizabeth City, and the antique little village was almost entirely consumed, consigning many innocent families to hopelessness and want.

About fifty miles west of Elizabeth, near the mouth of the Chowan, is the little town of Edenton, containing about 1,600 inhabitants. The rebels had concentrated quite a force here. A small squadron of four or five vessels, on the 11th, sailed from Elizabeth to pay them a visit. The rebels did not remain to receive them. The inhabitants raised the white flag. Capt. Murray, in command, came, not to destroy, but to protect. The authorities of the town avowed Union sentiments, and stated that the inhabitants of Chowan County, almost unanimously, were in favor of the Union, and that they would gladly support the United States Government, if they could be protected from rebel violence. Great love was manifested for the old flag. Groups of men actually wept with emotion, as they gathered again beneath its protecting folds.

Lieut. Marvin Wait, of the signal corps of the Burnside expedition, narrates the following incident, illustrative of that "idolatry for the old Union," as Jefferson Davis calls it, which yet existed in North Carolina. "One day I went to the main land, from Roanoke Island, with the first lieutenant of the ship, in the gig. Having landed, we went to a fisherman's hut. As we entered, we saw an old man on a humble bed, with an elderly woman, his wife, watching by his side. The old man was pale, feeble, and near his end. As we approached his bed, a son, who was standing beside him, called upon his father to 'look up and see the gentlemen.' The dying man slightly raised his head, and recognizing the uniform of United States officers, faintly, yet earnestly said, '*God Almighty help your cause.*' He was apparently a simple minded, honest old fisherman, who remembered and clung to the Stars and the Stripes."

The indications were various and multiplied, that there was a strong Union sentiment pervading all that portion of the State. The minds of the people on the sea-board were more liberalized, as they had more intercourse, through the influence of commerce, with the outside world. The rebel Government appears to have been fully aware of this fact. A letter from Jeff. Davis was found here, urging "the importance of suppressing the Union sentiment, existing among the people on the Sounds, without a moment's delay; a growing danger, springing up in different portions of the Confederacy, which will soon, if not put down, give us more trouble than the Northern foe."

The poor slaves flocked to the steamers by hundreds, imploring to be taken to "de norf." This was, of course, impossible. Their sadness was indescribable when they found all their hopes blasted, and that the long-prayed-for hour of deliverance had really not yet come. The masters had generally, by enlistment or conscription, been gathered into the rebel army, and these poor people, thus abandoned, were virtually for the moment free. They gathered in such numbers upon the wharf, and lingered so sadly there, that at last Capt. Murray, with seeming cruelty, but perhaps with real kindness, threatened them, that if they did not immediately go back to their homes, he would turn his "great guns" upon them. In the greatest consternation, they dispersed. The community were in great alarm, lest the poor creatures, goaded to desperation, should proceed to acts of violence. But Capt. Murray assured them, that in case of a servile insurrection, he would, with all the national power at his disposal, crush out the insurrection.

From Edenton the fleet proceeded south, across Albemarle Sound, about twenty miles, to Plymouth, near the mouth of Roanoke River. This is another of those little sepulchral villages, which we find scattered over the South, containing a court-house, a jail, a grocery, an apology for a church, and less than a thousand inhabitants—an unlettered, degenerate race. The national force met with no resistance here, and a small party was sent up the broad estuary of the Chowan River, on a reconnoissance. They had not proceeded far before they found the enemy in force, who opened upon them from their batteries. After exchanging a few shots, the gun-boats retired. The effect of these Union victories was extremely depressing upon the rebel sympathizers throughout the State, and great fears were entertained by the rebel Government, lest North Carolina should abandon their cause. A draft of North Carolinians was accordingly immediately ordered, avowedly for the defense of the State. The draft was sweeping and merciless, grasping every able-bodied man. Old and young, sound and unsound, rebel and Unionist, with very little discrimination, were driven to the rebel camp. Hundreds of Union men hurried to the national gun-boats, wherever they could be found, seeking protection. They stated that many young men, who had been drafted from loyal families, had secreted themselves in the swamps, with which that region abounds, their parents only, who fed them, knowing their hiding-place. The rebels were much alarmed lest the gun-boats should force their way through the great Dismal Swamp Canal, to Norfolk. They, therefore, immediately commenced filling up the canal with all kinds of obstructions. This canal connects Currituck Sound, by the way of the North River, with Norfolk.

Gen. Burnside, not being disposed to devote any more time to these trivial excursions, again assembled his fleet, for another enterprise of still greater magnitude. Stationing garrisons at important points, by the 12th of March he had collected again a very formidable fleet and army at Hatteras. In a brief and stirring address to his soldiers, he invoked their aid in an enterprise which, though not revealed to them, he assured them was one of signal importance. The rebels kept themselves informed, as they could easily do, of all the movements of our boats; but they were very

uncertain as to the spot where the next blows were to fall. The general impression was, that while McClellan was to march upon Richmond, Gen. Burnside was to make a diversion by an attack upon Norfolk, in the rear. On the evening of March 12, he ordered all to be in readiness to start, at the appointed signal, that night. In his order, he said:

"The General commanding, takes pleasure in announcing that the army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, is now advancing upon Richmond, and was, at the latest dates, occupying Centreville, the enemy having evacuated all the advanced fortifications before Manassas and those on the Potomac. He again calls upon his command, for an important movement which will greatly demoralize the enemy, and contribute much to the success of our brothers of the Potomac army."

The fleet was soon in motion; but instead of steaming north it sailed south-west, directly down Pamlico Sound, and entering the majestic mouth of the Neuse River, about fifty miles from Hatteras, anchored upon the western banks of that river within a few miles of Newbern. This is one of the finest towns in the State, containing about five thousand inhabitants and situated at the confluence of the Neuse and the Trent. The city is important as a military post, since it is connected by railroad with Goldsboro and Raleigh on the west, and Beaufort on the south. The rebels appreciated its importance, and had devoted so much time to its defense and had constructed fortifications of such strength, that they desired nothing more than that the National troops should be lured within the range of their batteries. Thousands of slaves had, for a long time, been employed upon the fortifications which were of the most approved pattern. A line of water batteries swept the river, connected with extensive field fortifications to prevent parties, who might land, from advancing by the shore. The lower fort was six miles down the river, and then there was a continued chain of forts and bastioned batteries extending back to the city. Near the city there was a skillfully constructed fort, with capacious bomb-proof, and mounting thirteen heavy guns, so arranged, on pivots, as not only to command the water, but also to rake the only land approaches on that side. The whole expanse, in fact, before the city, for several miles was filled with forts, earthworks, ditches, rifle pits and all the other appliances of offensive and defensive war.

On the morning of the 13th, orders were given to land the troops at a point called Slocum's Creek, sixteen miles below Newbern. The barges proceeded, in regular battle array, regiment by regiment, towards the shore, every man ready to repel an assault, and the gun-boats, in the mean time, shelling every spot in the vicinity where a foe might lurk. The men wading through the water, held their muskets and ammunition under their arms, to keep them dry. The barges grounded, in the shoal water, sixty yards from the shore. It was truly a picturesque scene, resembling a frolic rather than the dread realities of war, to see five thousand men, with jokes and laughter and cheers, often up to their waists in water, and sometimes stumbling over some obstruction, all eager to see who would be the first to land. The ground was marshy; it had rained violently through the night; the path led through a fringe of forest, draped in the funereal weeds of

Spanish moss. The wheels of the guns sank in the mire and were dragged along with much difficulty. A cold March wind swept over the drenched and shivering ranks, and notwithstanding all the endeavors to keep up good cheer, the hours were dark and dreary. Much of this suffering might have been, and should have been avoided. One of the vessels contained a floating bridge, to secure the landing of the soldiers dry shod. But the eagerness to get to the shore, very unwisely caused this precaution to be neglected or forgotten.

For a couple of hours the troops marched along the low and marshy banks of the river, filling the road in a dense line two and a half miles in length, and meeting with no signs of the foe, until about noon, when they came upon some cavalry barracks, which had been so suddenly deserted, that both officers and men had left their breakfasts cooked, yet untouched. All the conveniences of camp life were strewn about, and one pony was found left tied. In a compact mass they still pressed on, officers in the rear urging forward the loiterers. The Massachusetts 24th led the march. The Connecticut 11th brought up the rear. They had advanced but a short distance farther, when they came upon a line of breast-work and batteries, directly facing them, and a mile in length. Instantly the column halted and prepared for battle. It seemed that those works must be carried by storm; and that could not be done but by the sacrifice of many lives. A small party was cautiously sent forward to reconnoitre. They soon returned with the joyful news that the works were deserted. These earth-works were massive in their strength, and probably had employed thousands of slaves for many weeks. A deep moat extended along the whole front, while an abattis of felled trees protected the flanks. The rebels, in this war, never rejected the ordinary principles of common sense, but ever made use of the services of the colored man, as of all other potencies, wherever they could render that service available. Fortunately for the National troops, the rebels had not yet mounted their guns, and without a conflict the United States flag floated over these ramparts.

After a few moments' delay the troops again pressed forward, having still a march of eight miles before them, and batteries to storm on the way, they knew not how many. Weary and foot-sore the weak and exhausted began now to drop from the ranks. The officers, with stern commands, urged them forward. The chaplains whispered words of encouragement to their drooping hearts. Still the way-side, for the remainder of the march, was strewed with those who, from sheer inability, could move no farther. To add to the discomfort a drizzling rain began to fall, keeping the men thoroughly drenched to the skin. The mud was often knee-deep. Many had lost their shoes in the mire, and their feet were torn and bleeding. Like the clouds of the approaching night, a dark spirit of despondency was settling down over the minds of the men, when a horseman from Newbern was arrested, who communicated the cheering news that Manassas was evacuated, and that McClellan was doubtless pursuing the retreating foe before him, down through Fredericksburg to Richmond. These tidings came like rays of sunshine, and the welkin rang with the cheers which rose from the lips of the men. Unfortunately our army at Manassas

knew not where the rebels had fled. White men in Virginia would not tell us. Colored men were not permitted to tell us. Consequently our troops, by forced marches, had to rush back again to Washington, for fear that the rebels should get there before them, by a back route. Thus, while the rebels were running south, we were running north. The writer was in Washington at that time, and saw our troops on their march to Manassas, and, with cheeks tingling with shame, saw them on their hasty return. This *policy* protracted the war for months, and cost us fifty thousand lives and fifty millions of money. The same *policy* subsequently reigned at Corinth, where a rebel army marched quietly away, from a National force vastly superior, without the loss of a baggage-wagon, a gun, or a man. The Administration, in "the times of this ignorance," which God did not "wink at," felt constrained to adopt that policy, since the leading men in the Border States, and many in the North, threatened to abandon the National cause unless that policy were pursued.

The tidings, however, that our magnificent army of the Potomac, 250,000 strong, were on the triumphant march for Richmond, electrified the weary troops; and when the order was again given "Forward," with new alacrity they resumed their march. At six o'clock in the gloomy twilight of a rainy day, the scouts reported that a line of rebel fortifications was but a mile ahead. It was too late to attempt an attack that night, and the welcome order was given to halt. It was a wet and miserable night, and the troops, weary, muddy, utterly comfortless, threw themselves down on either side of the road, with no tents, no protection, but the pine forest, and thousands were soon fast asleep. Others, however, more vigorous, cut up the resinous fuel of the pitch-pine, and soon innumerable fires, with crackle and roar, illumined the forest, and the scene assumed an aspect of picturesque sublimity and beauty.

At seven o'clock the next morning the men had all taken their breakfasts and were again in motion. They were now marching by the side of the railroad track, which connects Newbern with Beaufort. The gunboats were advancing slowly along the shore, keeping pace with the army. Gen. Reno, with the 21st Massachusetts, led the van. Upon turning a curve in the road, they came in sight of a train of cars, which had just come down from Newbern, with reënforcements for the rebels. In front of the locomotive, there was a platform car, with a large rifled cannon in position to rake the road. The Massachusetts men rushed forward at the double-quick, at the same time pouring in such a volley of bullets upon the foe, that they abandoned everything and ran for the intrenchments. The troops were immediately deployed in line of battle through the woods, and impetuously commenced an attack upon the formidable ramparts. The first cannon-shot from the rebel battery passed through the body of Lieut.-Col. Henry Merritt, of the Massachusetts 23d, and he fell instantly dead. The 10th Connecticut, under Gen. Foster, a very gallant body of men, occupied the extreme left, and, under the most discouraging circumstances of position, maintained the renown they had acquired at Roanoke. The whole line extended more than a mile. For an hour the battle raged in an unintermitted storm of bullets and cannon-balls from both sides, with

no apparent advantage to either. Many, however, struck by the balls, fell wounded or dead.

Among the dead fell Adjutant Frazer A. Stearns, son of President Stearns, of Amherst College, in Massachusetts. This young man was a true Christian knight, with unsullied escutcheon. An earnest, manly Christian, by his heroic character he had won the respect, and by his genial, generous nature, the love, of all his comrades. He fell a martyr to the noblest cause for which a man ever died. A bullet passed through his breast, and, as his body fell to the earth his spirit ascended to Heaven. The enemy were behind intrenchments, which the negroes had thrown up. The National troops had to storm these ramparts with nothing but their bare breasts to present to the foe. Behind the redoubts the rebels had large numbers of strong, vigorous negroes to do the hard work, to bring balls and shells, to work and load the heavy guns, the gunners only sighting and firing them; while our young men, unaccustomed to laborious toil, had to drag with their own blistered hands, the guns through the ruts, and wear out their energies in those exhausting toils which the colored men were able and anxious to perform.

As the National troops gradually drew nearer the breast-work, the fire of the rebels became more galling. Lieut.-Col. Clark, of the Massachusetts 21st, ordered a charge, and, at the head of four companies, rushed, at full run, through one of the embrasures. The rebels, astonished at such audacity, fled from the gun. The colors were waved over the conquest, when, just as the heroic little band were preparing to sweep down the enemy's line, and take the next gun, two rebel regiments came charging upon them, and they were compelled to retire. Capt. J. D. Frazer, wounded in the right arm, dropped his sword. He seized it with his left hand and endeavored to escape. But, stumbling in the ditch, he was taken prisoner. A few moments after the Rhode Island 4th made a successful charge at the same spot, and Capt. Frazer was rescued, he taking with him the three rebels who had been placed over him as a guard.

This charge by Col. Rodman leading the 4th Rhode Island regiment, was one of the most heroic deeds of the day. They were in front of a battery of five guns; while there was another battery close by its side of nine guns, protected by rifle pits. At the double-quick they ran upon the muzzles of these five guns, pouring in a volley of bullets as they ran, rushed through the parapet, and instantly, with the precision of veterans, forming in line of battle, with a bristling array of bayonets bore down upon the other guns, thus capturing both batteries with two flags. The 8th and 11th Connecticut and the 5th Rhode Island, followed closely in their tracks, to support them. The enemy fled precipitately, and the Stars and Stripes floated proudly over this small portion of the enemy's extended line. A grand charge was now made upon the enemy's left, aided by the troops who were already established within the ramparts. The enemy could stand it no longer, and in great confusion they fled. With exultations and shoutings which none can appreciate but those who have passed through such terrible scenes—perhaps the most ecstatic joy of fallen humanity—the National troops clambered over the ramparts, discharged

their guns at the retiring foe, and with huzzas repeated again and again and again, raised the glorious old banner of National integrity over all the bastions which had just been degraded by the flaunting flag of rebellion. It was a hard fought fight and a glorious victory. Every regiment and almost every man behaved heroically. The 51st New York performed deeds of valor, which will induce every man of the regiment to look back upon that day with pride, so long as he shall live.

Who can solve the enigma of humanity—that a scene so awful can contain the elements of joy. The spectacle inside the battery was dreadful. The ground was covered with bodies, in every revolting form of mutilation, some dead, some in convulsive agonies, some pale and despairing waiting for relief, and such relief as the surgeon's amputating knife alone could afford. Horses wounded and dead, dismounted guns, broken muskets, and garments and stores of every kind were trampled in mire which was red with blood. Gen. Burnside wisely deeming it important to avail himself of the panic which had seized the foe, did not tarry an hour to rejoice over his victory. Several brigades were at once on the move, some by the railroad track, and others by the country-road which ran near its side. It was manifest to the rebels that if they could not maintain themselves behind their strongest ramparts, which they had already abandoned, they could stand nowhere. Their army was thoroughly disorganized and their flight was precipitate and disorderly. Our troops marched rapidly on meeting no obstruction. Early in the afternoon the National troops reached the eastern banks of the Trent, directly opposite Newbern, which was on the western banks of the river. The rebels had fired the city. In seven different localities the flames were bursting forth, and dense volumes of smoke were rising to the clouds. The magnificent railroad bridge, across the Trent, 750 yards long, was also wrapped in one grand sheet of flame.

With a few steamers Gen. Foster rapidly ferried his troops across. A fortunate lull in the wind enabled the soldiers, with the aid of such of the inhabitants as remained, to extinguish the fires; else the whole city would have been reduced to ashes. The rebels had a very extensive camp, filled with all luxuries, which they precipitately abandoned. Five thousand victorious troops thus found themselves in a comparatively deserted city. Gen. Burnside very judiciously ordered every liquor cask in the camp and in the city to be staved; a strong provost guard was established, and before midnight the exhausted soldiers were all asleep, and the streets were as quiet as if gentle peace had ever reigned there undisturbed.

In the advance upon Newbern the fleet of gun-boats coöperated with great efficiency. The rebels had exerted their utmost ingenuity in filling the river with obstructions, and its shores were lined with batteries. Commodore Goldsborough had suddenly returned to Fortress Monroe, being recalled by the new peril which threatened our fleet there from the Merrimac. Commodore Rowan took charge of the gun-boats, and, by his gallantry, proved that they could not have fallen into better hands. About six miles below the city there was a shoal or sand-bar, dividing the stream into two channels. In the right-hand channel the rebels had sunk twenty-

four vessels, locked into one another, stem and stem. In the left-hand channel they had ingeniously fastened a large number of heavy stakes, or rather massive pieces of timber, sharpened with iron; and had also set as traps many destructive torpedoes. Before the fleet reached this obstruction it had two batteries to pass. The first was called Fort Dixie and mounted four guns. But scarcely had the gun-boats opened upon it with their terrible salvos of shot and shell, ere the rebels fled, "like chaff before the wind." Some men were sent on shore in yawls to take possession and raise the Stars and Stripes. A force of rebel cavalry were seen in the woods behind the forts. A few shells dispersed them. The fleet steamed slowly along, led by the flag-ship Delaware, till they came to another battery, mounting fifteen guns, called Fort Thompson. A few shots silenced the rebel guns, dispersed the garrison, and the flag of the Union rose proudly, amidst deafening cheers, over the ramparts. It was now night, and the fleet was anchored till morning, with boats out on picket duty.

The next morning, Saturday, the 14th, everything was enveloped in an impenetrable fog. It, however, soon lifted, and the gun-boats were again in movement. They approached the formidable obstructions, which were also protected by Fort Brown, which mounted two powerful columbiads, trained to bear directly upon any vessel which might be impaled upon the beams. This fort was much stronger than either of the others, and was also bomb-proof. Commander Rowan ordered all the boats to follow his lead, and succeeded in passing through the obstructions uninjured. By singular good fortune or skill in gunnery, a shot, from one of the gun-boats, entered the embrasure of the fort, struck one of the columbiads directly upon the muzzle, hurling it from its carriage, and spreading such consternation around, that the rebels fled at the double-quick. The fort was instantly seized, the Stars and Stripes raised, and the whole fleet worked through the obstructions, two only of the boats being slightly injured. All the torpedoes were left harmless in the bottom of the river.

Still there was another battery to be encountered, Fort Ellis, mounting nine guns. The garrisons of all the other captured forts had rallied here for a desperate resistance. For a time the fight raged quite fiercely. At length a shell, from one of the gun-boats, went directly through, into the magazine, exploding it with a terrific report and awful carnage. As the smoke cleared away, none of the rebels, but the dying and dead, were left behind. There was still another battery to be passed, Fort Lane, which, well handled, might have caused the National fleet great annoyance. But the terrified rebels abandoned it without firing a shot. A large number of scows, filled with combustibles, had been collected as fire-rafts. The rebels, in their haste, applied the torch, but the boats were not pushed out into the stream, and they burned harmlessly by the shore. The fleet now cast anchor before the city, just as the troops were entering it. It is a singular fact that the navy did not lose a single man in running the gauntlet of all these forts and taking possession of them.

There is a peculiar air of antiquity and decay pervading all these silent, unenterprising Southern towns. The northern soldiers, accustomed to the vigorous and tasteful towns and villages of the North, were surprised in

viewing the quiet streets, and the unpainted, slatternly houses, covered with mosses and lichens. All accounts agree in testifying to the heroic courage, to the apparent unconcern with which our young troops faced all the perils of the day. As one specimen an eye-witness says, "I was standing on the road, in conversation with Lieut. Fearing, of Gen. Burnside's staff, when a 32-pound shot flew between his horse's legs, barely escaping his belly by an inch or two. Beyond giving a look to see if the animal was safe, Lieut. Fearing showed no consciousness that anything unusual had happened, and went on with the conversation."

In this victory the National forces captured six forts, thirty-four heavy guns, six steamboats, and public property to the amount of two millions of dollars. Our loss was but 80 killed and 290 wounded. The rebel loss about the same. The National sharpshooters kept up such a merciless and accurate fire, that the rebel infantry dared not expose themselves in taking aim. They simply, after loading behind the ramparts, raised their guns over their heads and fired, almost at random, thus throwing many of their bullets away. The capture of Newbern placed Beaufort, N. C., and Fort Macon at the mercy of the Government. They might present a short resistance, but their final reduction was sure. The colored population were rejoiced beyond measure at the triumph of the North. As the Jews, in the days of our Saviour, were all looking for the promised Messiah, so the slaves universally throughout the South, regarded the advent of the Northern armies as the harbinger of their deliverance. No language can express the satisfaction with which they received the National troops, and the eagerness they manifested to serve them.

They could hardly believe the evidence of their senses, and could not possibly restrain their delight, when they saw their affrighted masters running before our troops. They had never before dreamed that there could be any earthly power superior to that which their dreaded masters wielded. A slaveholder, breathless with terror, spurred his horse to his utmost speed, by his own door, not venturing to stop. Just then a shell, with its terrific, unearthly shriek, rushed through the air, over his head. A poor slave, a man of unfeigned piety and fervent prayer, in uncontrollable emotions of joy, ran into his humble cabin, shouting, "Wife; he is running; he is running, *and the wrath of God is after him.*"

The next day was the Sabbath. By order of Gen. Burnside, all the churches were open, the bells were rung as usual, the chaplains of the army officiated, and as a general rule both officers and men "remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

BUILDING OF THE GALENA.—ORIGIN OF THE MONITOR.—DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME.—FEARS OF ITS FRIENDS.—ITS SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH.—FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE MONITOR.—THE MERRIMAC AND HER FIRST AGGRESSION.—HEROISM OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN UPON THE CUMBERLAND.—DESTRUCTION OF THE CONGRESS.—WITHDRAWAL OF THE MERRIMAC.—TERROR AT FORTRESS MONROE.—ARRIVAL OF THE MONITOR.—TERRIBLE DUEL.—SINKING CONDITION OF THE MERRIMAC.—APPEARANCE OF THE MONITOR AFTER THE FIGHT.—SPEECH OF MR. BENTINCK.

As soon as the rebellion assumed such magnitude, that a serious national war was threatened, C. S. Bushnell, Esq., a capitalist of New Haven, Conn., turned his attention to the navy. Some early experience in nautical life particularly invited his thoughts to that branch of our national arm. He conceived the opinion, that in iron-clad vessels there lay an undeveloped problem, which it was the mission of America to solve. He therefore caused to be drawn, by several eminent engineers, various plans of such iron-mailed craft, one only of which met with his approval. This plan was subsequently developed into the gun-boat "Galena."

Many eminent mechanics insisted that the proposed weight of iron on the Galena, was such as to submerge her so deep, that, with her heavy armament, she would inevitably sink. In order to satisfy himself fully upon this point, and make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Bushnell concluded to submit his plans to Capt. John Ericsson, whom he regarded as one of the ablest engineers in America, that he might obtain his opinion as to her buoyancy. Capt. Ericsson pronounced the calculations correct, and stated that he believed she would prove a very serviceable vessel, though not perfectly shot-proof. He then asked Mr. Bushnell if he wished to undertake an absolutely invulnerable battery, and receiving an affirmative answer, Capt. Ericsson took from a shelf a box, about 18 inches by 14, which he said contained the result of the labors of twenty years of his life.*

* John Ericsson was born in Sweden, in 1803. His father was proprietor of an iron mine, and thus his son had an early opportunity to cultivate his taste in mechanics. The genius he indicated interested Count Platen, a friend of King Bernadotte, and he secured for young Ericsson, in 1814, a cadetship in the corps of engineers. After six months' study, when but twelve years of age, he was placed in command of six hundred men on the great ship canal. At seventeen, he entered the army as ensign, and was soon promoted to a lieutenancy, and was sent to survey the northern part of Sweden. While busy with this survey, he invented a machine for engraving. In 1826, Ericsson went to London, where he invented a locomotive engine, which would run fifty miles an hour. In 1833, he constructed a vessel with screw propellers, instead of paddle-wheels. England did not give Ericsson a very warm reception, and, in 1839, at the solicitation of Com. Stockton, he came to New York. Our Government employed him to introduce his propeller into the Princeton. Two

He explained the plan to Mr. Bushnell, who soon appreciated its value, and tried to induce Capt. Ericsson to proceed with him to Washington, offering to assist in piloting the invention through the mazes of governmental boards and bureaus. This the inventor declined doing, stating that he had already been sufficiently badgered and insulted by officials in Washington, and that he should go there no more.

Capt. Ericsson was the first to apply the screw propeller to a war steamer, and nearly fifteen years before had thus equipped the Princeton. But he had been so annoyed by ignorant and supercilious government agents, and had found it so impossible to obtain the remuneration promised him, unless he would bribe some one to engineer his claims through committees and boards, that he had left Washington in disgust, resolved that its dust should never cleave to his feet again.

Capt. Ericsson stated that he had exhibited his plans to scarcely any one, save that, in 1854, he sent duplicates to the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He offered to allow Mr. Bushnell to take the plans, and do what he pleased with them. A bargain for the equitable distribution of labor and proceeds was soon agreed upon, and the same night, Mr. Bushnell was on his way to Washington, keeping a close eye upon the small box by his side, which possessed a value which even he then could faintly have imagined.

On arriving in Washington, Mr. Bushnell met two acquaintances, Messrs. John A. Griswold and John F. Winslow, both capitalists of Troy, N. Y., to whom he unfolded his plans, and at length they concluded to unite their money, influence and energy, with him, in pushing the matter through the governmental boards. They first called upon President Lincoln, and explained the plans to him. With the keen sagacity for which the President is noted, he glanced his eye over the papers, and listened to the explanations, and remarked that they struck him very favorably, although he did not pretend to have much knowledge of such matters. He, however, accompanied the gentlemen to the Naval Board, and expressed his interest in the plan.

But now came the tug of war. The gentlemen explained the diagrams with all minuteness, showing their superiority to every thing of the kind yet invented; but the Board were incredulous. Some were disposed to listen to the proposals, while others did not disguise the profound contempt with which they regarded the whole affair. One distinguished gentleman, who happened to be present, remarked,

"It resembles nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. You can take it home and worship it, without violating any commandment."

Not discouraged at their ill success, they thought, if they could get Mr.

years were devoted to this work. In 1842, he received from the New York Mechanics' Institute a gold medal, for the best steam fire-engine; and, in 1851, was rewarded with prizes at the great Industrial Exhibition, for a salt-water condenser to supply fresh water to steamers. His other inventions, including the caloric engine, are too numerous to mention. His last and greatest work is the Monitor. Capt. Ericsson is of large and symmetrical form, with a countenance indicative of genius. His manners, though courteous, are slightly brusque, and all who meet with him are impressed with the conviction that he is an extraordinary man.

Ericsson before the Committee, with the enthusiasm which he, as inventor, could throw into his explanations, and with his greater familiarity with the details, something might be accomplished. The night train found Mr. Bushnell a passenger to New York.

But the trouble arose how to induce Capt. Ericsson to consent to visit Washington. He had almost taken a vow that he would not again ask any thing from Government. Mr. Bushnell, however, was so sanguine that the merits of the invention could not fail to secure the approval of intelligent men, if they could but be induced to examine the plans, that he assured Capt. Ericsson he would guarantee the offer to build would be accepted; that the Board merely desired further explanations, which only he was able to give, and therefore he must go before them, and explain his diagrams, for no one else could properly do it. Another night ride brought Mr. Bushnell and his reluctant friend to Washington. They went immediately to the Naval Board, which was then in session, and negotiations were again opened. This interview was successful, and all were convinced that *possibly* there was some merit in the invention. The Board immediately sent to Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, that they were ready to report favorably, if Capt. Ericsson would *guarantee* the good qualities and invulnerability that he claimed for his battery. This was agreed to, and Messrs. Bushnell & Co. were ordered to proceed at once to its construction, and the contract would be forwarded in a few days. The next train saw them *en route* for New York, and the following day active business was commenced at the Continental Works, under the direction of Thos. F. Rowland & Co.

In a few days the contract came on, and so stringent were its terms, compelling the contractors to take all risks, to guarantee every thing, and withholding payment until actual service should prove the battery capable of accomplishing all that was promised, that some of the gentlemen were alarmed, and felt a little disinclined to embark in an enterprise, which, under such conditions, might involve them in ruin. To their credit, however, all remained, and now share the rewards of wealth and honor, which the triumphant success of the battery has secured. Capt. Ericsson, with his own hands, prepared all the working plans, the labor of which can be imagined, when it is remembered that there are between thirty and forty patentable inventions applied on the battery. Work was pressed with the greatest vigor, night and day.

In one hundred and one days from the signing of the contract, the "Monitor" was launched. Very many doubted her success. Some eminent engineers predicted that she could not carry the weight of iron which was placed upon her, and that, in sliding from the ways, in launching, she would make one grand plunge and disappear forever. So general was this opinion, that but few would venture to be launched in her, and even the builders, though satisfied that their calculations were correct, were so influenced by popular prejudice, that they provided a steam-tug to rescue the passengers, if she went down.

Gloriously this first impregnable battery glided into the river, beneath the banner she was to uphold so nobly, and whose strength she was so

greatly to augment. A graceful dip but baptized its bow beneath the wave, dedicating it to liberty. It rose steady and firm, fulfilling, in its buoyancy, Capt. Ericsson's predictions almost to a hair's breadth. There she sat, new born and unknown, but destined to be the "Monitor" of nations, the wonder of the age, the humiliation of all existing navies, whose wooden walls she could laugh to scorn. There she sat, an invention that will descend side by side with the steamboat, whose daughter she is, and the telegraph her kinsman. This fabric, which had been scorned and jeered at, as a monstrosity, while being built, became the saviour of our navy, possibly of our nation. Those whose genius conceived her, and whose energy constructed her, are entitled to deathless gratitude. The "Monitor" has placed America, as a naval power, at least, on a par with any nation upon this globe.

The Monitor is so novel in structure, that a minute description will be necessary, to convey an accurate idea of her character. She has two hulls. The lower one is of iron, five-eighths of an inch thick. It is flat-bottomed, six feet six inches in depth. It is sharp at both ends, the cut-water retreating at an angle of about thirty degrees. The sides, instead of having the ordinary bulge, incline at an angle of about fifty-one degrees. This hull is one hundred and twenty-four feet long, and thirty-four feet broad at the top.

Resting on this is the upper hull, flat-bottomed, and both longer and wider than the lower hull, so that it projects over in every direction, like the guards of a steamboat. It is one hundred and seventy-four feet long, forty-one feet four inches wide, and five feet deep. These sides constitute the armor of the vessel. In the first place is an inner guard of iron, half an inch thick. To this is fastened a wall of white oak, placed endways, and thirty inches thick. To this is bolted six plates of iron, each one inch thick, thus making a solid wall of thirty-six and a half inches of wood and iron.

This hull is fastened upon the lower hull, so that the latter is entirely submerged, and the upper one sinks down three feet into the water. Thus, but two feet of hull are exposed to a shot. The under hull is so guarded by the projecting upper hull, that a ball, to strike it, would have to pass through twenty-five feet of water. The upper hull is also pointed at both ends, and will serve the purpose of a ram. The deck comes flush with the top of the hull, and is made bomb-proof. No railing or bulwark rises above the deck. The projecting ends serve as a protection to the propeller, rudder and anchor, which can not be struck. Neither the anchor or chain is ever exposed. The anchor is peculiar, being very short, but heavy. It is hoisted into a place fitted for it, outside of the lower hull, but within the impenetrable shield of the upper one.

On the deck are but two structures rising above the surface, the pilot-house and turret. The pilot-house is forward, made of plates of iron, the whole about ten inches in thickness, and shot-proof. Small slits and holes are cut through, to enable the pilot to see his course. The turret, which is apparently the main feature of the battery, is a round cylinder, twenty feet in interior diameter, and nine feet high. It is built entirely of iron

plates, one inch in thickness, eight of them securely bolted together, one over another. Within this is a lining of one-inch iron, acting as a damper, to deaden the effects of a concussion, when struck by a ball. Thus there is a shield of nine inches of iron. The turret rests on a bed-plate, or ring, of composition, which is fastened to the deck. To help support the weight, which is about a hundred tons, a vertical shaft, ten inches in diameter, is attached, and fastened to the bulk-head. The top is made shot-proof by huge iron beams, and perforated to allow of ventilation. It has two circular port-holes, both on one side of the turret, three feet above the deck, and just large enough for the muzzle of the gun to be run out.

The turret is made to revolve, being turned by a special engine. The operator within, by a rod connected with the engine, is enabled to turn it at pleasure. It can be made to revolve at the rate of sixty revolutions a minute, and can be regulated to stop within half a degree of a given point. When the guns are drawn in to load, the port-hole is stopped by a huge iron pendulum, which falls to its place, and makes that part as secure as any, and can be quickly hoisted to one side. The armament consists of two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns. Various improvements in the gun-carriage enable the gunner to secure almost perfect aim.

The engine is not of great power, as the vessel was designed as a battery, and not for swift sailing. It being almost entirely under water, the ventilation is secured by blowers, drawing the air in forward, and discharging it aft. A separate engine moves the blowers, and fans the fires. There is no chimney, so the draft must be entirely artificial. The smoke passes out of gratings in the deck. Many suppose the Monitor to be merely an iron-clad vessel, with a turret; but there are, in fact, between thirty and forty patentable inventions upon her, and the turret is by no means the most important one. Very properly, what these inventions are, is not proclaimed to the public.

It may be of interest to know, that for her construction, Capt. Ericsson, himself, prepared nearly three thousand plans, large and small. Her cost was but $175,000.

From the commencement of the rebellion, the rebels, conscious of their weakness as a maritime power, devoted much attention to the structure of iron-clad rams and batteries. Upon the burning and evacuation of the Norfolk Navy Yard, the steam frigate Merrimac was scuttled and sunk, by order of Commodore Macaulay. This was one of the most magnificent ships in the American navy, being rated as a forty-gun frigate, of 4,000 tons burden. She was built in Charlestown, Mass., in 1856, and was considered one of the finest specimens of naval architecture then afloat. She was 281 feet long, 52 feet broad, and drew 23 feet of water. Her engines were of 800 horse power, driving a two-bladed propeller, fourteen feet in diameter, and so adjusted as to be raised from the water when the vessel was driven by wind alone. Her armament consisted of twenty-four nine-inch shell guns, fourteen eight-inch, and two 100-pound pivot guns.

This magnificent structure was raised by the rebels and cut down, leaving only the hull, which was exceedingly massive and solid. Over this they constructed a sloping shield of railroad iron, firmly plated to-

gether, and extending two feet under the water. Its appearance was much like the slanting roof of a house, set upon a ship's hull, like an extinguisher,—the ends of the vessel, fore and aft, projecting a few feet beyond this roof. The gun-deck was completely inclosed by this shield, and nothing appeared above it but a short smoke-stack and two flag-staffs. The weight of iron was so immense that the ship nearly broke her back in launching; but the fracture was repaired. The fact that such a formidable mailed battery was in preparation, was well known at the North, and her speedy appearance was daily predicted by the press.

About noon of Saturday, the 8th of March, 1862, this monster was seen coming around Craney Island, from Norfolk, accompanied by two other war vessels, the Jamestown and Yorktown, both formerly passenger steamers, running between New York and Richmond, and subsequently altered into rebel war steamers. These were followed by quite a little fleet of armed tugs and war craft. The monster Merrimac, with her imposing retinue in train, headed for Newport News, where there was a national garrison, guarded by the sailing frigates, the Cumberland, of 1,726 tons, and the Congress, of 1,867 tons burden. Both of these fine frigates were at anchor, within half a mile of the shore battery. The crew of the Congress had recently been discharged, and three companies of the naval brigade were manning her temporarily, until she could be relieved by the St. Lawrence, which was also then at anchor in the Roads. As both the Congress and the Cumberland were merely sailing vessels, they were much at the mercy of their steam opponents.

The Merrimac steamed majestically along, as if conscious of resistless strength, and, as she passed the Congress, discharged a single broadside into the doomed ship, and then, leaving her to the attention of the Jamestown and the Yorktown, made directly for the Cumberland. When the Merrimac was within a hundred yards of the two frigates, they both discharged their tremendous broadsides against her armor. The mailed monster quivered a moment under the fearful concussion, but every ball glanced from her sloping shield, like the wooden arrows of the Indian from the hide of the crocodile. Her ports were all closed. Not deigning to pay any attention to the fierce but harmless assault of the two frigates, she rushed straight forward upon her prey. The formidable national battery at Newport News opened, with all its massive guns, at point-blank range, and these solid shot and shells also glanced harmlessly away. On rushed the silent Merrimac, with not a soul on board to be seen, true as an arrow, and with all the power of her irresistible weight, plunged headlong, with a fearful crash, into the side of the helpless frigate. The iron prow of the assailant struck the Cumberland amidships, crushing in her side with a mortal gash. Then, reversing her engine, and not even annoyed by the cannon balls rattling against her impervious mail, she retraced her steps a few rods for another butt. As she drew back, she turned her broadside to the wounded victim, and hurled into her bosom a merciless volley of shot and shells. It was a terrible discharge from hundred-pound Armstrong guns, every shot of which, at that distance, would have pierced the armor of the Warrior, of England, or the La Gloire, of France. The ponderous

missiles tore through the crowded ship, hurling her massive guns about her decks, and scattering mutilated bodies in all directions. Again gathering headway, she crowded on all steam, and made another plunge at the Cumberland. She struck directly upon the former wound, and crushed in the whole massive oaken side of the ship, as if it had been but a lattice-work of laths. Timbers as strong as nature and art could make them, were snapped and crushed like dry twigs.

But the Cumberland, though overcome, though helpless as a babe in a giant's arms, was not vanquished. Bravely her heroic crew, under the command of Lieut. Geo. M. Morris, fought as against fate itself. No gun was silent that could speak. With courage and coolness unprecedented, they took the most careful aim, attempting to penetrate the port-holes, the only vulnerable point of their terrible adversary. The smoke stack of the Merrimac was riddled with their shot; the flag-staff shot away, and her anchor bent as if it had been moulded from lead; but the iron-cased battery scarcely showed a scratch. The crew of the Cumberland seemed inspired with a supernatural desperation. When all hope was gone, they still with one voice vowed that they would never surrender the Cumberland to the rebels, and heroically their guns reiterated the vow, as the ship settled deeper and deeper in the engulfing wave. From lip to lip the cry passed along the decks, "The ship is sinking." Yet not a man left his gun; not a white flag was waved; no hand moved to draw down our National banner, before the detested rebel flag, terrible as was the power which rebellion now developed. Not a man turned his eye towards the life-boats for escape. One sentiment glowed in every heart, "honor the flag." One sentiment burst from the lips of all, even from those who were strewed in mutilation over the decks—their life-blood fast ebbing—and that utterance was, "We will never surrender!" Heroic men! greater in defeat than you could possibly have been in victory.

Rapidly the ship settled in the waves. The water began to swash over the upper deck, and still every unsubmerged gun was hurling defiance at the foe. The ship careened upon one side. The last gunner, knee-deep in water, pulled the trigger of the last gun, and the dying words of the Cumberland were uttered. There was a whirl, a plunge, a boiling cauldron of air-bursting billows, and the majestic frigate, with all her dead and all her wounded, sank like lead. A few feet of her topmasts rose above the wave, and there the Stars and Stripes still floated, victorious in death.*

The surface of the water was now covered with fragments of the wreck, and with hundreds of men swimming towards the shore, while from all directions boats were pushing out for their rescue. About one hundred of the dead and the wounded went down with the ship. While this multitude of men were struggling in the water, the steam propeller "Whilldeu,"

* The names of the officers who manifested themselves, and inspired their men, with such heroism, should be perpetuated in history. The following is the list: Lieutenant George M. Morris; Lieutenant and Executive Officer, H. V. Davenport; Lieutenant, T. O. Selfriade; Surgeon, S. Jackson; Assistant Surgeon, W. W. Leavitt; Paymaster, C. Burt; Chaplain, J. Lenhart; First Lieutenant of Marines, C. Hayward; Boatswain, E. B. Beal; Gunner, G. Mack; Carpenter, W. M. Laighton; Sailmaker, D. Bruce.

then lying under the guns of Newport News, not half a mile off, under Capt. Wm. Riggins, instantly put off, in the face of the resistless enemy, and rescued a large number who would otherwise have been drowned. Probably her humane errand saved her from the destruction to which she was exposed, since the moment after she had picked up the last man, a shot from the Merrimac passed through her boiler, thus emphatically ordering her away.

The Merrimac having thus, in forty-five minutes, finished the Cumberland, turned her attention to the Congress. This vessel, being but partially manned, spread sail and endeavored to escape. Indeed, had she been doubly manned her destruction was sure. She could present no resistance to the power ready to crush her. In the attempt to escape she unfortunately grounded, and thus became still more helpless. The rebel gun-boats, the Jamestown and Yorktown, were hovering about, discharging their shot at their majestic foe with but little effect, since the tremendous broadsides of the frigate compelled these unworthy assailants to keep at a respectful distance. But the Merrimac was now approaching, and her plucky allies bustled along, under her protection. The mailed monster, despising the guns of the Congress, deliberately chose her position, at the distance of about a hundred yards, and discharged broadside after broadside, of her hundred-pound shot and shell, raking the ship from stem to stern. At the same time the Jamestown boldly rushed up, upon one quarter, and the Yorktown and others of the rebel fleet upon the other, and poured in their destructive fire of shells and red-hot shot, upon the crippled frigate. The carnage was awful. The decks were in an instant covered with dismounted guns and mangled limbs and gory blood. She was set on fire in three separate places. The fresh breeze fanned the flames, which timbers and planks dry as tinder fed. The fiery billows burst forth as from a volcano. The wounded could not escape, and were exposed to the horrible doom of being slowly burned alive. This sight could not be endured by the surviving officers and crew. With tears and anguish the flag was drawn down. A rebel tug-boat was sent to take off the prisoners from the flaming wreck. Some sharpshooters, from the shore, kept up a fire upon the rebel fleet. The Merrimac, in revenge, poured another deadly broadside into the burning, sinking Congress, killing and wounding scores of her men, who were struggling to escape the flames. It was an inhuman act. The surrender of the Congress, was not the termination of the battle, was not the surrender of all the fleets and batteries, was not a truce even. This slaughter of defenseless men, with the white flag flying at the peak of their ship, and an officer waving a white handkerchief from the deck, was murder. The officers of the Congress were taken prisoners by the rebels, while the crew were permitted to escape to the shore in their boats. The Congress burned, hour after hour, a seething cauldron of flame, illumining the whole scene, with a lurid glare, until at midnight the fire reached her magazine, and with an explosion, loud as a thousand thunders, the ship was thrown into the air, and the myriad of fiery fragments fell upon the sea, and as the flames were quenched beneath the waves, darkness "that could be felt," shrouded the dismal scene.

The Merrimac, however, leaving the Congress to her fate, but a mass of fire, turned without delay to attack the two other splendid frigates, the St. Lawrence and the Minnesota. Strange to say, they were both aground. There may be some excuse, not yet divulged, to account for the unprepared condition of our fleet, at Hampton Roads, when it had been known for months that the Merrimac was preparing for the assault. But like many other mysteries of this war, we know not where to look for the solution. The Minnesota and St. Lawrence were both helpless, waiting to be consumed by the devouring monster. Flushed with victory, and reckless of danger, the Merrimac, in supposed invulnerability, at very short range, received a full broadside from the heavy guns of the Minnesota. Probably some shots entered her portholes, and her machinery received some damage. It is said that one of her guns was struck by a solid shot, and two feet of the muzzle knocked off. There were a few moments of apparent hesitation. Night was rapidly approaching; the two National steamers were in such a position that they could not escape before morning; and the all-conquering Merrimac, with her rebel banner exultantly floating, returned to her safe anchorage, behind Craney Island, that she might get ready to continue her operations the next day.*

As the sun went down, that night, over Hampton Roads, every Union heart in the fleet and in the fortress throbbed with despair. There was no gleam of hope. The Merrimac was impervious to balls, and could go where she pleased. In the morning it would be easy work for her to destroy our whole fleet. She could then shell Newport News and Fortress Monroe at her leisure, setting everything combustible in flames, and driving every man from the guns. As the news of the terrible disaster was flashed over the country, by the telegraph wires, all faces wore an expression of consternation. The writer was in Washington at the time. Congress was in session. The panic cannot be described. There was absolutely nothing to prevent the Merrimac from ascending the Potomac, and laying the capital in ashes, providing there was depth of water to float

* A month before this terrible onslaught of the Merrimac, Mr. Charles Ellet, civil engineer, published a pamphlet, entitled "Military Incapacity," a copy of which was placed in the hands of every member of the United States Government, at Washington. In this pamphlet he says, "It is not generally known that the rebels have now *five steam rams*, nearly ready for use. Of these five, two are on the lower Mississippi, two are at Mobile, and one at Norfolk. The last of the five, the one at Norfolk, is doubtless the most formidable, being the United States steam frigate Merrimac, which has been so strenghened that, in the opinion of the rebels, it may be used as a *ram*. But we have not yet a single vessel at sea, nor, so far as I know, in course of construction, able to cope at all with a well built ram. If the Merrimac is permitted to escape from Elizabeth River, she will be almost certain to commit great depredations on our armed and unarmed vessels in Hampton Roads; and may even be expected to pass out under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and prey upon our commerce in Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, if the alterations have been skillfully made, and she succeeds in getting to sea, she will not only be a terrible scourge to our commerce, but may prove also to be a most dangerous visitor to our blockading squadrons off the harbors of the Southern coasts. I have endeavored to call the attention of the Navy Department and the country so often to this subject, during the last seven years, that I almost hesitate to allude to it again. And I would not do so here, but that I think the danger, from these tremendous engines, *is very imminent but not at all appreciated*. Experience, derived from accidental collisions, shows that a vessel struck in the waist, by a steam ram, at sea, will go down almost instantaneously, and involve, as has often happened, all on board."

FORTRESS MONROE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

the steamer, and no one knew whether there were this depth or not, for no one knew the draft of the Merrimac. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Portland were in a state of terror. The Merrimac could laugh at forts.

The experiment of an hour had wrought an entire change in naval architecture and in defensive fortifications throughout the world. Wooden frigates had almost ceased to be of any value. The blow which sunk the Cumberland, demolished also the fleets of England and France. All navies went down with that frigate into the abyss together. It is not too much to say, that such a night of anxiety, of terror, of bewilderment, as followed the triumphant return of the Merrimac to her anchorage behind Craney Island, this world has seldom witnessed before. Through unpardonable carelessness somewhere, the Minnesota and the St. Lawrence were both aground. The Roanoke also was in the same condition, and had for six months lain helpless in those waters with a broken shaft.

About ten o'clock in the evening the agitated, sleepless garrison at Fortress Monroe, perceived two small steamers, coming in from the sea, and approaching Old Point Comfort. As the steamers drew near, they observed that they had a singular looking small raft in tow, upon the centre of which there was a small round tower or cupola, but a few feet high. The raft proved to be the new Ericsson battery, the Monitor, in tow of the gun-boats, the Sachem and Currituck. She had left New York on Thursday, the 6th, in company with these steamers. It was now Saturday evening, the 8th. The first part of the voyage the weather was pleasant and all things went smoothly. On Friday the wind rose, with a heavy sea, and the waves made a clear breach over the deck, which was but two feet above the level of the water. This, however, did not appear in the least to retard the progress of the Monitor, as she cut her way through the waves as easily as she rode over them. But owing to the imperfect caulking of a part of the deck she leaked badly, wetting the berth deck and engine room. The vessel was ventilated and the furnace draft gained by means of blowers. But unfortunately the blower strap broke, and stopped the supply draft for the furnace. The engine room was soon filled with coal gas, and Mr. Stimers, engineer-in-chief, Mr. Newton, senior engineer, and six others narrowly escaped suffocation. This defect was afterwards remedied. The battery, on the whole, proved to be an admirable sea-boat, the sea harmlessly washing over her, instead of lifting her on its crest.

An eye-witness, from Fortress Monroe, thus touchingly describes the scenes which transpired, and the emotions which were excited, on that eventful Saturday night:

"That morrow! How anxiously we waited for it! how much we feared its results! How anxious our Saturday eve of preparation! At sundown there was nothing to dispute the empire of the seas with the Merrimac, and had a land attack been made by Magruder then, God only knows what our fate would have been. The St. Lawrence and the Minnesota aground and helpless, the Roanoke with a broken shaft,—these were our defenses by sea; while on land we were doing all possible to resist a night invasion;—but who could hope that would have much efficiency?

Oh! what a night that was; that night I never can forget. There was no fear during its long hours—danger, I find, does not bring that,—but there was a longing for some interposition of God and waiting upon Him, from whom we felt our help must come, in earnest, fervent prayer, while not neglecting all the means of martial defense He had placed in our hands. Fugitives from Newport News kept arriving; ladies and children had walked the long ten miles from Newport News, feeling that their presence only embarrassed their brave husbands. Sailors from the Congress and Cumberland came, one of them with his ship's flag bound about his waist, as he had swum with it ashore, determined the enemy should never trail it in dishonor as a trophy. Dusky fugitives, the contrabands, came, mournfully fleeing from a fate worse than death—slavery. These entered my cabin, hungry and weary, or passed it in long, sad procession. The heavens were aflame with the burning Congress. The hotel was crowded with fugitives, and private hospitality was taxed to the utmost. But there were *no soldiers among the flying host;* all in our camps at Newport News and Camp Hamilton were at the post of duty, undismayed, and ready to do all and dare all for their country. The sailors came only to seek another chance at the enemy, since the bold Cumberland had gone down in the deep waters, and the Congress had gone upward, as if a chariot of fire, to convey the manly souls, whose bodies had perished in that conflict, upward to heaven. I had lost several friends there; yet not lost, for they are saved who do their duty to their country and their God, as these had done. We did not pray in vain.

"'The heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,'

but the night was not half so heavy as our hearts, nor so dark as our prospects. All at once a speck of light gleamed on the distant wave; it moved; it came nearer and nearer, and at ten o'clock at night, *the Monitor appeared.* 'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.' I never more firmly believed in special providences than at that hour. Even skeptics for the moment were converted, and said, 'God has sent her!' But how insignificant she looked; she was but a speck on the dark blue sea at night, almost a laughable object by day. The enemy call her a 'cheese-box on a raft,' and the comparison is a good one. Could she meet the Merrimac? The morrow must determine, for under God, the Monitor is our only hope."

On arriving at Fortress Monroe, Lieut. J. L. Worden, who had previously rendered himself illustrious, through the heroic adventures in which, traversing the land of the rebels, he had conveyed dispatches for the reënforcement of Fort Pickens, in Florida, reported to the Roanoke for orders. He was directed to lay aside of the Minnesota, to guard her in case of a night attack. A great sense of relief was experienced, in this opportune, *providential* arrival of the Monitor. He who believes that not a sparrow falls without our Father's notice, will recognize in this event the hand of God. The Government had not ordered, or even, as yet, purchased the Monitor. A private individual, and he a foreigner, had devised

the plan, and private enterprise had constructed the ship,—the Naval Board merely permitting the experiment to be tried. Throughout the country generally, but little was known of the Monitor. Those who had heard of her were by no means confident of her success. Still, with her presence, there was, at least, a chance of the life of our fleet. Without her, there was no chance at all. There was but little sleep at Fortress Monroe that night. The Monitor was new and untried. She was insignificant in size, compared with the Merrimac. She mounted but two guns, while her adversary carried ten. Her chance of success, over such fearful odds, appeared small. The night, however, passed away without an alarm.

The next morning was the Sabbath, March 9th, and the sun rose with unusual brilliance in the serene and cloudless sky. Never did a more lovely morning dawn over those peaceful waters. Anxious eyes gazed in the direction of Sewall's Point, where three rebel vessels were at anchor. One of them was supposed to be the Merrimac, though the distance was too great to determine with accuracy. A movement was made about nine o'clock, which indicated that they were preparing for another engagement. Instantly all was life on board the Monitor, and in fifteen minutes she was in perfect fighting trim. The iron hatches were closed, the deadlight covers put on, and every obstruction removed from the main deck, so as to present a smooth surface, only twenty-four inches above the water, unbroken, save by the turret and pilot-house. Every man was sent to his post. Lieut. Worden and several of his officers stood upon the top of the turret, earnestly watching every movement of the vessels in the distance. Soon it was manifest that the Merrimac was on her way, presenting the aspect of a submerged house, with the roof only out of the water. The terrible battery was accompanied, as before, by her consorts, the Jamestown and the Yorktown, and by quite a fleet of tug-boats, crowded with gentlemen and ladies from Norfolk, eager to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the national fleet demolished, and Fortress Monroe bombarded and taken. Nothing but the little round tub, nine feet high, and twenty feet in diameter, supported by a float scarcely above the level of the water, stood in the way of the destruction of every thing at Fortress Monroe, which the most powerful guns could reach,—the raising of the blockade, and the shelling, perhaps, of Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It was David meeting Goliath. Thousands were to witness the battle, who could not lift a finger to aid in its results. Men prayed then, who never prayed before.

The officers of the Monitor immediately repaired to their several stations. Lieut. Green took command of the gunners. Chief Engineer Stimers took charge of the revolving turret, to control its movements. The Merrimac, entirely unconscious of the new antagonist she had to encounter, came leisurely along, and opened fire upon the Minnesota, which was still aground. The Minnesota replied with a broadside, which might as well have been discharged against the rock of Gibraltar. The destruction of the frigate was to be manifestly but sport for the Merrimac. Just then, the Monitor hove in sight, resembling, as the rebels truly said,

a small raft, with a "Yankee cheese-box" upon it. The idea at first did not enter their minds, that the insignificant little craft, whatever it might be, would venture to face their guns. But the Monitor steamed boldly onward toward its formidable antagonist, and, when at the distance of about half a mile, Lieut. Worden, who had taken his position in the pilot-house, gave the order to fire. The gun was aimed, the huge iron pendulum swung aside, the men sprang to the gun-ropes, a momentary creaking of pulleys was heard, then a thundering report, and a solid ball, weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, was hurled against the mailed side of the Merrimac. The Monitor had uttered her maiden speech, and it was a challenge which no antagonist could venture to disregard.

The Merrimac paused in utter astonishment, being scarcely able to discern her distant and diminutive adversary. But the gauntlet thus thrown, the scornful rebel was compelled to accept. She then turned upon the Monitor, to demolish a foe unworthy of her notice, but whose audacity had provoked her ire. Drawing near the little floating turret, at the range of but a few yards, she poured in one of her terrible broadsides, sure that after such a discharge, the Monitor might be sought for in vain. But as the smoke lifted behold the turret unharmed. As well fire at a phantom. Astounded and enraged at the failure, the Merrimac now ran, "head on, full tilt" upon the Monitor, to ride over her, and sink her to the bottom of the bay. "Reserve your fire," said Lieut. Worden to the gunners, "aim deliberately, and do not lose a shot." It was now Greek meeting Greek; iron against iron. Hundred pound shot rattled against the mailed and impenetrable sides of the combatants, in this tremendous duel, and glanced off like hail. Never before had ships met, carrying such heavy guns. From both vessels the firing was executed with great rapidity, and with equal skill. The little Monitor was superior in speed to the Merrimac, and steamed around her mammoth antagonist, almost as a hornet would attack a bull. The turret turned with perfect ease, so that in whatever direction the battery was heading, the two guns were always pointing at the foe. Lieut. Worden, in the pilot-house, had a good lookout through the iron gratings, and gave the directions, through speaking tubes, to Lieut. Green, who commanded the gunners in the tower.

At one time, when the vessels were almost touching each other, Lieut. Green trained his gun on the Merrimac's water line. The shot struck, exactly where it was aimed, and apparently penetrated the ship. "Splendid, sir! splendid, sir!" exclaimed Lieut. Worden, through his tubes. "You made the iron fly. You cannot do better, but fire as rapidly as you can." A shot from the Merrimac, weighing 100 pounds, striking the turret fair and square, would produce a concussion which occasionally knocked the men down, but causing no other injury. The Merrimac, in her attempt to run down the Monitor, failed entirely. She struck her antagonist fairly and at full speed, causing, however, but a slight jar. By the collision the prow of the Merrimac was broken, and her mail cut through by the sharp edge of the Monitor, causing a bad leak. In the desperation of the fight the ships closed, actually touching sides, hurling shot and shell at

each other with demoniac energy. But these cast-iron missiles glanced or crumbled to powder. The rebel Yorktown at one time attempted to interfere. A single 170-pound shot, from the Monitor, passed through the traitor, and sent him home to have his wounds bandaged. The contest was, for a time, so hot, the muzzles of the hostile guns almost touching each other, that both ships were enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which no eye could penetrate. Flash and thunder-roar burst forth incessantly from the tumultuous maelstrom of darkness, and solid balls, weighing 170 pounds, glancing from the armor, ricochetted over the water, in all directions, for one and two miles. Such bolts were never hurled from the fabled hands of Jupiter Olympus.

Thus this duel raged with unintermitted fury for four long hours. The Monitor, at but a few yards' distance, steamed around her foe, planting a ball here, and a ball there, eagerly searching to find some vital spot. She tried her rudder, her sides, her screw, just above the water line, just below the water line. In some of these efforts she was successful, and at length three gaping holes were visible, and the Merrimac was evidently sinking. *The rebel was whipped;* and firing his last gun, turned to run away. Unfortunately, just at that moment, as Lieut. Worden was looking out, at the iron grating of the pilot-house, a hundred-pound shot struck point-blank upon the grating, just before his eyes. The concussion knocked him prostrate, and for the moment, senseless. He was also entirely blinded by the minute fragments of iron and powder driven into his eyes, inflicting an injury from which he can never wholly recover. This occasioned momentary confusion, until the command was assumed by Lieut. Green. The Merrimac, which had entered the conflict with a spirit so proud and defiant, was now limping on the retreat thoroughly whipped and humiliated. As so much depended upon the single Monitor, it was not deemed wise to expose her to any risks not actually necessary. She had, therefore, received orders to act strictly on the defensive, and by no means to leave the immediate vicinity of the fleet. She, however, pursued her disabled foe a short distance, throwing into her a few parting military benedictions, and then left her to seek refuge in her rebel anchorage. As Lieut. Worden, after a time, revived from the stunning blow he had received, his first question was, "Have I saved the Minnesota?" "Yes," was the reply, "and whipped the Merrimac." "Then," he rejoined, "I care not what becomes of me."

It was a glorious victory. Thousands and tens of thousands on the shore, from Fortress Monroe, Newport News and all the rebel batteries, were watching the conflict. No tongue can tell the joy which thrilled the hearts of the National troops at the result. Cheer after cheer rose from the fleet and from the fortress, and rolled like reverberating thunder along the shores, and over the bay. The shattered Merrimac was soon met by two rebel steam-tugs, who took her in their arms, and bore her fainting and dying to Norfolk. Her injuries were vital. After the efforts of months to repair them, she did not venture to leave her hospital, again to face her foe, until, as we shall hereafter have occasion to describe, in the excess of chagrin and despair, she committed suicide.

The Monitor was entirely uninjured. She was struck twenty-two

times on all parts of her. The indentations were so slight that a fresh coat of paint almost rendered them invisible, with the exception of the pilot-house, where a ball striking, bent and cracked a huge iron beam, nine inches by twelve, pressing it inward one and a half inches. Where the prow of the Merrimac came in contact with the side of the Monitor, an insignificant dent on the outside was the only mark of the encounter. No official report of the losses on board the Merrimac was ever published. The Norfolk Day Book stated that nine were killed and eleven wounded. Others of the rebel papers denied that there was any loss of life. The Minnesota was subsequently got off the shoal, having received no material damage.

Before the Monitor sailed, Capt. Ericsson told the officers particularly to instruct the men not to be frightened at the terrible concussions of the enemy's balls against the outside of the turret. It might stun, but it would not hurt them. The concussion of shot, weighing 100 pounds, moving at the rate of a third of a mile a second, and striking a hollow, iron-cased chamber, within a foot of a man's head, can hardly be imagined. Cast-iron shot, striking fairly the iron mail, will crumble almost to powder. The Monitor carried out fifty *wrought-iron* shot. But orders were issued that they should not be used. They were exactly fitted to the bore of the guns, and it was feared that, by their expansion at the moment of being fired, they might burst the guns. Others were subsequently made, a little smaller, which would allow of expansion. The Monitor drew but ten feet water, and could consequently go almost anywhere.

One is not a little perplexed to know what comment to make upon this whole affair. The providential arrival of the Monitor, just at that hour, saved the national cause from a disaster which one shudders to contemplate. And yet it had been known for months, that the Merrimac was in progress. Three weeks before she appeared, it is stated that Gen. Wool, at Fortress Monroe, sent word both to the War and Navy Departments, that she would soon come out, giving an accurate description, which he had obtained from a trustworthy source, of her build and armament, and stating that there was nothing at Hampton Roads which could present any resistance. The Government, in consequence of this want of preparation, lost two of our finest frigates, including property to the amount of two or three millions of dollars, and about two hundred valuable lives. And, but for the private enterprise which devised and pushed forward the Monitor, national disasters might have ensued which can hardly be exaggerated.

The night succeeding the battle, there was another scene of horror. At midnight, the thousands at Fortress Monroe were awakened by fearful cries from the water of "Fire! fire! O God save us!" They rushed to the shore. At a little distance, the national gun-boat Whitehall was all in flames. There were no boats near the camp. There seemed to be no hope for the crew, but to be burned or drowned. It was a terrible sight, as the whole scene was illumined as with the light of day by the fire. The balls from shotted guns of the burning steamer were flying in all directions, endangering those who looked on. One shell struck the hospital, causing fearful terror,—as the inmates supposed that the dreaded Merrimac had returned, and was shelling the forts. The conflagration

was caused by a red-hot shot, which the Merrimac, during the day, had thrown through the Whitehall, and which had left between the timbers a smouldering spark. Four only of the poor seamen perished in the flames or water. The rest, by God's interposing kindness, succeeded in reaching the shore. Thus ended this eventful conflict—a battle never to be forgotten, and which inaugurates a new era in naval warfare.

Immediately after this conflict, Mr. Bentinck said, in the British Parliament, "Coast fortresses are henceforth rendered perfectly useless, by the invention of invulnerable war-ships." The massive fortresses, which now frown along the coasts of all civilized nations, and which have been reared at the expense of millions of money, are doubtless destined to stand, in the future, like the crumbling castles of feudal Europe, as the monuments of an age, in military science, gone by. Plate a stationary land battery as thickly as you please, and mount upon it guns of whatever calibre, to throw balls to any distance, and still a ship can get out of range, while the battery is loading with its second charge. And a squadron of such Monitors, selecting their positions, and bringing a hundred guns to bear upon a particular point, can batter that fortress down. Whatever ordnance can be mounted upon the land, will also float upon the sea. And a moveable battery must always have a vast advantage over one that is stationary. Already guns are cast which will throw balls weighing nearly five hundred pounds. And a Monitor is said to be now in contemplation, which will carry heavier ordnance than this, the turret to be covered with a plating of twenty-four inches of solid iron.

It is a clear case, that the nations of the earth have got to arm themselves anew, and at an enormous expense, unless they can consent to live in peace. The mail-clad Warrior cost England five millions of dollars. If England is to maintain her vaunted naval supremacy, she must build ships stronger now than the Warrior, and must have at least four hundred of them. Is England prepared for this expense of two thousand millions of dollars? France can build La Gloires, and America Monitors, as fast as England can rear her mail-clads. Vigorous competition in this line would exhaust the finances of all these governments. *England's naval supremacy is gone forever.* As a military force, exclusive of the naval arm, she is already but a fifth or sixth-rate power. Such is the position in which the Monitor has placed Great Britain. It is a kind Providence which has thus disarmed this most arrogant and quarrelsome of the nations. England will speak more meekly when another "Trent affair" shall arise. The United States Government is now building between twenty and thirty Monitors, some of them at an expense of over a million of dollars. It is safe to say, that when these lines shall be read, the United States, in naval strength, will be second to no other nation upon the globe.

In view of this new state of things, it is not impossible, that the great maritime powers may enter into a compromise, engaging to employ these mailed floating batteries—these resistless engines of destruction—for the defense of their harbors only; not for aggressive ocean warfare. God grant that all swords may soon be beaten to ploughshares, and that the nations of the earth may learn war no more.

CHAPTER XV.

FLORIDA.

Coast of Florida.—Appeal of South Carolina.—Massive Fortifications of Pensacola Harbor.—Assigned Reasons for Secession.—Seizure of Pensacola.—Lieut. Slemmer.—Traitors and Heroes Contrasted.—Heroic Re-enforcement of Fort Pickens.—Exhausting Labors of Lieut. Slemmer and his Command.—Energy of Col. Brown.—Daring Adventure of Lieut. Shepley.—Surprise of Wilson's Zouaves by a strong Rebel Force.—Its Results.—Critical Position of Fort Pickens.—Engagement of Rebel Batteries.—Evacuation of Pensacola.—Reception of our Soldiers.—Amelia Island.—Fernandina.

The State Convention of Florida, called by the slaveholders to vote that State out of the Union, met at Tallahassee, Jan. 3, 1861. There was but little diversity of sentiment among the delegates of that cotton growing community. They represented a population, according to the census of 1860, of 78,686 whites. There were also 61,753 slaves. Few doubted that Florida would be among the first to follow South Carolina in renouncing the authority of the National Government. The peninsula was purchased of Spain, by the United States, at the expense of several millions of dollars. A large portion of the territory consisted of a region of pine forests, dismal swamps and sandy plains, of little value for agriculture or commerce. There were, however, a few fine harbors on the coast, and some positions of great importance for the construction of forts to protect our rapidly growing commerce in the gulf. The South demanded the purchase of Florida, to promote the interests of slavery, by adding another Slave State to be represented in Congress. There was a small but heroic tribe of Seminole Indians occupying the everglades of this marshy, uninviting realm. Occasionally slaves, from the surrounding regions, would run away, and take shelter among these Indians, who ever received them kindly. The slaveholders demanded that these Indians should be driven from the lands where their fathers, for countless ages, had lived and died. The Government was under the control of the slaveholders, and of course obeyed their commands. War was waged against these unoffending natives. They fought heroically for their homes. Thirty-five millions of dollars were expended by the National Government, in expelling these Indians, and transporting them beyond the Mississippi. It was now necessary to erect forts for the protection of our National commerce. The whole region was surveyed, commanding positions selected, and magnificent fortresses reared, at a cost to the National treasury of over six millions

of dollars. Thus the National Government had expended upon Florida nearly fifty millions of dollars.

And now the few white inhabitants of this State, amounting in all to less than 80,000, scattered over its vast solitudes, assumed the right of voting that Florida no longer belonged to the United States, but that, with all its millions of acres of unsold lands, all its harbors, and all its forts, it belonged to the few people who had chanced to settle in it, with the right to cede it back to Spain, or to sell it to England or France, or even to surrender it to a Congress of Confederate rebels. Was there ever before such a claim heard outside of a mad-house?

The business of the widely scattered population of Florida, most of them living a semi-civilized life, in log-houses, surrounded by their negroes, without churches or schools, was raising cotton and sugar. They were generally an exceedingly unintelligent people, led by a few ambitious demagogues, and consequently in sentiment radically pro-slavery. So far as the population of Florida was concerned, they had received nothing but favors from the Government, for which favors they had made, and could make, no return. It was essential to the nationality of the United States, that a promontory so important, jutting down almost to the West India Islands, should not be in the possession of any foreign power; and, therefore, the National Government secured it, at the above-mentioned vast expense, and would have done so, had Florida been but one solid rock, or an expanse of desert and verdureless sand. These people, fostered and pampered, were among the first to cry out against the tyranny of the National Government;—a tyranny which consisted simply in requiring that Florida, like all the other States, should respect the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. The Government did not lift a finger to control a local interest in Florida. The State was left entirely untrammeled and unmeddled with, to manage its own State concerns. The Government did not ask for the change of a "jot or a tittle" in the Constitution. It asked for no modification whatever, in that admirably adjusted balance of State rights, and National sovereignty, which in less than a century had placed America among the leading nations on the globe. It simply said to the Floridians, manage your own local concerns precisely as you please, subject *only* to the Constitution of the United States. Does any one ask, How could such a people revolt? The answer, as we have before shown, is plain. They loved slavery better than the Union. And it was manifest to the leaders, that by the continuance of the Union, and the natural and legitimate operation of the Constitution of the United States, slavery must die.*

* The Governor of Florida, in his Message to the Legislature, Nov. 26, says: "I most decidedly declare that the proper action is *secession from our faithless, perjured confederates.* But some Southern men object to secession until some overt act of unconstitutional power shall have been committed by the General Government; that we ought not to secede, until the President and Congress unite in passing an act unequivocally hostile to our institutions, and fraught with immediate danger to our rights of property. But why wait for this overt act of the General Government?" Here, then, is the admission, 1. That secession is to save slavery; 2. That the General Government has in no way interfered with State rights; and 3. It is denounced as *faithless and perjured,* with the confession that it had committed no "act of unconstitutional power."

The address of South Carolina to the slaveholding States, urging their united secession, contains avowals, upon this point, worthy of historic record. This address was adopted by the South Carolina Convention, Dec. 24, 1860. The following are its prominent utterances:

"Responsibility follows power. If the people of the North have the power, by Congress, 'to promote the general welfare of the United States,' by any means they deem expedient, why should they not assail and overthrow the institution of slavery in the South? They are responsible for its continuance or existence, in proportion to their power. The Union of the Constitution was a Union of slaveholding States. It rests on slavery, by prescribing a representation in Congress for three-fifths of our slaves. There is nothing in the proceedings of the Convention which framed the Constitution, to show that the Southern States would have formed any other Union; and still less that they would have formed a Union with more powerful non-slaveholding States, having a majority in both branches of the legislature of the Government. They were guilty of no such folly. Time and the progress of things have totally altered the relations between the Northern and Southern States, since the Union was first established. In spite of all disclaimers and professions, there can be but one end to the submission, by the South, to the rule of a sectional anti-slavery Government at Washington; and that end, directly or indirectly, must be the emancipation of the slaves of the South. The people of the non-slaveholding States are not, and can not be, safe associates of the slaveholding South, under a common Government. South Carolina, acting in her sovereign capacity, now thinks proper to secede from the Union. Citizens of the slaveholding States of the United States! circumstances beyond our control have placed us in the van of the great controversy, between the Northern and Southern States. Providence has cast our lot together, by extending over us an identity of pursuits, interests and institutions. South Carolina desires no destiny separate from yours. To be one of a great slaveholding Confederacy, stretching its arms over a territory larger than any power in Europe possesses, with a population four times greater than that of the whole United States when they achieved their independence of the British empire, with productions which make our existence more important to the world than that of any other people inhabiting it, with common institutions to defend, and common dangers to encounter, we ask your sympathy and confederation. We ask you to join us in forming a Confederacy of slaveholding States."

As was natural, the rebels turned their first attention to Pensacola. This was the largest and finest harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and as such had been selected as the naval depot of the Gulf fleet. The Government had established here a navy yard, with all its costly appliances, a marine hospital, an arsenal, and a very valuable floating dry dock. The little hamlet of Pensacola was thus lifted into importance, and the town soon contained nearly 3,000 inhabitants, many of whom were employed upon governmental works. Opposite the town is the long, low, sandy island of Santa Rosa, which protects the harbor from the Gulf. At the western extremity of this island, commanding the entrance to the harbor, the

National Government had nearly completed a large bastioned fort, of the first class, called Fort Pickens. It was built of brick and of New York granite, with walls forty-five feet high, and twelve feet thick. It was embrasured for two tiers of guns, beneath bomb-proof casemates, and also it was armed with one tier *en barbette*. These guns radiated to every point in the horizon, with flank and enfilading fire. This national fort, still not quite finished, had been more than thirty years in process of construction, and had cost nearly a million of dollars. Its armament consisted of two hundred and ten guns, and a war garrison of 1,260 soldiers.

Directly opposite Fort Pickens, on the main land, also commanding the harbor, is Fort McRae. This was a bastioned fort, with brick walls, twelve feet in thickness. It was embrasured for two casemated tiers of guns, with one tier *en barbette*. Its armament consisted of one hundred and fifty of the heaviest guns, requiring a garrison of 650 men. Just below this fort, on the shore, there was reared, as its ally, a water battery of eight guns.

North of the harbor, and directly fronting its entrance, frowned in massive strength Fort Barancas. It retains the name and occupies the site of an old Spanish fort. It is very strong and heavy in its structure, mounting forty-nine guns of most formidable power, well bastioned, and requiring a garrison of 250 men. The fort was in perfect condition, with guns all in order, and a well appointed magazine. The fort was also supported in the rear by a strong redoubt, mounting 26 guns, and costing over one hundred thousand dollars.

Upon the assembling of the Florida Convention, resolutions were immediately offered, declaring the right of the State to secede from the National Government, and calling upon the people immediately to prepare for this act. To instigate the people to prompt action, which would commit them to the rebellion, that busy disseminator of treason, the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, earnestly appealed to them to seize, without delay, and while there was an opportunity to do so, all the national forts, and other property within their reach. As the immense fortresses off the coast, at Key West and at the Tortugas, could only be reached by water, the rebels were urged immediately to take possession of Pensacola, and all its governmental works. It was argued that Georgia and Alabama had set the Floridians an example, and that, by seizing the forts while helpless, they could save themselves future trouble, and palsy the arm of the Government in Washington. The infamous cabinet of rebels, under President Buchanan, had carefully stored these forts with materials to carry on the warfare of treason, and left them in such a situation that they could be taken with scarcely any trouble.

In the appeal by the Charleston Mercury, it was truly stated that the forts at Pensacola commanded the trade of the Gulf; that if those forts remained in the hands of the National Government, that Government could blockade all those waters. But should Florida seize those stations, as could at that moment be easily done, then, in case of war, to use the very words of the Charleston Mercury, "the commerce of the North, in the Gulf, will fall an easy prey to our bold privateers, and California gold

will pay all such little expenses on our part." The people of Florida were thus openly urged to treason and rebellion by the prospect of the plunder of northern ships.

The ordinance of secession was adopted, by a vote of 62 to 7, on the 11th of January, with little delay or opposition. The convention in their ordinance declared, as the cause of their act, that "all hope of preserving the Union, upon terms consistent with the safety and honor of the slaveholding States, had been finally dissipated, by the recent indications of the strength of the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States." When, for thirty years, during which time the slaveholders had controlled the Government, might not any one of the free States have broken the sacred compact of Union, with a similar but ten-fold stronger plea?*

The State of Florida was, by this instrument, declared to be a sovereign and independent nation—a nation of 80,000 white men, about one-tenth as large as the city of New York. This sovereign and independent nation, claiming all the property of the United States Government within its limits, was, of course, according to the newly invented doctrine of secessionism, at liberty to become an ally of England, France or Spain—to become a colony or an integral part of either of those powers. All the forts could be passed over to England, for instance, and Pensacola become a depot for the English fleet. The idea of a nation of 80,000 persons, for in Florida slaves are not *persons* but *things*, was a farce too ridiculous to be long contemplated. In less than a month the delegates of this nation were in the Montgomery Convention, offering all the United States forts and other property within their grasp to the rebels, and seeking incorporation with the great confederacy of traitors which was threatening to capture Washington and to extend slavery over this whole continent. There was but little love for the Union in Florida. The citizens generally gave their hearty approbation to the action of their delegates. The National banner was dragged down from every flag-staff with insult. The State flag, or the flag of the rebel Confederacy, everywhere took its place. Military companies were rapidly raised and organized, and vigorous preparations were made for war. The same enthusiasm, disorder, violence and

* Gov. Call, of Florida, admits that the National Government had not then committed any trespass upon the rights of the South. In his earnest appeal to the free States to settle the difficulty by adopting slavery as a *national institution*, and thus relieving the slaveholding States of any fear that slavery might hereafter lose the fostering care of the Government, he says, in his opening paragraph:

"A great nation has been dismembered. The bonds of the American Union, the work of Washington, of Franklin, of Madison, and other great sages and statesmen, of a glorious age, have been rent and snapped like cobwebs; and the greatest fabric of human government, *without complaint of wrong or injustice*, has been destroyed."

"There is," he adds, "one disturbing, one dangerous cause—the angry controversy arising on the institution of African slavery; and unless this controversy can be amicably adjusted, there must be a perpetual end of the Union, an everlasting separation of the North from the South."

He then argues that the only remedy is the adoption of slavery into the Constitution as a national institution. His words are, slavery "should be considered, as it is, an institution interwoven and inseparably connected with our social and political system, as a domestic institution of the States, and a national institution created by the American people, and protected by the Constitution of the United States."—*Letter of Gov. Call, of Florida, to J. S. Littell, of Pennsylvania, Feb.* 12, 1861.

terrorism which prevailed in all the other rebellious States were reënacted here. Many of the United States officers who were in command of the different military stations in the State were Southern men, thoroughly imbued with the pro-slavery heresy, and regarding perjury and treason to the National Government as chivalrous devotion to their own State. These men had not sufficient grasp of mind to contemplate the idea of *Nationality*. They had no country, no flag. As the rustic deems the hamlet he has never left to be the world, so these men regarded the State, large or small, in which they chanced to be born, as their country, their nation. Some, however, were of nobler mould. They revered the flag which had made our nation great throughout the globe, and refused to sacrifice their own honor or their country's interests, in any compromise with treason. Though powerless to arrest the progress of rebellion, they still "faithful stood among the faithless."

The rebels in Florida eagerly followed the counsel of their confederates, and prepared to seize the United States forts and other National property within their limits. Through the combined treachery and imbecility of the administration at Washington under President Buchanan, notwithstanding the disunion sentiments and intentions at the South had long been known, these forts had not garrisons sufficient to maintain the dignity of the Government even in time of peace. The conspirators, having full control of the Government, had also placed much of this United States' property in the hands of men pledged to surrender it on demand to the rebels.

The conspirators in Florida first endeavored to secure the National fortifications and property in Pensacola. A detachment of armed men from Florida and Alabama, one hundred in number, on the 12th of January suddenly appeared before the gate of the United States navy yard, and demanded instant possession. The commandant, Com. Armstrong, avowing that he had no adequate means of defense, which was unquestionably true, instead of immortalizing himself by a heroic resistance as long as possible, ingloriously surrendered, without striking a blow.

The United States officers were then liberated on their parole, and were allowed to remain in their quarters. The yard contained ordnance stores valued at 156,000 dollars. The rebels immediately seized the Forts Barancas and McRae, and, casting the Stars and Stripes into the ditch, raised their unknown flag over the ramparts. The conquest was effected without any difficulty. Lieut. Slemmer, a brave and truly loyal man, foreseeing what was to come, and conscious that with the force at his disposal, it would be utterly in vain for him to attempt to hold the forts against the rebel troops which could be brought to take them, had evacuated them a few days before. Imitating the shrewd action of Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, he secretly assembled his whole force of about eighty men, conveyed them across the bay to Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, where he could more easily defend himself against overwhelming numbers. Fort Pickens was the most important fortress upon Pensacola Bay. It mounted over two hundred heavy guns, and was provided with a double tier of casemates. The heroic little band of patriots sought refuge

PENSACOLA BAY.

here. The fort, as we have mentioned, was in quite an unfinished state. But few of its guns were mounted, most of its majestic armament being strewed around. The United States sloop of war, Wyandotte, chanced to be in the bay, and her marines aided Lieut. Slemmer in preparing the fort to repel assault. The rebels lost no time in demanding its surrender. Lieut. Slemmer replied, "I have orders from the Government to defend this fort, and I shall do so to the last extremity."

From this fort Lieut. Slemmer and his brave associates witnessed with unavailing indignation the surrender of the navy yard to the rebels, and the capture, by them, of the forts he had so judiciously evacuated. Working night and day, he had soon so arranged his defenses that the rebels feared to attack him. Several of the loyal men from the navy yard also succeeded in joining him. When Commodore Armstrong was about to surrender his trust, and lower, at the demand of the rebels, the flag, beneath which his hair had grown gray, it is said that his daughter besought him, with tears, not to be guilty of dishonor which would forever tarnish his memory. But he, with many Southern sympathies and shrinking from the shedding of blood, was not willing to take the responsibility of defending his flag, when assailed by a stronger force than he could effectually resist. Some of his subordinate officers were in league with the conspirators, traitors within the camp seeking its betrayal. It is reported that Commodore Armstrong, in refusing the request of his heroic daughter, weakly said, "I had rather lose my own life than be the cause of the destruction of the lives of others."

Lieut. Renshaw, a United States officer in traitorous union with the rebels, ordered an aged soldier to haul down the United States banner. That man, William Conway, honored be his name, refused to obey. There the hero stood, ready to be pierced by the sword or shot down by the revolver, rather than dishonor that flag which for a life-time had waved proudly over him. Vice respects virtue. The traitor officer did not dare to shoot the patriot soldier. Another man was ordered to drag down the flag, who obeyed. The rebel Renshaw madly thrust his sword through its sacred folds. The indignant daughter of the commodore, unable longer to endure these scenes, seized the flag, with her scissors cut from it the union, and turning in scorn from the traitors, said, "I will ere long replace it unsullied." The conduct of William Conway, on this occasion, was publicly commended by the Navy Department.

Before the war was opened by the attack upon Sumter, the situation of the little garrison in Fort Pickens was exceedingly critical. As a military station, Pickens was far more important to the National Government than Sumter. And even President Buchanan coöperated with Gen. Scott in the endeavor to secure this position by reënforcements, while the question of abandoning Sumter to the rebels was, by Buchanan's cabinet, undecided. Accordingly, while the whole attention of the country, the rebels included, was fixed upon the heroic band of men, besieged in the Charleston fort, and while watching for the movements of the Government to relieve them, either by supplies or additional troops, or by orders for their withdrawal, reënforcements and supplies were got ready for Fort

Pickens. All eyes were on the alert, and the fitting out of the Brooklyn, with these troops and provisions, could not be concealed. It was, however, almost universally supposed that the Brooklyn was intended for Fort Sumter. The rebels in South Carolina had made ample preparations to meet her, and the whole nation, in a feverish state of anxiety, was awaiting the result.

Jeff. Davis, as President of the rebel Confederacy, was fully awake to the importance of Fort Pickens to his cause. It commanded the bay and fine harbor of Pensacola. He resolved to seize it before it could be reënforced. Two thousand insurgent troops from Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, were already investing it. They were seen from the battlements of Pickens, in swarms, behind the ramparts of Forts McRae and Barancas. Aided by countless slaves, they were throwing up earthworks, and erecting iron-cased batteries all along the shore, at every point from which a shot could be hurled at the fort. New hordes of rebels from the interior were arriving every day. Their flags were so numerous, that they fluttered like butterflies in the air. This insurgent force was under the command of Major Chase, a traitor from the United States army. He boasted loudly that he would soon have possession of the National fort, and pass it over to the rebels. An uninterrupted line of rebel batteries, two and a half miles in circuit, swept around the fort. It was their intention, at first, having two or three thousand against eighty, to carry the fort by storm, after a severe bombardment from all their batteries. But as the indications were very decisive that Lieut. Slemmer would give them a bloody reception, they took the ignoble precaution, characteristic of those who knew not the meaning of the word chivalry, to bribe some of the employees in the fort to disable some of the most formidable guns, by secretly spiking them or withdrawing the charge. This could be secretly done, with but little risk, in a fort so large, and so feebly garrisoned. The assailants could then, in a night attack, rush upon the fort at that point. They succeeded in finding three men, who, by large bribes in money, and promises of preferment in the rebel army, engaged to do this. But Lieut. Slemmer, ever vigilant, detected the traitors, and put them in irons.*

In the meantime, while the forces of the rebels were almost hourly increasing, and batteries, formidable in number and magnitude, were rising all around him, Lieut. Slemmer, with his heroic garrison, worked night and day in mounting his guns, and in strengthening every weak point. The unfinished fort was but poorly prepared for bombardment, even if it were thoroughly manned. The enemy could easily land, in any force, upon Santa Rosa Island, and assail the fort in the rear, where the defenses were very feeble. Successful resistance, under these circumstances, seemed impossible. Still the garrison determined, with one voice,

* On the 27th of April, a rebel writer from Pensacola, addressing the New Orleans Delta, gives a detailed account of the insurgent army assembled there. The total number, on that day, was 6,708. It soon increased to eight and ten thousand. Of these troops, the writer says, "I do not believe that a better and more efficient body of fighting men could be assembled in any part of the world. They compose the very best class of our Southern people, ardent, earnest and resolute young men. They can never be conquered, or even defeated."

to maintain it to the last possible extremity. The Buchanan administration, wishing to *conciliate* the rebels, did not allow Lieut. Slemmer to annoy his *Southern brethren*, who were rearing batteries to bombard him. He was ordered to act strictly on the defensive. The rebels had full control of the inner harbor, and were, with singular generosity, allowed free access to the sea. The Wyandotte, a United States sloop-of-war, and a revenue cutter, were lying useless and helpless, under the protection of the guns of the fort. Such was the humiliating state of affairs at Pensacola, during the last weeks of the administration of President Buchanan. The encampment of the rebels gradually swept around the bay, in lines ten miles in extent. Still, the garrison in Fort Pickens were prohibited by the Buchanan administration from firing a gun, or from interfering in any way with the free commerce of the port, by which the rebels supplied themselves abundantly with arms and all military supplies. But not one of the National ships was permitted by the rebels to enter the harbor.

Early in April, the Brooklyn sailed, and passing directly by Charleston, anchored in the roadstead, outside Fort Pickens, about four miles from the shore. A secret agent, Lieut. Worden, afterwards in command of the Monitor, had been sent across the country, with dispatches to Lieut. Slemmer, announcing the reënforcement and supplies, and authorizing him to receive them, if possible, without provoking a battle. A dark night was selected, the 12th of April. The steamer in the distant offing weighed anchor, and approached as near the fort as it was safe to do. The recruits and supplies were to be sent to the shore in small boats, where they would be entirely exposed to the guns of the rebel batteries—and so exposed, that if vigorously fired upon, their destruction would be certain. Consequently, the utmost silence and secresy were observed. The boats were lowered, filled with men, every light was extinguished, and over the dark sea, with muffled oars, guided by a light in the fort, they rowed for the shore, nearly a mile distant. It was eleven o'clock at night when the boats left the ship, under the command of Lieut. A. N. Smith. They almost immediately disappeared in the darkness. The surf broke so heavy on the outer beach, that the boats had to be rowed into the harbor, to land the men in front of Fort Pickens, directly in range of the rebel forts. With breathless solicitude, the crowd on the Brooklyn's deck awaited the result. They feared every moment to see lights thrown up from the rebel forts, illumining the whole bay, and to hear the booming of their batteries, pouring a storm of shell upon their helpless comrades. Silently the launches were rowed almost directly under the guns of McRae and Barancas, but undetected by the foe. The landing was safely effected, to the indescribable joy of the beleaguered garrison, and the launches returned to the Brooklyn. Eighty-six men and one hundred and fifteen marines were thus thrown into the fort.

The next week, on the 16th, the steamer Atlantic arrived in Pensacola Bay, having on board four hundred troops, with horses, ammunition, and other stores, which were quietly landed on Santa Rosa Island, two or three miles from the fort, and transported with much labor over the sandy beach. On the 20th, the Illinois arrived, with a similar freight, including two com-

panies of artillery. The Atlantic brought out also Col. Harvey Brown, who had been in charge of Fort Hamilton, in New York harbor, but who was ordered to assume the command of the Military Department of Florida, embracing also the islands of the southern coast of the Peninsula. The incessant labors of Lieut. Slemmer and his original command, in getting ready for the enemy, from whom they daily expected an attack, had so seriously affected their health, that, after four months of valuable service, they were relieved from duty, and ordered North for rest. The garrison of Fort Pickens now numbered over one thousand men, which, with the coöperation of the fleet, and its own massive strength, relieved apprehensions of its speedy capture. Yet a large force and a skillful general were besieging it. They were confident of success. They multiplied their batteries, extended their lines, and almost daily received accessions of troops, many of them exultant from the capture of Sumter. The eyes of the nation were now directed to this point, as the scene for the next display of rebel audacity and defiance. With equal diligence, both forces prepared for the hour of trial. With no little anxiety did Col. Brown hasten to complete the works, before the bombardment should commence. For some unaccountable reason, the rebel general delayed his attack. Week after week, through the spring and summer, the troops were kept facing each other, in the monotonous occupation of raising batteries, mounting guns, strengthening and protecting weak fortifications by walls of sand-bags—the only materials which the barren region afforded,—or spending the hot, oppressive days in the inactivity of camp life, without any participation in the exciting scenes in which their countrymen were elsewhere engaged, and into which the firing of a single gun would precipitate themselves. As the orders from Government in the spring, to act only on the defensive, had not been changed, Col. Brown, though now feeling secure in his position, and deeming himself able to reduce the rebel works, was not permitted to gratify the impatient wishes of his men, by attacking the beleaguering enemy. He could, without apparent difficulty, have caused them great annoyance, could have added vastly to their expenses, and could have weakened their position, and many of their batteries he could have demolished utterly.

It was about a mile and a third across the harbor to Fort McRae, on the western, and to Fort Barancas, on the northern shore. The fort had been originally built to guard against foreign foes, who could only approach from the sea, for no one dreamed of traitors at home. But now our foes were on the land side, assailing the weakest point of the fortress. Barancas, which was in their possession, occupied a higher position, so that its guns menaced Pickens with a plunging fire. To guard against this, a complete transformation of the batteries of Fort Pickens had been found to be necessary. Sand-bag traverses, an additional glacis, bomb-proof casemates, and raised walls, had been constructed, with most exhausting labor, to remedy this defect. The counterscarp and glacis on the land side were broad, and lined with a temporary abatis of stakes and trees, constructed by Lieut. Slemmer, to impede the approach of the enemy, and thus hold them under the fire of grape and musketry from the garrison. The para-

pet on every side was now lined with guns, most of them thirty-two and forty-two pounders. There was also a sprinkling of rifled guns, columbiads, and heavy mortars.

The parade ground was filled with deep, cone-shaped holes, to receive falling shells, where they would do little injury by exploding. It was cleared of all combustible matter, which might lead to the repetition of the sad experiences from fire at Sumter. Every thing in the fort was arranged under the highest teachings of military science, and was ready for immediate service.

It was discovered that Gen. Bragg was intending to effect a landing on the eastern extremity of the island, out of reach of our guns. With eight thousand men, he could assail the one thousand in the fort. By regular approaches, and an assault by storm, aided by his numerous batteries, he professed to cherish the utmost confidence in success. To thwart this plan, and give more effective range to his mortars and smaller guns, Col. Brown erected a sand-bag battery of ten-inch mortars, outside of the fort, on the south shore, and another at a distance of five hundred yards, for his eight-inch howitzers. The encampment of the 6th Regiment New York State Volunteers, Wilson's Zouaves, who arrived as an additional reënforcement, June 24th, was three-fourths of a mile further to the east. This regiment, raised principally from the rudest and the roughest of the population of New York city, and known by the soubriquet of "Uncle Sam's Pet Lambs," was an object of special aversion and fear to the rebels. In the unenviable reputation of these men, the rebels could find some grounds for believing the falsehoods of their leaders, in respect to the character and objects of the National forces.

The situation of our soldiers, during the long summer months, on that verdureless, unsheltered, sultry island, was very uncomfortable. The fatiguing labors of preparing for a bombardment were completed. The weather was oppressively hot. The barren island of Santa Rosa, with its brackish waters, its swarms of hostile insects and reptiles of all kinds, presented as inhospitable a residence as could well be imagined. In addition to all this, a besieging army of eight thousand men, in near and plain sight, with encircling batteries, were preparing to overwhelm them with fire and blood.

At length, an opportunity occurred for an adventure, which promised to break the monotony of inactivity and suspense. Several National vessels of war were now stationed in the offing. The rebels knew too well the assistance which the guns of this fleet would render to Fort Pickens, in case of an engagement. Their proximity would also make any attempt to land upon the island very dangerous. To prevent their entrance into the harbor, the rebels commenced the work of sinking vessels and other obstructions in the channel. The dry dock, lying in Warrenton Navy Yard, had, early in the summer, been removed and sunk in the harbor for this purpose. But, during the last of August, they concluded to pump out the water, and float the spacious dock down opposite to Fort McRae, where the channel, being very narrow, would be thus effectually barred against the passage of any of the national ships.

On the 31st of August, Col. Brown ascertained the enemy's design, from the frequent passage of boats from the shore to the dock, and quickly formed a plan to frustrate it. A boat's crew of picked men, under a trusty officer, Lieut. Shipley, were ordered to be in readiness for an expedition the next night. They were to approach the dock cautiously, land upon it, overpower the guard, thoroughly set fire to it, and retreat as speedily as possible to the fort. It was probable that this act would lead to a general engagement. The commander of Fort Pickens was resolved, if the rebels should fire on the retreating boat, to commence a bombardment of the navy yard and adjoining batteries. It was hardly possible that they would allow this boat's crew to burn the dock, unmolested. The next day, Sunday, was consequently employed in preparing for the conflict. Mortars were furnished with bombs; furnaces for heating shot filled with fuel; officers detailed to their respective guns; and tents and baggage in the camps outside prepared for instant removal, should they be in danger from the shore batteries. Night came, but cloudless and brilliant. The opposite shore was plainly visible, and discovery was almost certain. Lest the adventure should fail, it was deferred till another night, when they hoped to be favored by darkness. The next day, Sept. 2d, was thick and stormy, and the shadow of a black night, with moaning winds and weeping clouds, settled over the bay. A little after nine o'clock in the evening, Lieut. Shipley left the beach in a boat, with eleven men. Noiselessly approaching the dock, now floating at anchor in the bay, they were unchallenged, and springing upon it, found the usual guard removed. The prepared combustibles were speedily arranged; three loaded columbiad shells were placed in the boilers; the men were ordered back into the boat; and, when all was ready, the match was applied by Lieut. Shipley. Rowing in utmost haste from the dock, they had scarcely reached a distance of twenty yards, when the flames burst out, and directly the explosion of the bombs broke, with startling crash, on the midnight air, and rolled in thunder tones over the quiet harbor, to the hostile forces, with by no means the same gratifying effect. Thousands of fragments fell in a shower around the retiring boat, but injured none of the authors of this ruin. With the first gleam of the ascending flames, the "long roll" was sounded at the navy yard; soldiers rushed from their tents; artillerists manned their guns, and for a few minutes, universal confusion ensued, in the belief that they were attacked. But though the cause of the alarm was soon ascertained, not a gun was fired on the retreating boat, and it safely returned to the fort. The brilliant spectacle of the burning structure continued all night, the whole harbor being illumined by the volumes of flame rolling up to the sky. Blackened and smoking timbers floating on the water, were all that remained in the morning, of a work which cost the United States a million and a half of dollars.

Retaliation from the rebels was expected immediately, but it was still delayed. The soldier's life, behind walls and in camp, after a few days of expectation, returned to its former monotonous course. Another month passed slowly away, when the national troops, in their turn, were surprised, and with far more serious results.

On the night of October 8th, a secret expedition of the rebels set out for Santa Rosa Island, to break up the encampment of Wilson's Zouaves. The force consisted of fifteen hundred men, comprising companies of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi regiments, selected for this special service. They were transported by two steamers, a barge, and five or six launches, and were under the command of Gen. Anderson. Information received from deserters from the island, two days previous, induced them to land on the inside shore, four miles from Fort Pickens, and cross over to the other shore, upon which Wilson's camp was situated. The island here is about three-fourths of a mile wide. A short distance below their place of landing, in the direction of the fort, it narrows to less than two hundred yards; then it widens again to about five-eighths of a mile at the camp of the Zouaves, which was only a mile from the fort. The beach on both sides is hard and sandy. A succession of three or four sand-ridges run along the Gulf shore, parallel to the coast. On the harbor side, the ground is low and swampy, interspersed with hillocks of sand, and a few bushes and trees.

The number of Zouaves in camp was much reduced by a detachment of several companies, sent to the Tortugas, and other neighboring stations. Col. Wilson and Lieut. Col. Creighton, however, were on the island, with five companies, numbering three hundred and sixty men. Of these, according to his report, at the time of attack, fifty were sick, forty-seven detailed for service in Fort Pickens, and seventy on guard along the coast, so that he had only one hundred and sixty to rally against the enemy.

About 9 P. M., five hundred rebels were landed at Deer Point, three miles from the camp. To these were added, in the course of two or three hours, another body of a thousand men, all of whom remained in the vicinity, concealed by the dark and lowering night, till about two o'clock in the morning. After the debarkation, the force was divided into three columns, one marching down the south shore, another down the harbor beach, and a third taking the centre. Five men were sent forward of the divisions to challenge the Zouave sentinels, and silence them, if possible, before they could give any alarm. The design of the enemy was to effect a complete surprise of the Zouaves, and getting between them and the fort, to cut off their retreat. Having captured or slain them in their advanced position, they could easily seize the two batteries which were in their rear, and carry off or spike the guns, and then, perhaps, take Pickens by surprise.

With great caution the columns of the enemy marched towards the camp of the unsuspecting and sleeping Zouaves. The night was very dark; a man's form could not be distinguished at a distance of twenty yards. Two miles from the camp they encountered one of the Union pickets, who fired and killed two of the rebels. The picket was also immediately shot, as was also the sergeant of the guard. The other pickets began to fall back upon the main guard, who gave the alarm at the camp, obstinately contesting the ground in their retreat. The Zouaves, aroused by the skirmishing of their pickets, were by this time drawn up in line by their colonel, and were awaiting the attack. Col. Wilson had sent one company to the right and another to the left to prevent his little force from being

flanked by the enemy. In the darkness and confusion, a company of the rebels crept along by the shore and entered the camp of the Zouaves, almost without a shot. Suddenly the little band of sixty men drawn up under their colonel, received a heavy musket-fire upon their front, from their rear and upon their right wing, and the rebels, in large numbers, were seen running along one of the ridges, to cut off their retreat to the fort. The Zouaves fought bravely for a while, but overpowered, were obliged to retire to the first ridge, where they halted and again fronted the foe. The vastly superior force of the enemy was now revealed to them by the light of their own tents, which, having been first rifled of their contents, were in a blaze. The Zouaves, though thus out-numbered, fought desperately for a while, using their rifles with deadly effect, at short range. At length, becoming disorganized, they resorted to bush fighting. The company under Wilson, unable to withstand the overwhelming force of the rebels, were withdrawn in good order along the beach to the first battery, where they halted.

In the meantime the alarm had reached Fort Pickens. Volleys of musketry were heard at the fort at half-past three, in the direction of the camp. Colonel Brown ordered the long roll to be beaten, and Major Vodges was despatched with a company of regulars to the aid of Col. Wilson; and Major Arnold was ordered to man the guns on the ramparts. In half an hour the firing grew heavier, and Major Arnold was sent out with two more companies to support the first detachment, and with orders to Wilson to advance on the enemy, whose force was unknown. Major Vodges with his regulars had proceeded nearly a mile, when, in the gloom of the night, he was suddenly surrounded by a large body of the rebels. He was in front, and being immediately recognized, was forced to surrender. His command now devolved on Capt. Hildt, who, aided by Lieut. Seely, extricated his men, eighty in number, from their entanglement, and rallying them, with great gallantry, opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, whose lines had become very much broken by the confusion incident to a midnight attack. At this time the rebel general caused the signal to be sounded for his men to turn and march back. He erroneously supposed that he was now in the rear of the Zouaves, having cut off their retreat, and that he could drive them before him, to utter destruction. But as it grew lighter, our troops advanced in better order against the rebels, who were now getting into terrible confusion. Major Arnold came up with his two companies to support the sturdy band of regulars, that, under Capt. Hildt, was driving a large force of the enemy, pouring in upon them a merciless fire. Two companies of Zouaves, animated by the reënforcement, formed anew under Major Tower, and joined in the pursuit. Col. Wilson with a portion of his men came up later. The rebels were now effectually routed and in full retreat to regain their boats.

Their confidence had given place to terror. All organization seemed to be broken up, and they fought no longer for victory, but only for escape. The regulars, in solid, unbroken phalanx, pursued them, pouring into their ranks volleys of death, while the fiery Zouaves, mainly broken into detached squads and dispersed as stragglers, too impatient to wait for

reorganization, ran along the flanks of the foe, skulking like Indians behind every bush and mound, and with deadly aim compelling every bullet to fulfill its mission. One of the rebel soldiers thus describes their disastrous retreat.

"Amid this excitement and conflagration the wildest disorder reigned. Companies were disorganized, and no such thing as a regiment was known. Our men retired in great confusion, and the line was a tumultuous mass, moving without orders and almost without object. We expected every moment to be shelled by Pickens and the fleet, which could have swept the island and not left a man. Unfortunately for us, they had sent out several companies to intercept our boats and cut off our retreat. These lay behind the sand hills and embankments and fired upon our disorganized masses. Several attempts were made to rally into line, but without effect. The island is alternate marshes, ravines and hills, with occasional long sandy plains. Whenever we met these squads, we had to carry the place by storm, yet their advantage was too manifest. They could hide behind sand hills, completely protecting themselves from our bullets, and shoot into our disorganized body for several minutes before we could come upon them. Several times we met these hostile squads and mistook them for friends, occasioning us heavy loss."

Our victorious companies of regulars and Zouaves were now pressing hard upon the confused bodies of the rebels, following regularly down both shores. As they retreated they turned to the right shore, where they encountered Lieut. Seely's body of regulars. Running to the left, they were bravely charged by the Zouaves. Unable in their rout and demoralization to resist the compact bodies of disciplined soldiery, their only salvation lay in reaching their boats as speedily as possible. Towards their landing-place they rushed in headlong confusion, as the National troops, with volley succeeding volley, crowded closely upon them. Another rebel steamer had arrived loaded with reënforcements, but beholding the utter rout of their comrades, they did not venture to land. The rebels rushed into their boats. *They were fast in the mud*, and could be extricated only by the aid of the steamers. And now, during that terrible delay, a dreadful carnage ensued. The Union troops in pursuit came up, one company after another, and poured their deadly volleys upon the steamers and launches. Concealed behind mounds and embankments, the Zouave rifles hurled their death shots among the defenseless rebels, who could neither find shelter for themselves nor opportunity to return the fire with any effect upon their victorious foes. The scene at this period of the contest is described as peculiarly awful—the cries of agony and the moans of the dying breaking forth through the pauses of the battle; the shouts of the victors and curses of the defeated, the voice of command and the sharp ring of the muskets immediately following, all rendered the scene horrible and heart-sickening. The steamer Times, crowded with troops, got aground while moving off, and five companies of the Union troops, who had now arrived on the ground, fired for half an hour at the hundreds of the humiliated and infuriated foe massed upon its decks. The killed and wounded in the boats and in these steamers must have been numbered by

scores and hundreds. At length the unfortunate rebels were towed out of reach of the Federal bullets, and the firing ceased, with exultant cheers from the victors. One of the flat-boats was so riddled with balls that it sunk before it had been towed half-way to the navy yard. A large number of dead bodies were found, the morning after the battle, floating on the water, and nineteen were found slain on the battle-field. The rebels carried away in their boats many of their killed and wounded, and about twenty of our men as prisoners, among whom were Major Vodges and a Federal captain and lieutenant. They themselves lost five officers and twenty-two privates as prisoners. From their terrible exposure to the fire of the Union troops on shore, and from the accounts next day, brought by a flag of truce from Gen. Bragg demanding the bodies of their slain, it was estimated that over three hundred must have fallen in this ill-fated expedition. Our total loss was sixty-seven, of whom fourteen were killed, twenty-nine wounded, and twenty-four missing.

Most of our men fought with the greatest bravery, and many officers distinguished themselves for coolness and intrepidity in this blind encounter with an overpowering hostile force, so signally repulsed by three hundred and sixty-five troops. If the rebels purposed only to destroy the camp of the Zouaves, against whom in their battle-cries they manifested the greatest hatred, they were successful. They carried off many trophies of their adventure. The Zouaves lost all their tents, baggage and ready money; but the enemy received a fearful retribution from the fierce firemen-soldiers and their brave comrades, the United States regulars. It was evidently the design of the rebels to attack the batteries and disable the guns, for spikes were found in the pockets of several of the killed who were left on the island. They, however, did not come within five hundred yards of either of these batteries, or in sight of the fort.

In the desperate rout of the Confederates, their whole force could have been easily captured or slain, had not the officer commanding the steamer McClellan, who was ordered by Col. Brown, when the alarm was first given, to take a position opposite the landing-place of the enemy, been directed also to ask assistance of the Potomac, lying farther out in the bay. The Captain of this frigate requested the McClellan to tow his vessel within range of the enemy. This caused so much delay, that the hostile steamers and boats were gone, and the engagement over, before these vessels reached the scene of battle. The McClellan alone could have driven away the steamers, destroyed the boats, and thus prevented the reëmbarkation of the retreating enemy. Caution in the movements of our forces, have so often been disastrous to our cause, in the history of this war, that it has almost ceased to be commendable.

With barefaced falsehood, and equally characteristic bombast, Southern papers claimed a victory, after such an ignominious repulse. But while exulting over the alleged cowardice and defeat of the Zouaves, the destruction of their camp, and fabulous trophies of the battle, they admitted a heavy loss, and the death of several valuable officers. Even General Anderson, of fillibuster notoriety, commanding the rebel forces, was wounded in both arms, but escaped capture. One of the rebel combat-

ants, in a letter to the Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, speaks thus of the battle: "*I scarcely know whether we achieved a victory, or suffered a defeat.* We did the duty which we went to perform, and did it well; yet we shot down our friends in numbers. Indeed, I think as many of our men were shot by friends as by foes. Night skirmishing is a dangerous business, especially in an unknown country, as was the island of Santa Rosa. The enemy appear boastful that we did not assault the fort, after we had driven their men in, and gone almost under its guns. *We accomplished all, and the great misfortune is, more than we intended.*"

The attack upon the Federal outposts on Santa Rosa Island aroused the indignation of the defenders of Fort Pickens, who, though in this instance signally successful in repelling the enemy, saw themselves daily exposed to such assaults from the Confederate troops, whose numbers and advantages were constantly increasing. For nine months the rebel General had now besieged the fort, leisurely drawing his cordon of batteries around it, armed with the heaviest and most effective rifled guns, and preparing for Pickens the fate of Sumter, whenever he should be ready to strike the blow. The fort had been carefully made ready for the final contest, and two additional batteries had been erected outside, for the destruction of the navy yard. But the force allowed by Government for the protection of this important station, was insufficient. This was probably not their fault. From every part of our widely extended country, there was now a call for men and arms. With a powerful enemy hemming him in on all sides but the sea, and regarding the fort as already theirs, the position of the commanding officer and his men was a trying one. By the middle of November, the Federal force amounted to thirteen hundred; that of the rebels, to eight thousand. Extending from the navy yard to Fort McRae, a distance of four miles, they had fourteen separate batteries, each containing from one to four guns, many of them columbiads and sea-coast mortars, besides Forts McRae and Barancas, all within about equal range of Fort Pickens. The recent insult of the Federal flag, in the rebel raid upon the island, and the increasing danger of his position, finally impelled Col. Brown to attempt to batter down some of the enemy's fortifications, and destroy the navy yard works and buildings, which were of valuable service to the Confederate army.

Accordingly, Flag-officer McKean, of the navy, was invited to coöperate with the Niagara, Richmond and Montgomery, of the blockading squadron, in the bombardment, which was to commence November 22d, 1861. To cut off reënforcements from Pensacola, that might easily be sent to the enemy, it was determined to wait until the regular daily steamers should come down to the navy yard, where they should be disabled or prevented from escape by our guns. At half-past nine in the morning, the steamers arrived, and were soon fastened to their wharf. A few minutes after, a puff of white smoke, and a loud report from Fort Pickens, announced the beginning of the bombardment. At this signal, the Niagara and Richmond moved up cautiously in the shallow water, as near as possible to McRae, to draw the fire of that fort and the two batteries in front of it, from each of which the parapet guns of Pickens were exposed to a

dangerous enfilading fire. The national batteries, Lincoln, Cameron, and Totten, which were constructed near Fort Pickens, were directed to open fire upon the fortifications adjacent to the navy yard, and Battery Scott was to assail McRae. The fire of Pickens was to be concentrated now upon one point, and now upon another. In half an hour, the Confederate guns replied, and the bombardment became general. Salvos of artillery shook earth and water with terrific thunder. The discharges from Fort Pickens were incessant. The frigates also maintained a spirited fire on the lower batteries, though the depth of water would not allow sufficient proximity to give full power to their broadsides. The fire concentrated on McRae was terribly effective: the storm of shot and shell unendurable. By noon, all but one of its guns were silenced. Its flag-staff was shot away, and the fort enveloped in smoke, from a burning building in its rear. At sunset, the fort and its adjoining battery entirely ceased their fire. During the afternoon, another battery near the navy yard was also silenced, and the rebel steamer, *Times*, at the yard, riddled with shot.

The fire of the rebels upon Fort Pickens was excellent. They worked their guns with much coolness and skill, but they did little damage to our ships. Scores of shells fell in and around the fort, many bursting directly over it, but the sand-bag traverses, and other precautions, saved the works from any serious injury, and made our loss very small. Early in the afternoon, a masked battery from the shore opened upon the shipping, one of the shots hitting the Richmond, by which one man was killed at his gun, and seven slightly wounded. The rifled ordnance of the rebels gave them advantage over the frigates, which were impeded by the shallowness of the water. The bombardment was witnessed by hundreds of people at Pensacola, who were crowded on the house-tops, public buildings, and along the shore, listening to the roar of artillery, and eagerly watching through glasses the progress of the engagement.

As the gloom of night rolled over the scene of conflict, the Federal guns discontinued their fire, and the ships steamed out to a place of safety. Our men everywhere had behaved with great gallantry and spirit during the day, and the execution of their shots was evidenced in the diminished fire of the enemy. None of the guns in the fort were disabled, and the weary garrison, wonderfully preserved from death and wounds, went to rest, with confident expectations of renewing their exciting labors on the morrow, with still more decisive success.

The night was improved by the rebels, in raising higher their embankments, and erecting masked batteries near the beach. A little after ten o'clock in the morning, Fort Pickens reopened the contest, and was answered by forty or fifty guns of the enemy. The morning was cold and rainy. The wind had changed to the north-east, and the depth of water, blown from the bay by the wind, was so diminished that the ships could not approach so near as on the previous day. The Niagara attempted to work her way up against a strong wind, but the water was dangerously shoal, and while the rebel batteries were far out of the range of her own smooth bores, the shells of a rifled gun, of immense size, newly mounted by the Confederates, threatened her with destruction. She was therefore

withdrawn after a few hours, and the battle left to the forts and batteries. The fire of Fort Pickens, on this day, was more deliberate than on the day preceding, and its effects more visible. Fort McRae, which had suffered so much the previous day, was still silent, its shattered walls not being strong enough to bear the discharges of its own guns; but the shore batteries and Fort Barancas kept up a vigorous and well-directed fire. At 3 P. M., some of the houses in Warrington, in the rear of the rebel fortifications, were set on fire by our shells and red-hot shot. The conflagration spread to the church, and thence along the street, till nearly the whole village was in flames. About the same time, buildings in Woolcott, a village adjoining the navy yard on the north and east, were seen to be burning. From this conflagration, the flames extended to several wooden structures in the yard. Most of the buildings here, however, being of brick, and with slated roofs, were more injured by the quantities of shot, and of shells filled with sand, for breaching the walls, than from the conflagration.

The scene at night was magnificent. Shells in countless numbers filled the air, and yet each one could be followed, in the meteoric splendor of its graceful curve, from the time it left the gun till it exploded in a deafening roar. The whole bay was illumined by the conflagration with more than noon-day brilliance. The glow of the flame arrested the eyes of the crew of the steamer Mercedita, over forty miles distant, at sea.

The firing was continued on both sides far into the night. At length the deafening reports of artillery, the whistling of shot, the screech and crash of bursting shells gradually ceased; though the occasional roar of the mortars was heard till after midnight. The harbor was brilliantly lighted up till morning by the burning villages and detached buildings on shore, but besides this, little had been accomplished by this day's bombardment. The Federal force was not large enough to follow it up by a night attack upon the enemy's works, and as it was not in their power otherwise to drive them from their position, it was decided not to continue the engagement longer. The loss on both sides was very slight. In Fort Pickens one private was killed, six wounded. The only casualty on the ships was that on the Richmond mentioned above. Gen. Bragg reported his loss five killed and seven wounded. The only injury sustained by Fort Pickens from the fire of the rebels, though that fire was very accurate, was the dismounting of one gun, by a shot that shattered its carriage. The Richmond was quite seriously damaged by a shell which penetrated her side at the water line. The Niagara, though more exposed, escaped with trifling injury.

Sunday, the 24th, succeeded—a day of quietness that was in strange contrast with the noise and confusion of battle with which the week had closed. The enemy waited in vain for the renewal of the strife, still maintaining their position with confidence and exultation. Though the walls of their forts were battered and in some places broken, several of their batteries silenced, and many neighboring buildings consumed, yet it was evident that those two days of bombardment had produced trifling results when compared with the mighty energies employed. Still the rebels could not but be disheartened by the result. They were the besieging

party—superior in every respect of position and numbers. The Federals had attacked them in self-defense. The rebels had opened on them their whole force of artillery, which they had been nine months preparing, for the utter destruction of the beleaguered fort. Yet, after twenty consecutive hours of steady and accurate firing, the solid walls that confronted them showed no signs of weakness, and but one gun had been temporarily disabled. Those walls had proved almost a perfect shelter to their determined garrison, before whose fire many of the walls of the rebels had crumbled, and many of their guns had been rendered useless. That our troops still held possession *at all* of Pickens was to the Confederates a virtual defeat; how much more when their own fortifications were much weakened by the Federal guns, whose defenses were unimpaired?

It is not strange, then, that after a winter of inactivity, disheartened by their reverses, demoralized by their sufferings, by lack of discipline and the consciousness of the falsity of their position in hopelessly besieging a fort tenfold stronger than their own severely tested works, the next event we have to record of the rebel forces, is the evacuation of Pensacola?

We must now anticipate events of great importance which had taken place in other parts of the widely extended field of conflict. The 7th of May had arrived. New Orleans had been restored to the National Government by the energies of that brilliant naval campaign which we shall record in subsequent chapters. The fortifications at New Orleans, upon which the rebels had exhausted all their means of defense, had fallen before the terrible power of Porter's mortar fleet and Farragut's gun-boats.

On the morning of the 7th of May, the rebels at Pensacola were thrown into a great state of excitement and consternation, by the appearance off the bar of several steamers belonging to Com. Porter's mortar flotilla. It was evident that the fleet was either concentrating there for an attack upon Mobile, or that the resistless bolts they wielded were soon to fall upon McRae and Barancas. The forts which had already been so shattered by the fire of Fort Pickens could not stand the renewal of that fire aided by the flotilla which had caused the rebel flag to descend from Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip. The siege of Fort Pickens had now been maintained, at an immense outlay of labor and expense, for fifteen months, and had thus far proved an entire failure. The fort had withstood the utmost fury of their bombardment unharmed. It was now stronger than ever, and could receive any amount of supplies and reënforcements by sea. The rebel troops thus uselessly detained there were very much needed in other parts of the field. For some time the evacuation of the forts had doubtless been contemplated. Indeed, the *siege* had virtually been abandoned two months before, in March, when Gen. Bragg left, with most of the rebel force, for another command in the West. Since that time the rebel forts and batteries at Pensacola were garrisoned by but three thousand troops, five hundred of whom were old soldiers, and the remainder three months volunteers.

Gen. Arnold was now in command at Pickens, having been promoted to that important post for meritorious services the preceding year. He had been restrained from attacking the forts, from the fact that he had

not suitable means of transportation to convey his troops across the bay to take possession of them. And again, he was not very unwilling that three thousand rebel troops should be detained behind those impotent ramparts. They might cause much trouble elsewhere, but could do no harm there.

The recent triumphs of our naval squadron had spread the terror of its arm all along the Southern coast. No fort or city or any navigable harbor, not even Charleston, with its Sumter, could now be considered safe. The rebel government had recently adopted the policy of reducing its lines of defense, and massing its forces. Thus influenced, they decided to evacuate their military stations manifestly untenable in eastern and western Florida. Commodore Dupont, sailing down the coast from Port Royal, had found all the eastern forts evacuated, and had raised over them the National banner.

The rebels having decided to abandon all their works at Pensacola, resolved to destroy everything which they could not carry away. At eleven o'clock at night, of the 9th of May, the National troops on Santa Rosa Island, perceived indications of some unusual movements on the opposite shores. The alarm was instantly given, when signal lights were seen ascending from Fort McRae, which were immediately answered along the line of forts to Pensacola, and the work of destruction began. Hundreds of rebels were seen running in all directions applying torches to the combustible materials which had previously been arranged; and almost instantly a wide-reaching conflagration lighted up the midnight sky. The flames burst forth, along the winding coast, a distance of nearly ten miles, from Fort McRae to Pensacola. The Marine Hospital buildings at the navy yard, store-houses, forts, barracks, dwelling-houses, shipping—all were enveloped in sheets of fire. To add to the sublimity of the scene, all the batteries upon Santa Rosa opened their guns upon the retreating foe. It was hoped that thus the retreat of the rebels might be precipitated, and the progress of their incendiarism arrested. The vandals, however, had well matured their plans for the destruction of all the property they had so infamously wrested from the United States Government. For five hours bomb-shells fell like hail-stones around the flaming fortifications, and the designs of the rebels were, in a measure, frustrated. Some of their work of ruin they were compelled to leave unfinished. They had failed in their attempt to fire their camp, and it fell into the hands of the National troops, almost unharmed, with all its tents and equipments. The light-house and Fort Barancas were also but little injured. They had filled the custom-house with combustibles and had attempted to set them on fire, but the shells which were dropping so fast, drove them away before they had accomplished their plan, and the building was saved. The marine barracks, the foundry, the machine shops and the granite dock in the navy yard, were saved for the National Government. But McRae and scores of other buildings were a mass of smoking ruins when the morning light broke upon the scene of desolation.

The rebels having withdrawn, General Arnold dispatched his aid, Capt. R. Jackson, across the bay, in a blockading schooner, to Pensacola, with an order for the surrender of the city. A crowd of citizens surrounded

him at the landing, many, with undisguised joy, welcoming him as the representative of their old Government. The citizens were called upon to aid in extinguishing the burning wharves, and other public property, to which call they willingly responded.

It so chanced that Com. Porter was cruising along the Gulf coast that night, in the splendid steamer, the *Harriet Lane*. Seeing the light of the conflagration, he immediately turned his prow in that direction, and in the early morning was at Pensacola, to find the rebel forts evacuated or in ruins, and Warrington, a large part of the navy yard, and portions of Pensacola, in ashes. His arrival was very opportune, as Gen. Arnold had not otherwise the means of transporting his troops across the bay, to take possession of the abandoned works. The Harriet Lane performed this needful duty, and on that eventful day, the Stars and Stripes again floated over all the national property in the harbor of Pensacola; the flag of treason no longer disgracing any portion of Florida.

Our troops found the streets of Pensacola silent and deserted, and every thing going to decay. Rebellion had ruined its trade, and blasted its prosperity. There was one portion of the population who received the National troops, with joy which could not be repressed. The whole colored population were half delirious with delight. They were eager to assist our soldiers in every possible way. Even the frowns and menaces of rebel masters could not restrain them. The negroes, fond of music, always sing when happy. Some untutored Milton among their number had improvised a jubilant song, ending in the refrain, welcoming the long-expected Yankees, their looked-for Messiah,

> "Dey have come at last,
> Dey have come at last."

The melody of this song greeted the ears of our soldiers everywhere; and the negroes engaged with a will in any work to which they were invited, cheering themselves in labors ever so arduous with this anthem of their deliverance. They had faith in God. We pray thee, oh, God! that they may not be disappointed.

Every fort in the Southern States can easily, economically and effectually, be garrisoned by colored troops. They ought to be thus garrisoned. The men are there, among their friends, acclimated and eager for the work. They can afford to serve for small wages, and, under educated officers from our military schools, are abundantly capable of performing all the service which can be required of them. Just emerging from the debasement of slavery, the highly honorable service of the soldier would be to them most valuable tuition. Our Northern young men, with energy and education, are too valuable to be cooped up in forts, and to spend their days shouldering a musket. They are needed to extend the beauty and thrift of Northern villages all over our majestic land. How long would England retain India, if she scorned to employ a native soldier? Every consideration of common sense combines to urge the garrisoning of our Southern forts with colored men, from that region. And let them

be so garrisoned that rebellion will never again raise her parricidal hand. The regaining of the bay of Pensacola by the National Government, cleared Florida of the last rebel force of any importance, within the State.

Early in March, an expedition had sailed from Port Royal, to take possession of the eastern coast. The fleet consisted of the flag-ship Wabash, under Com. Dupont, and twenty-six gun-boats and transports. Hugging the coast of Georgia, they passed down the sound between Cumberland Island and the main-land, until they reached Amelia Island, just off the coast of Florida. Upon the northern extremity of this island, there is one of the finest harbors south of the Chesapeake, upon the shores of which bay there slumbers the antique little town of Old Fernandina. Just before reaching this place, the fleet picked up one of our ever faithful friends, a contraband, who informed them that the rebels had abandoned in haste the whole of the defenses of Fernandina, and were at that moment retreating from Amelia Island, with such munitions as they could carry away with them in their precipitate flight. Commander Drayton, in the Pawnee, with one or two gun-boats of light draft, was ordered to push through the sound, and save as much as possible of the public and private property from destruction. The remainder of the fleet pushed out to sea, and steamed for the island by its ocean approaches. The water in the sound was so shoal, that all the gun-boats except one grounded. Commander Drayton pushed on with three armed launches. They soon came to Fort Clinch, at the north end of Amelia Island, guarding the inlet to the sound. Its garrison of 1,500 men had deserted it the day before, having received a telegram announcing the approach of the fleet. A boat's crew was sent on shore, to raise over the ramparts the Stars and Stripes. As they approached Old Fernandina, some persons on the shore waved a white flag, while some lurking rebels, concealed in the bushes, fired a volley of rifle shots at them, wounding five and piercing the clothes of many others. A railroad train, loaded with rebels and their purloined store of national property, was seen, just starting from the town. Two locomotives were attached to the train. A railroad bridge connects the island with the main-land. The whole train effected its escape, and disappeared in the woods on the other side. A little steamer, however, which had attempted to escape, was captured. The fleet took possession of the harbor, and of the small town of St. Mary, in Georgia, nearly opposite.

Fort Clinch, the main defense of the harbor and the inlet, was a pentagonal structure, with detached towers and bastions, and detached scarps, loop-holed for musketry. Its armament consisted of twenty-seven guns, most of them thirty-two pounders, with a one hundred and twenty-eight pounder, and one rifled gun. The rebels carried off eighteen of the guns to Savannah, spiking the rest, and burning their gun-carriages. A few days after this, Jacksonville was also taken, and a few other minor points, without any struggle. And thus the *nation* of Florida, as it had no longer a recognized government of its own, became again a territory of the United States.

CHAPTER XVI.

PULASKI AND THE CONTRABANDS.

Reconnoissance of Tybee Island.—Fort Pulaski and its Bombardment.—Preparations for its Reduction.—Its Bombardment.—Its Surrender.—Feelings of the British Government.—Increasing Importance of the Slavery Question.—National Freedman's Association.—Address of Gen. McClellan.—Financial and Military Reports.

In November, 1861, Gen. Sherman, at Port Royal, received orders to make a reconnoissance of Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River, as a preliminary to the reduction of Fort Pulaski, which commands the approaches to Savannah, Georgia. Savannah is one of the most beautiful of the Southern cities, containing a population of about 6,000 whites and 6,000 slaves. It is situated on a plateau, about forty feet above the level of the river, and seventeen miles from its mouth. Like many other of the cities of the South, it has an oriental air of repose, in strong contrast with the life and vigor of Northern cities. Tybee Island, at the mouth of the river, is a low, barren expanse of sand ridges, about eight miles long and six wide. At the northern extremity of the island there is a light-house, and a strong Martello tower, one of those massive circular structures of masonry, such as the English scattered so profusely along their coasts to guard against the threatened invasion by Napoleon. Three war vessels were despatched upon this enterprise. On the 25th of November they appeared off Tybee, and commenced throwing shot and shell upon the island, at those points where any foe might lurk. Awaking no response, they landed, and found all the works abandoned. At the base of the tower they found a strong battery, but the rebels had been inspired with such terror by the successful bombardment of Forts Walker and Beauregard, that they did not venture to make any stand behind the feebler intrenchments of Tybee. Indeed, Commodore Tatnall announced that after the successful firing at Hilton Head, nothing the rebels had erected could withstand the National fleet. An intense panic had pervaded the whole line of the Southern coast. Several thousand troops took possession of the island; the flag of the Union was raised, and deliberate preparations were made for the reduction of Pulaski. The old Spanish tower was repaired and mounted with an effective armament of 32 and 64-pounders, while breastworks were thrown up surrounding it, a mile in circumference. Only two thousand troops were landed upon the island, and the amount of labor performed by them seems incredible. This National fort, Pulaski, was considered one of the most impregnable in the United States. It had

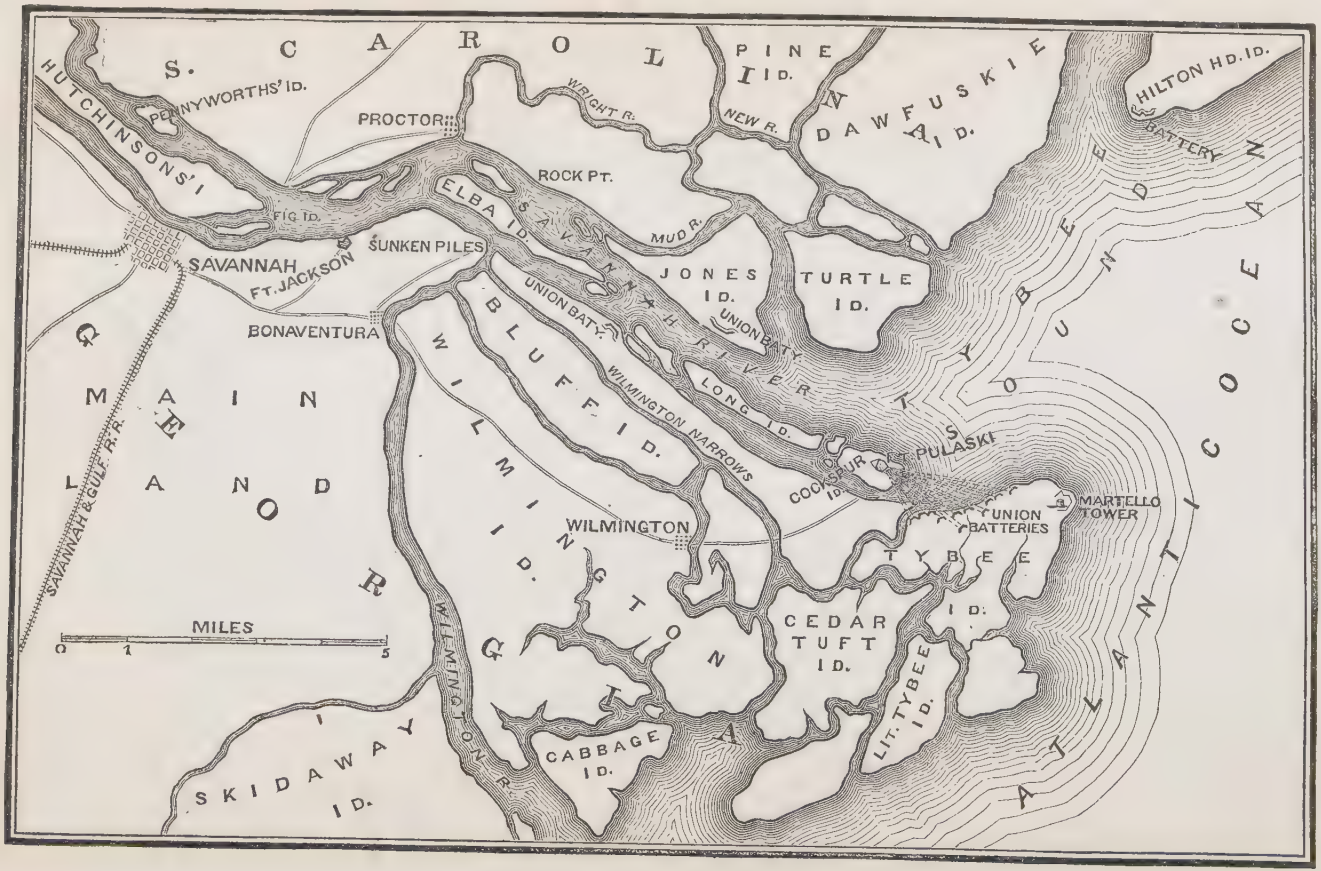
been reared at an expense of a million of dollars, and was amply provided with all the appliances which modern military science could suggest. Its walls, of very hard brick, were nine feet thick and forty feet high. Its armament consisted of one hundred and fifty of the most massive and effective guns known in warfare. The fort was situated upon a small island, called Cockspur, and perfectly commanded the approaches in every direction. The rebels felt that they had at least one fort, Pulaski, which was impregnable. A rebel officer, writing from Pulaski to one of the Southern papers, said:*

"The enemy have gained little by taking Tybee Island. We have plenty of ammunition and men, and we defy them to come in range of our guns. We will show them the difference between Port Royal and Fort Pulaski."

Still the inhabitants of Savannah were terribly alarmed, for the National troops had established themselves within seventeen miles of their streets. All the families who could leave fled, carrying with them their slaves, as the most valuable portion of their property. Early in December, Gen. Gilmore, having made a careful reconnoissance of that part of the island where batteries could be planted which would reach Pulaski, reported that in his judgment the fort could be reduced by mortars and rifled guns established on the north-west end of Tybee Island. He recommended that eleven mortar batteries should be erected, so that a shell should be thrown every minute into the fort. He would also have as many rifled guns as mortars, throwing their shot still more rapidly. All necessary arrangements being made, the works were commenced on the 20th of February, under the superintendence of Gen. Gilmore, who deservedly acquired great credit for the engineering skill and administrative ability with which he conducted them to a triumphant conclusion. The eleven batteries were constructed with a parapet eight feet high, and a bomb-proof traverse between every two guns. The mortars, which were sunk in the ground, fired over the parapets; the guns through embrasures. The batteries were twenty-five yards apart, and connected by trenches affording safe communication between them. Several of the batteries had also a bomb-proof surgery, supplied with all requisites for surgical operations. Each battery had also a well of water. In addition to these a boat was also brought around, with a battery mounted upon it and stationed near a bend, in Lazaretto Creek, which placed it within very effective

* As our troops landed in Georgia an address was issued to the people of that State, signed by Howell Cobb, R. Toombs, M. J. Crawford, Thomas R. R. Cobb. The following extract gives an interesting view of the state of mind of those rebels.

"The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at the threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this; let every woman have a torch, every child a firebrand; let the loved homes of youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your departing steps, if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every city be leveled by the flames, and every village lost in ashes. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God, preferring even for these loved ones the charnel house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world."



FORT PULASKI AND ITS ENVIRONS.

range of the fort. The construction of these batteries involved immense labor, in which the negroes were exempted from taking any share. There was no wharf at Tybee. A heavy surf dashed upon the shore. The ponderous guns were pitched overboard at high tide from floats upon the beach, and when the tide went down were mounted on sling carts, and dragged by *white* hands over the sands to their destination. Beneath a blazing sun the young men of the North, all unaccustomed to such labor, were driven to these toils, when thousands of hearty, healthy, robust negroes were loitering about, not knowing what to do with themselves, but longing to seize the ropes and drag the guns with shouts of jubilee. Hundreds of our noblest young men, glorious, patriotic boys, from the refined homes of the North, fainted and sickened and died in the hospitals, from this unpardonable folly.

It was a distance of two and a half miles from the landing to the batteries. It required three hundred men to move a thirteen-inch mortar, weighing 17,000 pounds, loaded on a sling cart. They frequently got mired, and the labor was enormous in extricating them. Twenty-two of the guns were served, during the bombardment, by men who had performed these fatiguing labors. All the instruction in gunnery they could receive was such as they gained, at odd times, when they could be spared from other duties.

There were political complications mingling with the strife, which faithful history must not ignore. There was a party at the North, active and unscrupulous, who were anxious to preserve slavery. They desired, above all things, to save slavery from harm, as the only means of keeping the whole South united, as a sectional party. They could then, though in the great minority at the North, unite their votes with the slaveholding South, and thus secure, as they had done for years, the control of the Government, with all its enormous patronage. These men were not Secessionists. They were all in favor of the Union. They thought that the Union ought to have been maintained, in the first place, by yielding to the demands of the South, and adopting slavery as the corner-stone of the Constitution. They accused the friends of freedom in the North with being the guilty cause of the rebellion, by not acceding to these demands. They now wished to end the war by so exhausting the North, that it would earnestly invite the South back on its own terms; and by inflicting just enough trouble upon the South, to induce them to wish to return. Unfortunately for the honor of our arms, many of the most prominent generals belonged to this party, and conducted the war at first upon these principles. Conciliation and compromise was the motto emblazoned upon their banners. Those officers who cherished different views, and pushed the war with all vigor, such men as Fremont and Sigel, and Hunter and Phelps, and others who might be mentioned, were denounced and thwarted in all ways. Hence few victories were obtained in those portions of the field, where enormous Union armies were marshaled, and held in repose in the presence of inferior foes.

But the great mass of the Northern people, of both the old parties, democrat and republican, rose above these low and groveling thoughts.

They wished to see the Union restored upon principles which would prevent the formation of sectional parties, that we might be henceforth a homogeneous people, with harmonious institutions of freedom extending over the whole land. Slavery had kept the nation in a constant broil, from the days of the Revolution. Slavery had culminated in this hideous rebellion, which, in eighteen months, had cost the country, North and South, two hundred thousand lives, and an expenditure of two thousand millions of dollars, beside incidental expenses in the ravages of armies, the prostration of business, and time profitlessly employed, amounting to countless millions more. The loss to the nation was estimated, by an ingenious calculation, to amount to ten thousand millions of dollars. Slavery, continued, would inevitably bear the same fruit. Slavery strengthened the arm of rebellion, and palsied the energies of freedom. It dug trenches, fed rebel armies, and supported at home the families of traitors who were in the field; and therefore, every true patriot in the land, rising above the mercenary considerations of party, desired intensely that slavery might perish. God had opened the door, almost miraculously, for its overthrow. Every intelligent man admitted, that if the abolition of slavery was essential to the salvation of the nation, the constituted authorities were bound, as a military necessity, to pronounce its abolition. All constitutional restraints of the civil power were swept away, by the inexorable law of military necessity. Such were the views of political patriotism. With the Christian community, still higher views prevailed. They accepted the doctrine of the fraternity of man, as taught by our Saviour. They wept over the wrongs inflicted upon their colored brother. They deemed slavery a heinous sin in the sight of God, and believed that it was always politic to do right, and had no hope that God would bless a hypocritical nation, pretending to love liberty, and yet consigning four millions of its innocent poor to debasement, ignorance, and unpaid toil. In every disaster, as in Egypt's plagues, they heard the voice of God, saying, "Let my people go."

At the commencement of the conflict, the slaveholders were also in favor of Union. Permanent separation, as we have mentioned, was not their original plan. They hoped that the *threat* of secession would bring the North to terms. Failing in that, they tried secession itself, hoping thus to secure the adoption of their wishes,—then to reconstruct the Union on the basis of slavery. But as the conflict continued, becoming exasperated, they vehemently affirmed that they would not, upon any terms whatever, live in union with the freemen of the North. In this last resolve, and this only, their Northern allies were compelled to abandon them. Still they hoped to coax them back, by the most abounding protestations of submission. They were willing to lie low at the foot of the slaveholder, if he would but aid them in getting office.

Thus it was that for weary months the armies of freedom struggled unavailingly, often led by generals who hated freedom and loved slavery. The hearts of many patriots were faint. In every corps of the army there were officers who nobly espoused the cause of universal liberty, but in the early months of the war they were so trammeled by their superiors, that

they could accomplish but little. And thus it was that here, on Tybee Island, where, from the vicinity, any amount of acclimated laborers might have been found, our Northern young men had all the exhausting drudgery to perform. The spirit of pro-slavery forbade the employment of the hands of slaves, lest the slaveholders should be provoked, and the institution endangered.

Through toil, and suffering, and death, the work of rearing the batteries on Tybee was pushed with great efficiency. Seven of the batteries were constructed entirely by our volunteer soldiers, who did all the digging and shoveling in constructing the works, and the road leading to them, and who performed all the labor of transporting and mounting the guns. The batteries being completed, three or four days were spent, previous to opening the bombardment, in drilling the men in artillery practice. The men who did nearly all this heavy work, were the 7th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and the 46th Regiment of New York Volunteers, with three companies of Rhode Island Artillery, and five companies of the 8th Maine Regiment. The 8th Michigan and 76th Pennsylvania Regiments eventually joined them. As most of the batteries were in full view of Pulaski, though between one and two miles distant, all the work had to be done upon them during the night. One mile of the road leading toward them, led through a very soft and wet marsh. This was crossed on fascines, thrown upon the ground, composed of small poles, eighteen feet long, and bound strongly together with withes, in bundles about nine inches in diameter. Many thousands of these were constructed. Over this road, all the mammoth guns and mortars had to be trundled, and all the immense weight of shot and shells. Twenty-two thousand pounds of powder, twenty thousand 10 and 13-inch shells, and thirty thousand solid shot, were stored in these magazines.*

By the 10th of April everything was ready. The magazines were supplied with powder, and vast conical heaps of shot and shell were piled up around the guns. At twenty minutes before eight A. M., a puff of smoke wreathed up over the central battery, followed by a sullen boom, and a shell with its shrill scream rose high in the air. Its fuse was not well timed, and it soon burst, with a roar like an answering echo to the gun, which reverberated over the bay. It was the first intimation the foe had of the location of the batteries. Almost instantly a puff was seen from Fort Pulaski, then the deep and distant boom came rolling over the wave, and a solid shot of thirty-two pounds weight buried itself in the sand. The

* On the morning of the 10th, before opening the fire, Gen. Hunter sent to Pulaski, with a flag of truce, the following demand for its surrender, addressed to the commanding officer: "Sir, I hereby demand of you the surrender and restoration of Fort Pulaski to the authority and possession of the United States. This demand is made with a view to save the effusion of blood, which must follow the bombardment and assault, now in readiness to be opened. The number, calibre, and completeness of the batteries surrounding you, leave no doubt of what must be the result, in case of your refusal. And as the defense, however obstinate, must eventually succumb to the assailing force at my disposal, it is hoped that you may see fit to avert the useless waste of life," &c.

To this, Col. Chas. H. Olmstead, in command, replied, "Sir, I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, demanding the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski. In reply, I can only say that I am here to defend the fort, not to surrender it," &c.

battle was now opened from every battery on the shore, and from every gun in Pulaski which could be brought to bear upon the assailants. All the day long, without one moment's intermission, the roar of the bombardment continued. From the shipping off Tybee and from many points on the island the contest was watched. At length a cloud of yellow dust seemed to rise from a portion of the walls of Pulaski. All glasses were instantly turned to the point, and a large dent was seen where a rifled shot had struck the brick-work. With accurate aim and rapid firing, shot followed shot in the same direction. In the course of an hour a large number of similar fractures were seen. At eleven o'clock a simultaneous cheer burst from the gun-boats, for a lucky shot struck the flag-staff and the rebel banner fell. The firing from the Fort was, however, continued uninterrupted, showing that as yet they had no thought of surrender, and the flag was soon again floating. And now every shot from the rifled guns seemed to tell, and a breach was manifestly in progress. Dense volumes of smoke began to arise from beyond the fort, showing that some buildings in their rear had been set on fire.

The generals in command, Gen. Hunter, Gen. Benham, Gen. Gilmore, and Com. Rodgers, of the Wabash, with their staff officers, took their stations between two of the batteries, Lincoln and Burnside, where they were sheltered by a sand ridge. From this point of observation, about a mile and a half distant from Pulaski, they watched with a powerful telescope the progress of the bombardment. The enemy had caught sight of them, and trained one of their barbette guns upon the spot. At frequent intervals a shell came whizzing through the air, over their heads. They could, however, see the flash and the puff of smoke, and hear its screech in season to seek shelter behind their sandy parapet. Some of the veterans, however, deemed it inconsistent with soldierly dignity to attempt to dodge such missiles. The shells generally went shrieking over their heads far onward into the swamp, where, sinking into the black ooze, they exploded with great commotion. The morning was clear and cold. A fresh north-easterly wind whitened the bay, and dashed the surf from the broad Atlantic on the low and sandy shores. The fort stood out in the bright sunlight, with all its angles distinctly defined, a perfect target for the thirty-six guns playing upon it. By noon forty-one scars were counted on the south face, and several of the embrasures were much enlarged by the heavy pounding. With the night the fire ceased. No one had been hurt in the batteries, and though the fort was somewhat scarred, its real powers of resistance did not seem to be at all abated.

With the earliest dawn of Friday morning the bombardment was resumed on both sides with the greatest vigor. The effect of the previous fire now began to be apparent. In many places the walls had been so weakened that shot and shell pierced. The fire was mainly concentrated upon one spot, and soon a large breach was effected, through which solid balls and conical shells were plunged directly into the fort. About nine o'clock, a private, in battery McClellan, was struck by a solid shot, and died within an hour. This was the first and only casualty during the bombardment. Every shot from the batteries now seemed to tell. The

breach upon which the whole fire was concentrated grew hourly larger, and large masses of brick fell into the ditch. Thus animated the cannoneers plied more vigorously their work, when the officers, with their glasses, observed something rise from the north angle of the fort, and seized by the wind out streamed the white flag of surrender. The rebel banner fell, and every gun on Pulaski was silent.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of April 11. The gunners sprang upon the parapets and cheer upon cheer burst from their lips, as enthusiastic as were ever uttered upon field of battle. They were expecting to storm the fort; to rush in, at a fearful loss of life, at the breach which they were effecting. And they had now captured one of the strongest forts in the world, while at the distance of a mile and a half from it, with the loss of but a single man. Two boats were immediately dispatched to the fort, containing twenty-four commissioned officers. It was with no little difficulty that it was reached, for the wind had been blowing nearly a gale for twenty-four hours, and the broad mouth of the river was very rough. The party was met, at the fort, by Col. Olmstead, a Northern man, who was in command, and after a short conference with Gen. Gilmore, its immediate and unconditional surrender was assented to. The flag of the United States was again run up, upon that staff from which treason had struck it down. The guns were all stacked in the area, and the captured rebels were sent to their quarters. The 7th Connecticut Volunteers were ordered to garrison the fort, an honor which they richly merited for the conspicuous part they had taken in its capture. The regimental colors of the 8th Maine, and of the volunteer engineers, were also raised over the fort in recognition of their eminent services.

The rebel officers delivered their swords to Major Halpine. Each officer, as he surrendered his weapon, seemed called upon to make a short speech, some of them singularly bombastic and ridiculous. Col. Olmstead, an earnest, misguided man of deep religious feelings, had the manners of a gentleman, and secured, by the propriety of his demeanor, the respect of his captors. The officers were allowed the limits of the island, on parole. Three hundred and eighty-three prisoners, forty thousand pounds of powder with proportionate shot and shell, three hundred barrels of beef and pork, twenty-eight thousand pounds of hard bread, with rice, sugar and coffee in abundance, were found in the magazines and store-houses.

But notwithstanding this abundant supply of the munitions of war, the surrender was a necessity. The shot, piercing the breach, raked the interior of the fort, and struck directly upon the main magazine. An explosion was imminent, which would blow the fort and its defenders into the air. Though not one of the garrison had been killed and but three wounded, the surrender was a necessity. The interior of the fort presented an aspect of utter ruin. Eleven guns were disabled, the parapet and traverses were shattered, and the area ploughed up in all directions. Bricks, splinters and rubbish were scattered around, and many of the casemates in ruins, the guns buried out of sight under the *débris*. Over a thousand shells had exploded within the fort. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when the National volunteers, groping their way in through the

intricate channel by the light of a clouded moon, reached the wharf. Some of the rebel soldiers were loitering about, seeming very sad, many of them declaring that they had been forced into the rebellion. The officers, however, were resolute and defiant in their treason. Upon carefully examining the effects of the bombardment, it was ascertained that by far the most effective weapon which had been used, was the James' gun, throwing 24, 32 and 42-pound shot.*

Subsequent reports from Savannah showed that the capture of Pulaski excited the utmost consternation there. Notwithstanding the rebels had filled the channel of the river with sunken hulks and every other obstruction they could devise, the inhabitants were almost insane with terror. The fall of the fortress upon which they had reposed such implicit reliance was an event so sudden and unlooked for, that they expected immediately to see the fleet before their doors. The rail-cars were crowded with flying families, and with property of all kinds, seeking safety in the far interior. It is a fact worthy of notice that the Stars and Stripes rose over Pulaski on the anniversary of the day on which treason compelled that banner to be furled on Fort Sumter. Just twelve months to a day, from the time when the rebels took possession of Sumter, Fort Pulaski capitulated to the National force. In this affair the rebels had been entirely out-generaled. Six weeks before the bombardment, a back channel had been discovered, by which Pulaski could be isolated from Savannah. The important passage was immediately seized by a naval force, and also several other adjacent islands, with their water surroundings. Batteries were at once reared, secretly, which commanded these creeks and the Savannah River above the fort. These operations were conducted so adroitly under cover of the night, that one morning the garrison woke up to find themselves, much to their surprise and consternation, thus unenviably situated, and also the fort invested.

There were about a dozen negroes taken in the fort, who had been employed there as waiters. Under the humane regime of Gen. Hunter, they were all declared free. One quite intelligent man, forty-seven years of age, said that for thirty years he had hired his time, paying his master twelve dollars a month, and his wife paid eight dollars a month. Thus this poor black man and wife had supported themselves and family thirty years, paying a man, who called himself their master, two hundred and forty dollars a year—amounting in all to $7,200. And this case is but one of thousands. Could he have laid up that money for himself, with the interest, he would then have been worth the pretty sum of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. There is something inexpressibly vulgar and despicable, in a man who calls himself a gentleman, going to a poor black washerwoman, who has been toiling all the month at the wash-tub, and robbing her of eight dollars of her wages, and doing this month after

* A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut troops. While talking with a rebel soldier, the latter said, tauntingly, "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee boy quietly replied, with a very demure look, but with a slight twinkling of the eye, "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the enormous balls which had breached the fort, "we make them of iron now."

month and year after year. Nothing but slavery can sink a man so low. That such men should utter the word *chivalry!!*

As the achievements of the Merrimac and the Monitor proved that wooden ships are no longer of much service in war, so the successful bombardment of Pulaski must introduce important modifications into the theory and practice of land defenses. It is now clear that the old walls of masonry, cannot withstand the massive shells and rifled shot of modern warfare. In the bombardment of a day and a half, the massive walls of Pulaski were crumbled, by the improved conical projectiles fired from ranges varying from 1,643 to 3,476 yards, the nearest range being almost a mile and the farthest over two miles. An iron facing, at least, for all brick walls, is henceforth indispensable.

Though it was not then deemed advisable to send a force to attack Savannah, the recapture of Pulaski was an event of much moment. It placed the chief city of the Southern Atlantic sea-board under the control of the National Government, so that it could be taken whenever a move should be made in that direction. It effectually blockaded that important port, while it relieved the large blockading squadron which had been detained there. And it was another and a very impressive evidence, of the determination and power of the Government to repossess itself of all that National property, which had been seized by rebellion.

It was well understood by all parties that the British *Government* were eager to espouse the cause of the South, that the Union might be broken up, and thus republican institutions be thrown into hopeless disgrace. The Richmond Examiner, of January 1, with ample means, through its agents, of knowing the sentiments of the Cabinet of St. James, deploring that the United States had so managed the Trent affair as to escape war with England, said: "It is certain that the British wanted war; that they were confident of getting it; and that they will be bitterly disappointed at the unsatisfactory result." To be prepared for such an addition to our difficulties, which might at any moment arise, a circular was issued to the governors of all the States, bordering on the ocean or lakes, to put their coast and lake defenses into effective condition. Nearly six millions of dollars were appropriated, in this our hour of need, to strengthen these fortresses against the menaces of England. The treatment received from England was not what the country had expected. The disposition of the United States, both Government and people, towards the mother country, was signally manifested in the greeting extended to the Prince of Wales, spontaneous, sincere, and influenced by no commingling with considerations of policy. It came from the heart. The return we have received will never be forgotten. And when North and South shall again be united, under free institutions, slavery swept away forever, England may look in vain to find a friend in man, woman or child on this continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. There are thousands now who, without any combination, instinctively and from an irrepressible sense of indignation, refuse to purchase any article whatever of English manufacture. Had not England encouraged the slaveholding rebels, before they rose in rebellion, that England's fleet and army

would intervene in their favor, the traitors never would have ventured to unfurl their flag. Had not England encouraged them, after the bloody strife was opened, with her moral support, cheering on the rebels, promising them aid, assisting them in every covert way, and denouncing and insulting the National Government, the rebellion, in its earliest stages, would have been quelled, and our beloved land would have been saved this deluge of blood and woe. England! the wrongs you have inflicted upon America are too deep to be forgiven. We are glad that the ocean rolls between us. We pray Almighty God to grant us henceforth peace forever with all nations. We have had enough of war. Our souls loathe it. But rest assured, that the state of public sentiment in America is now such, that should you again desire war, you can have it. You have incurred the contempt of the South as well as the indignation of the North. A war with you now would do more to unite the North and South in fraternal bonds, than anything else which can well be imagined. You might have made us your friends. And the friendship of America is not to be despised. It is now too late.

Along the Potomac all continued quiet. In the intrenchments there, an army of 250,000 men were gathered, and such an army was probably never before raised. It consisted of the very best portion of the population of the Northern States—the noblest and most intelligent young men, from all the varied walks of life. This army, for some strategic reason, was held in repose, while vigorous blows were being struck, by direction of the commander-in-chief, elsewhere. Gen. Burnside, in his official report of the military operations at Roanoke, ascribed the movement to the directing mind of Gen. McClellan. His report contains the following passage:

"I beg to say, to the General Commanding, that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him, before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may, in future, be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign. The only thing I have to regret, is the delay caused by the elements."

Every day the slavery question was assuming increasing importance. It could not be ignored. Wherever our army appeared, the slaves would flock toward it, notwithstanding the cold welcome they so often received from many of the army officers. Gens. Hunter and Sherman, at Port Royal, were friendly toward these children of oppression. And though the policy of the Government, controlled by the Border State influence, and the pro-slavery spirit of many of the commanding generals, would not permit them to act out their views fully, still they could not conceal their sympathy in the wrongs of their colored brethren. A correspondent to the New York Herald, writing from Hilton Head, under date of Nov. 14, says:

"Contraband slaves still flock into the camps, and at once find profitable employment and plenty to eat from Uncle Sam's representatives. It is highly amusing to see these poor creatures, after their day's work, give expressions of their exuberant spirits at the change in their condition, from

that of the animal to that of the human being. At night, groups of them gather together; they dance, sing, and otherwise enjoy themselves, and seem grateful to our troops, for their unexpected delivery from the hands of their tyrant masters."

One morning, a boat, crowded with forty-five of these fugitives, came down the Rappahannock to Fortress Monroe. The next morning, forty more came. It would hardly do to sink their boat with a rifled gun. They landed, imploring protection. They had a pitiable story to tell. Some were husbands and fathers. Their masters were about to sell them down South, lest they should escape, tearing them away from wife and children. In their terror, the poor creatures had escaped by night, and fled to the National banner for refuge. There were few hearts so hard as to wish to drive these stricken ones back to stripes and chains. And so it was everywhere. We had but to say the word, and the intelligence flew, with telegraphic rapidity, from plantation to plantation, and thousands were on the road, looking out for the Stars and the Stripes. Early in December, 1861, two thousand daily rations were served out to the contrabands at Fortress Monroe. They were all eager for work, and yet seldom were they offered any other reward for their labors than food and shelter. They occupied a long, rough, board building, and worked in loading and unloading vessels, and in constructing a railroad from the light-house to the point. This work was done by contraband labor alone, and saved the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars. An account was kept with them, and they were frequently told that all they earned was to be paid to their masters.

It is difficult to describe the position which these men occupied. The progress of the public mind was so rapid, that the description of the state of things one week, would be totally false the next. There was no national policy. Every general did as seemed right in his own eyes. One would would drive, with contumely, every colored man from his lines; another was eager to surrender him back to his master; another would receive and shelter, but not employ them; another would cautiously set them at work. Still the flood all set in one direction, toward freedom. The general who issued a fierce pro-slavery proclamation to-day, would be ashamed of it to-morrow. The United States officer who vehemently affirmed yesterday that he would break his sword and renounce his commission, if the perpetuity of slavery were endangered by the war, would to-day receive in silence and submission a presidential decree of emancipation. The first of January, 1862, found all the hardest manual labor, at Fortress Monroe, performed by the strong and willing hands of the contrabands. At that time, the garrison, with its outposts and fleet, embraced the wants of at least 30,000 souls.

One night, four contrabands in a boat escaped from the North Carolina shore, to one of our blockading ships. They were received with the warmest welcome. One was a first-rate carpenter, another the best pilot in the Sound; the two others were experienced stevedores. It was a valuable accession. The carpenter was immediately put upon the list of applicants for a partnership in the navy. With the seamen, as a class, there was no

prejudice against these men. Travel enlarges the mind, and breaks down the prejudices of nationality. Seamen whose minds had been expanded with commerce with the world, who had seen East Indians and Pacific Islanders, Chinamen, Arabs, Spaniards, and Norwegians, regarded a man as a man. They cheerfully messed with their colored ship-mates, and shared with them all toils and rewards.

At Newbern, a slave girl, eighteen years of age, escaped to the camp. She was so white, that none would have suspected that any Ethiopic blood was in her veins. She was healthy, ruddy, and beautiful, with finely chiseled features, and a perfect form. Her master came after her, and, in accordance with the policy then prevailing, she was surrendered to him. The noble-hearted soldiers of the Union army were exasperated. They had not learned to be insensible to such outrages, in the Sabbath-schools of the North. The master, apprehensive that she might escape again, put her up at auction, to send her down South. She was a beautiful girl, and as such, sold for fifteen hundred dollars, though her market value at the time would have been hardly half that, merely as a servant. An aged colored woman, a mother in that Israel of bondage, commenting upon this transaction, said, prophetically, "God has borne with this slavery, very patiently, a great while, but He ain't a-going to stand it much longer."

Poor creatures often came into the camps in great anguish, having left their wives and children behind. They had learned that they were to be sold "down South," beyond the reach of liberty. Once there, there was no hope of escape, no hope of ever hearing from wife or child again. If they could escape to the lines of the National army, there was still a hope that they might be reunited with their families. Through perils and sufferings which can not be described, they fled. Some who attempted to escape were shot; some were caught, and whipped to death, as a warning to others. The sympathies of our soldiers were strongly excited by these outrages, and abhorrence of slavery was rapidly extended and intensified throughout the army. An officer, writing from Newbern, says, "In Virginia and North Carolina, for the past year, I have had opportunities of observing large numbers of the contrabands; and my respect for the black race has been greatly increased thereby. As a staff officer, I have frequently had occasion to obtain information of various kinds, relating to roads, navigation, position and defenses of the enemy, and I have invariably found that obtained from the negroes to be most trustworthy. The slaves who come into our camp here are, to every appearance, far more intelligent than the poor whites." In the operations of the army, the contrabands have been of inestimable value. They have obtained important information when white men could not. They have acted as spies when white men could not be hired to risk their necks.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send a steamer from Beaufort, N. C., directly under the guns of Fort Macon, into Bogue Sound. The channel was narrow and intricate, and it would be necessary to thread it in the gloom of the darkest night. Should the steamer ground, she would inevitably be lost, and all on board be taken captives. No white pilot could be found to undertake the perilous adventure, though three hundred

dollars was offered to any *white* man who would take the steamer by the fort. A colored man, who had escaped from a rabid Secessionist, a slave who had long been a skillful pilot in those waters, took the boat through. Had he been taken, he would have been punished with tortures more dreadful than death. Yet all this risk he ran, hoping to achieve his freedom. He was successful. It was rendering an incalculable service to the United States. We blush to record that the slave received not a dollar for his service, and that if his master had the next day come to the camp, and sworn that he was in favor of the Union, the slave would, under many of our generals, have been delivered up to him.

There were, at this time, in Beaufort district, S. C., 16,000 slaves, whose masters had fled so precipitately that they could not compel their reluctant slaves to follow them. Every where the colored people were reported as hurrying in droves to our lines. They crowded in small boats around the ships, they swarmed upon the decks. Whenever one of our gun-boats, upon a reconnoissance, fired a heavy gun, ere long they saw the slaves, from all directions, attracted by the sound, running across the fields to secure their freedom.

About the middle of November, Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck was appointed to the command of the Military Department of the West, in the place of Gen. Fremont. This change was peculiarly acceptable to the Border State men, and all who were in sympathy with their views. It was generally understood that Gen. Halleck was as hostile to emancipation, as Gen. Fremont had been in favor of such measures. The ability of Gen. Halleck was universally recognized. He was a man of very fine personal appearance, forty-two years of age. In 1839, he graduated at West Point, the third in his class. He had attained a high reputation as a man of intellectual ability. A course of lectures upon "Military Science and Art," which he delivered before the Lowell Institute at Boston, subsequently published in a neat volume, gave him position among men of letters. Removing to California, he became one of the most conspicuous men in that rising State, taking an active part in the formation of its free constitution. With a high reputation for sagacity, energy, patriotism, and integrity, he assumed this responsible command. We shall have occasion hereafter, in detail, to speak of the manner in which he conducted the Western campaign. The rebels found, to their cost, that they were in the hands of one who could strike heavy blows.

The State of Maine, true to her motto, *Dirigo*, was the first State in the Union to pass a resolution in favor of confiscating, liberating, and arming the slaves of rebels, if it should become a military necessity. This important vote passed the Senate on the 8th of February, by a vote of 24 against 4. About the same time, Gen. Halleck issued an order, which acquired great notoriety, as being antagonistic to the views of a large portion of the Northern people. This order contained the following emphatic announcement:

"It does not belong to the military to decide upon the relation of master and slave. Such questions must be settled by the civil courts. No fugitive slaves will, therefore, be admitted within our

lines or camps, except when specially ordered by the general commanding."

The general sentiment of the North was decidedly adverse to this order, as it deprived our soldiers of the aid of strong and willing hands, and excluded those from whom alone we could obtain, in many cases, valuable information respecting the movements of the enemy. Still the order met with the cordial approval of the Border States, and of all those who feared that slavery might get harm from the progress of the war. When, subsequently, the whole rebel army at Corinth escaped the outnumbering troops of Gen. Halleck, without the loss of a gun, a wagon, or a man, and our generals, who were facing them, were all left as much bewildered as if the rebels had vanished into air, no one knowing where they had gone, or where they would strike the next blow, it was said, that had not our faithful allies, the colored men, been excluded from our lines, we should have been thoroughly informed of all their movements. The fidelity and sagacity of these contrabands in communicating intelligence, is quite too firmly established to be questioned.

To meet the vast expenses now accruing, the President was authorized by Congress to issue a National currency of notes, of the denomination of five dollars and upward, to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and also to effect a loan of $500,000,000. Measures were also adopted for a direct tax, and other means of raising a revenue, to pay the interest on this sum.

Early in November, the City Council of Philadelphia presented Gen. McClellan with a sword, in testimony of their confidence in his ability, and their admiration of his conduct of the war. In a beautiful response, he said,

"I ask you to give my warmest and deep thanks to the honorable body you represent, for this entirely unmerited compliment. I could thank you better if I thought I deserved it, but I do not feel that I do. Nothing that I have yet accomplished would warrant this high compliment. It is for the future to determine, whether I shall realize the expectations and hopes that have been centred in me. The war can not last long. It may be desperate. I ask, in the future, forbearance, patience, and confidence. I again thank you, and ask you to convey to the Council my most sincere thanks for the sword. Say to them that it will be my ambition to deserve it hereafter. I know I do not now."

The contrabands at Beaufort County, S. C., were a remarkably simple, confiding, docile people, in the most childish state of ignorance, as a body, imaginable. Their condition created great sympathy at the North. A society was organized for their benefit, called the "National Freedman's Relief Association." Under the auspices of this society, early in March, 1862, sixty persons were sent to aid in their material, intellectual, and spiritual elevation. Fifteen of this party were ladies, and some from families of the highest rank. There were farmers, mechanics of several kinds, teachers, several physicians, and one or two clergymen. It was a noble enterprise, and one upon which God smiled. The success which attended these labors was wonderful. The testimony is uncontradicted, that the

freedmen were all ready to work, and that their eagerness to learn letters was insatiable.

On the 14th of March, Gen. McClellan, who had secured to a wonderful degree the confidence and affection of his soldiers, issued a very spirited address to the army of the Potomac, announcing his reasons for retaining them so long unemployed. The battle of Bull Run was fought in July, 1861. It was now March, 1862. During all this time the army of the Potomac, numbering not less than 250,000 men, had been kept inactive, save their daily drills behind their intrenchments. From their ramparts the flags of the rebels, in inferior numbers, could be seen. Washington was in a state of siege, and not a transport could ascend the river without running the gauntlet of the rebel batteries. The popular but very unsatisfactory reason which had been assigned for this long slumber was, that *Virginia mud* forbade the army to advance. In the following brief and spirited address, Gen. McClellan announced his reasons for thus holding the army in repose. The uneasiness of the country, daily growing more intense in view of this long slumber of eight months, rendered it necessary that some explanation should break the silence.

"Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac: For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have, had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your general are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed: your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see, in your faces, the sure presage of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right."

On the 2d of December Congress met. The President, in his message, said that he did not deem the slavery question of "vital military importance," and accordingly left it "to the more deliberate action of the Legislature." In speaking of the war, he said that he "had in every case thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest." The Secretary of the Treasury estimated that the public debt, which, on the 1st of July, 1861, was $91,000,000, would, on the 1st of July, 1862, amount to $517,000,000. It was estimated that the current receipts for the year would amount to $329,500,000, and the expenditure $543,000,000, leaving $200,000,000 to be provided for by loans. The Secretary of War reported that the army consisted of 660,971 men. In four months from the rebel assault upon Sumter, this number of volunteers had been raised. Such a prompt uprising of a great

nation, history has seldom recorded. Of this force, 59,398 were cavalry, 24,688 artillery, 8,397 riflemen and sharp-shooters, and 107 engineers. The increase of the navy was still more astonishing. Notwithstanding the impatience of the public led to continual murmurs, it must be the verdict of history, that on the whole, wonderful energy and wisdom marked the acts of the Navy Department. On the 4th of March, when the new administration assumed power, there were but twelve National vessels in service on the coast, all counted. On the 1st of December there were two hundred and sixty-four war vessels afloat, bearing 2,557 guns, and 22,000 sailors. Of these one hundred and thirty-six had been purchased and one hundred and twenty-eight had been built. Nearly half this fleet were steamers, including three iron-clads, and twenty-three first-class gun-boats. The blockading squadron was divided into three departments. One, under Louis M. Goldsborough, guarded the shores of Virginia and North Carolina. Another, under Samuel F. Dupont, took South Carolina, Georgia and Florida to the Cape, a distance including innumerable inlets of more than a thousand miles. The third, under Wm. W. McKean, took the whole width of the Gulf, from the Capes of Florida to the Rio Grande. Calmly, quietly, resolutely, heedless of murmuring storms, Secretary Welles pressed on his way, accomplishing results such as never had been accomplished before. And the navy, true to its pristine renown, achieved triumphs which never had been and never can be exceeded. The eagerness of our countrymen for action was so intense, that even with these achievements, they were dissatisfied. But the sober second thoughts of all will be that the Navy Department, from Gideon Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, to the humblest cabin boy, crowned themselves with honor imperishable.*

* Major John J. Key was asked why the rebel army was not pursued after the battle of Antietam. It is now well known, that had the rebels then been followed up, their whole army could have been easily captured or destroyed, and thus the war would have been virtually ended. He replied: "*That is not the game. The object is, that neither army shall get much advantage of the other; that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery.*" For *avowing* this principle, upon which many of his superiors in office *acted*, Major Key was very properly dismissed from service. It is in this sentiment that our readers will find the key to many of the mysteries in this most lethargic warfare. Where this spirit did not prevail, there were fightings and victories; where it did prevail, our sons and brothers perished by thousands amidst the miasma of marshes, under the toil of the trenches, and in the gloom of the hospital. It should be remarked that Major Key was an earnest Union man; that he had never been heard to utter a sentiment that could be called disloyal. He wished only to save *slavery*, with the Union, and deemed its preservation sufficiently important to warrant the sacrifice of armies of patriots.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAMPAIGN OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

Right of Secession.—Its Accomplishment in Louisiana.—Blockading the Mississippi.—Steam Ram Manassas.—Naval Expedition.—Gen. B. F. Butler.—Ship Island.—Porter's Mortar Flotilla.—Pilot Town.—Anecdote.—Formidable Preparations of the Rebels.—Attack of the English in 1814 upon New Orleans.—Preparations on board the Union Fleet.—Topographical Survey.—Reconnoissance.—Yankee Ingenuity.—Force of the Union Fleet.—Thrilling Incident.

The slaveholders' doctrine of secession, which was got up merely to serve a temporary purpose, is the most insane idea ever cherished outside of a mad-house. That there is a natural right of revolution, no one denies. But that there is a right, under the law, for the state to secede from the nation, involving the right of the county to secede from the state, and the town from the county, and the individual from the town, is a sentiment too absurd for respectful consideration. Nothing but the audacity which slavery engenders would embolden a man to utter it. When England consents to the secession of the county of Kent, taking with it the mouth of the Thames, and France assents to the secession of the province of Lamanche, taking with it the fortresses of Cherbourg, to be ceded at pleasure to England or Russia, then may American statesmen begin to consider the question, whether 376,913 free whites, scattered over the sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana, may secede from the United States, take with them the mouths of a river which open to an internal navigation of more than 50,000 miles, along majestic streams where hundreds of millions are soon to dwell. According to this doctrine, Fortress Monroe belongs to Virginia, the immense National works at Newport to the little State of Rhode Island, which she can take possession of at any time and cede to England with herself as a naval depot. The vast fortifications at Key West and the Tortugas, reared at an enormous National expense, to protect our limitless commerce in the Gulf, belong to the petty State of Florida, with not 80,000 white inhabitants, and whose naval marine consists of scarcely a dozen fishing smacks. Cherbourg, in France, the wonder of the world, upon this theory, belongs not to the Empire, but to Lamanche; England's great naval depot, at Portsmouth, belongs not to the kingdom, but to the county of Hants. What reply would England make, should that county revolt, and remonstrating against "subjugation," say that all that she wanted was to be "let alone."

The United States purchased Louisiana for $15,000,000; expended countless millions in clearing out the river, constructing forts, light-houses, and all the conveniences for the extensive commerce of the millions soon to throng the most magnificent valley upon this globe. They surveyed the land, and sold it to settlers for a merely nominal price. Three hundred and seventy-seven thousand white people, in the course of half a century, were scattered along the banks of its great central stream, and upon the rich soil which fringed its swamps. They were prosperous in the culture of cotton, and especially of sugar. They were left unrestricted, to form and execute all their local laws. To aid these planters, a tariff was enacted, protecting sugar, that they might compete more successfully with the West Indies. According to the census of 1860, 70,000 of these free whites could neither read nor write.

Under these circumstances, less than one-half of these people decide that they will secede from the United States, take possession of the National forts, arsenals, custom-houses, and mint, and raise the banner of a foreign power over the forts, after having plunged the dishonored Stars and Stripes into the ditch. To these pretenders, thirty millions of Americans—to be three hundred millions within the lives of some now born—are to lower their flag, whenever their ships enter the Mississippi River, the great thoroughfare to the commerce of this new world. The man who deems that such a doctrine deserves regard, is a fit candidate for a mad-house.

The act of secession was consummated in the following way. The Governor convened an extra session of the legislature. They voted to call a Convention of the representatives of the people, to be held at Baton Rouge, Jan. 23, 1861. The New Orleans Picayune, of Dec. 23, said, in reference to this Convention: "No plan of conciliation, short of a final settlement of the slavery agitation, by amendments to the Constitution, can, we think, be satisfactory." At the meeting of the Convention, ex-Governor Morton, an avowed Secessionist, was chosen chairman, by vote of 81 to 41. A committee of fifteen was nominated *by the chair* to report an ordinance of secession. The report was accepted, by a vote of 113 to 17. It was also voted that the ordinance should go into immediate effect, without waiting for the ratification of the people, it being assumed that the people would ratify it. When, two months after this Convention had declared, "that Louisiana hereby resumes the rights and powers heretofore delegated to the Government of the United States of America, and its citizens are absolved from allegiance to the said Government, and she is in full possession of all the rights and sovereignty that appertain to a free and independent State," the ordinance was submitted to the people, the vote stood, for secession, 20,448; against it, 17,296. The most intelligent men in the State have declared, that beyond all question, this act of treason would, even then, have been repudiated by the people, had not, in many places, as in New Orleans, the polls been seized by armed mobs, and thousands of peaceable citizens been deprived of their right of voting. As it was, less than 21,000 men assumed to wrest from the control of the United States, the mouths of the Mississippi.

Even before the meeting of the Convention, on the 11th of January, some armed men from New Orleans had taken possession of the United States Marine Hospital, two miles below the city, and with inhumanity thus early precursory of their barbarous treatment of all loyal men, had ordered the patients, 216 in number, to be expelled, helpless and homeless, to give room to troops about to war against a flag, from allegiance to which they did not then claim any exemption.

Immediately after the act of secession, these men seized the United States mint and sub-treasury, containing $511,000 in specie, the two splendid forts, St. Philip and Jackson, at the main mouths of the Mississippi; Fort Pike, at the entrance of Lake Ponchartrain; Fort Macomb, at Chef Menteur; and the works at Ship Island. Upon these several fortifications, the Government of the United States had expended more than seven millions of dollars.

The secession of Louisiana occasioned no surprise to the country. She was the last of the Gulf States to follow the delusion and folly of South Carolina, whose ordinance of secession, passed Dec. 20, had been received, in New Orleans, by the firing of a hundred guns, the stirring notes of the Marsellaise, speeches inciting to rebellion, the ringing of bells, and all the other usual demonstrations of public rejoicing. The now dominant secession party in Louisiana commenced their rule, by crushing out all opposition to their sway. The wavering were borne along resistlessly by the current, and all the truly loyal were silenced by the terrors of mob law, or banished from the State. There was abundant evidence that a strong under-current of Union feeling still existed in many hearts, which occasionally manifested itself in opposition to the tide of rebellion, which was flooding the State. This would sometimes break out, to the exasperation of the ruling party, and for a time withstand them.

On the 22d of February, which was celebrated as a national festival, in honor of the birth-day of Washington, a gentleman in New Orleans, accompanied by loyal friends, proceeded down Charles street, bearing our National banner, with the device emblazoned upon it of two clasped hands, and beneath, the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." Enraged at this, a large body of Secessionists assembled before St. Charles's Hotel, and proceeded to the levee, with the purpose of taking down the flag. But it was not left unguarded. Some hundreds of determined men, well armed, surrounded the flag-staff, whose purpose to keep the flag flying, on that anniversary, at least, was not to be trifled with. The banner waved undisturbed till night, when it was voluntarily lowered.

On the occasion of the illumination of the city in honor of secession, the "Stars and Stripes" were cheered by the passing crowd at the St. Charles, when waved from the darkened windows of the patriotic wife of a northern sea-captain, who refused every entreaty of the proprietors to permit her apartments to be illumined in honor of treason.

The State of Louisiana, having thus seceded and assumed its position as an independent power among the nations of earth, was of course at liberty, according to its new-found doctrine, to enter into an alliance with England, France, Spain or Mexico, or to become a colony of either of those

powers. She preferred, however, to enter into a Confederacy with the other rebellious States, and making application to the rebel Congress at Montgomery, was cordially received. And then, with hymns of praise and prayers of thanksgiving, the State was handed over to Jefferson Davis, with the United States forts and the United States arsenals, and over 500,000 dollars of the United States specie, stolen from the United States mint; and then the rebels expressed surprise that the United States could not recognize the propriety of all these proceedings.

A whole people cannot be turned, at once, into hostility to a liberal and lenient government, under which they have had prosperity and happiness. In the rapid spread of this mania of rebellion, no voice whatever was allowed to speak in favor of Union—no reply was permitted to be made to the grossest misrepresentations, since loyalty to the old Government was then regarded as treason to the new. The hands of patriots were fettered, and their mouths were gagged, but the hearts of many still throbbed with pulsations of loyalty.

The arming of the State, and the raising and equipment of regiments to answer the call of the Congress at Montgomery, commenced with great vigor, immediately after the passage of the ordinance of secession. At first volunteers to uphold the new government were numerous and enthusiastic. The masses of the poor whites at the South, groaning beneath the burden of poverty and no encouragement for labor, were induced to favor the revolution by alluring promises of relief and of the plunder of the wealthy Northern cities. Many of the higher classes joined the army from the earnest desire to establish a pro-slavery confederacy where their institution would have unembarrassed scope. They also affected great contempt for the cowardly Yankees, assuming that one Southerner could put five of them to flight. For a few weeks there was apparently great enthusiasm throughout the State. Men and money were freely offered to the cause. Subscriptions for the defense of the State, for the equipment of troops and the support of their families, were made in all the cities and parishes.

War soon became almost the sole business of this once great commercial city. The streets were filled with companies drilling for service, the public squares were converted into military camps, and most of the public buildings into arsenals or barracks. Foundries and machine shops became manufactories of arms. Steamers and tug-boats were hauled up into the docks, to be converted into iron-clad gun-boats, to defend the river and the coast. Privateers were fitted out, under letters of marque from Jefferson Davis, to strike a blow at the commerce of the United States, and to aid in "*resisting the wanton and wicked aggressions of the Federal Government.*" Plans for the construction of Forts Philip and Jackson, which, when seized, were in an unfinished state, were taken from the custom-house, and hundreds of laborers set to work to complete the fortifications and render them impregnable. It was believed that these defenses, at the mouth of the river, would exclude the United States authorities from entering by the way of the gulf; and Louisiana was to coöperate with the other States, bordering on the Mississippi, in erecting the long cordon of

forts and batteries, on the bluffs, which commanded the upper waters, and which would enable them to bid defiance to all the power of the great North-west, and to shut up their teeming millions in their inland prairies. It is true that they promised that if these North-western States would be obedient and docile, they might be permitted to send their steamers down past their forts. Few men would be willing to place the key of their house in the hands of a robber, even if the robber should assure them that if they conducted so as to please him, he would let them in at any hour of the day or of the night.

Louisiana was so distant from the seat of war during the year 1861, that few of her troops were needed at home, and many thousands were sent to the rebel armies in the Eastern and Border States. These troops, with the exception of a few of the city regiments, were neither well equipped nor disciplined; but their ardor was stimulated and their anticipations of success rendered sanguine, by the violent denunciations of the press and the fierce harangues of demagogues. Confident of their ability to seize Washington, to drive out the Federal Government, and to establish the rebel power in our National capital, they joined the rebel hordes from all the Gulf States, crowding on to the Potomac. For a few months secession prospered in Louisiana, and the sacrifices it demanded were slight. It required some little time for the Government, betrayed and robbed as it had been, to reach forth its arm to a point so distant. But when, in the rapidly accumulating exigencies of the rebel Government more troops were called for, volunteers could no longer be found. Then the reign of impressment and terror was inaugurated. This had previously been practised upon all suspected of Northern birth and sympathies, and many hundreds had been compelled to join the rebels to evade that suspicion which exposed them to the loss of property and of life.

Law was soon despised, license granted to crime, and general anarchy commenced its sway. The New Orleans papers, lamenting the disorders which prevailed, declared that no man's person or life was safe. Any suspicion of attachment to the Government of the United States exposed one to unmeasured obloquy and abuse.

On May 28th, 1861, five weeks after President Lincoln's proclamation was issued, the Brooklyn arrived off Pass l'Outre, and commenced the blockade of the Mississippi. She was succeeded by the Richmond, Huntsville, Water Witch, the sloops-of-war Preble and Vincennes, and the storeship Nightingale. These vessels remained during the summer at the different passes of the Mississippi, and pretty effectually interrupted its navigation. Several rich prizes of steamers, and other vessels, freighted with supplies for the Confederate Government, and for the commerce of New Orleans, were here captured. The occasional escape of a vessel, securing immense profits, incited others to run the risk of the confiscation of ships and cargoes. The effects of the blockade on New Orleans, annihilating her foreign trade, and cutting off her supplies, roused the citizens to a desperate attempt to effect the destruction of the fleet, and the removal of the embargo.

During the summer, beside building several gun-boats, a formidable

steam ram had been constructed for this purpose at Algiers, opposite the city of New Orleans. This vessel, afterward named the Manassas, took a conspicuous part in the two naval engagements on the lower Mississippi, and was of peculiar construction. Her foundation was the Enoch Train, a strong tow-boat, built at Boston. The upper portion was covered with railroad iron, so strongly riveted as to be protection against any ordinary cannonade. The hull rose only two and a quarter feet above the water level, and the bow was built of oak planks, nine feet long, braced all around by timbers, six feet thick, made perfectly tight and solid, and shielded with iron plates, two inches in thickness. The prow was a formidable mass of iron, in the form of a knob, and beneath this a steam borer or augur, intended to pierce the vessel against which she should make a dash. This vessel was intended mainly as a ram. Her armament consisted only of one sixty-four pounder Dahlgren gun.

Sanguine of the success of this engine of destruction, aided by the iron-clad gun-boats which were to accompany her, the rebels secretly prepared for their long-threatened attack on the blockading fleet. The fleet, at this time, October, 1861, were all stationed at the head of the Passes, protecting the men who were erecting batteries at the point where the river commences its delta, diverging into its five mouths. One efficient fort here would close the navigation of the stream. Three days before the assault, the rebel steamer Ivy had cautiously descended the river from New Orleans, to make a reconnoissance, and, as soon as discovered by our fleet, had scampered back to the protection of the guns of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

In the earliest dawn of the morning of the 12th, the rebel fleet, consisting of the Manassas, and five large gun-boats, accompanied by several fire-rafts, were suddenly discerned, emerging from the gloom, and heading for the Union ships. Under full head of steam, and aided by the rapid current of the river, they were scarcely seen, ere their blows were felt. The ram Manassas, with her iron horn jutting from her solid head of iron and of oak, made a deadly plunge, with all the force in her power, into the Richmond. The shock was terrific, and a hole was punched through the oaken timbers of the Richmond, as if they had been of paste-board. The Manassas also seemed stunned by the blow, and drifting around by the force of the stream, floated away, when the Portsmouth, in point-blank range, poured in upon her a whole broadside of cannon balls. Most of this storm of iron hail fell upon the ram's coat of mail, as harmless as "peas upon a turtle's back." Some few of the shot, however, damaged the machinery of the boat, so that she became partially unmanageable. The fire-ships now, charged with the most inflammable combustibles, wreathed in eddying flames, were drifting rapidly down upon the fleet, while the rebel gun-boats, with their rifled cannon, beyond the reach of the smooth-bore guns of the Union frigates, opened a vigorous fire. The ships, as speedily as possible, raised their anchors, or sprung their cables, to escape from the torrent of fire descending upon them. In their hasty retreat, several of them grounded, in attempting to cross the bar of the river. While thus comparatively helpless, the rebel steamers, selecting

advantageous positions, assailed them with a fierce cannonade. The battle continued for two or three hours, but at such a prudent distance, that but little damage was done on either side. At length the Richmond, having temporarily repaired the wound inflicted upon her side, steamed up the river, and with her heavier guns drove off the gun-boats of the foe. The fire-rafts burned to the water's edge, or floated harmlessly down toward the Gulf. It is a remarkable fact, that but one shot of the enemy's guns took effect upon our ships. A single shell entered the stern of the Richmond, but did not explode. Not a life was lost, not a man was wounded, in the Federal fleet.

The next morning, the ships were towed off the bar by the steamship McClellan, which, on the morning of the attack, had arrived from Fort Pickens, with a supply of rifled guns for the fleet. The damage caused by the assault was quite insignificant, and the enterprise, so far as raising the blockade was concerned, proved a total failure. Yet Commodore Hollins, who commanded the rebel fleet, carried back to New Orleans the most glowing account of his victory, declaring, to use his peculiar phrase, that he had "peppered them well." The exultant city was illumined, on the receipt of the intelligence. But scarcely had the candles burnt down to their sockets, ere the fleet was again in its commanding position, and the blockade, which had not for one moment been disturbed, as effectual as ever.

It is somewhat remarkable that this so-called "brilliant success" of the rebel fleet, did not encourage other attempts from New Orleans, to remove the obstructions to their commerce. Now and then, in the darkness of the night, or through a dense fog, a rebel vessel would creep along some of the innumerable bayous of this great river and escape; but the many captures of our cruisers testified to their vigilance, and the grass grew rankly upon the solitary levees at New Orleans. Thus matters remained with no other incidents worthy of note, until the heroic achievements of our fleet in the spring of 1862, in running the gauntlet of the terrific fire of the rebel forts, demolishing their gun-boats, and capturing the city. Though we anticipate a little some other events, it may be well to continue this chapter to the reconquest of New Orleans by the United States Government.

The attention of the country during the fall and winter of 1861–2 was fixed upon the vigorous prosecution of the war in the West, and the Eastern coast. In the West there were many signal victories which animated the public mind, with the hope of a speedy termination of the conflict. But in accordance with the declared purpose of the National Government, to repossess itself of all its forts and public buildings which had been seized by the rebels, and to reëstablish its dishonored authority, preparations were made for an immense naval expedition, to recapture the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, and unfurl again the United States flag over the custom-house at New Orleans. While this fleet was to ascend the Mississippi, another equally formidable was to descend the stream from Cairo, and demolish all the batteries which rebellion had reared upon its banks. Both of these expeditions were, of necessity, essentially naval, though each

was to be accompanied with a formidable land force. Major-General B. F. Butler, who had already developed so much wisdom and energy in every duty intrusted to him, was placed in command of the land force, which was to ascend the river to New Orleans. His subsequent administration proved that a better man for the arduous post could not have been selected.*

The name of Gen. Butler, as connected with the expedition inspired general confidence and enthusiasm. He was commissioned by the President to raise a volunteer force in New England for this special service. He visited the different States and, by glowing addresses to the people, soon raised a sufficient force, which, early in January, was sent to Ship Island, on the coast near New Orleans, which was selected as the general rendezvous both for the fleet and the land forces. This island is a narrow strip of land, a mere sand-bar, eight or nine miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width, and about ten miles distant from the nearest point on the main land. It was also within a few hours' steaming of the mouth of the Mississippi and of Lake Ponchartrain. A more desolate abode can hardly be imagined, than this low, smooth, continuous plain of glistening white sand. At its eastern extremity the monotony was a little relieved by a forlorn forest of scrub oaks and dwarfed pines. The geographical position of the island gives it considerable importance as a naval station, and it was early occupied by the rebels. They had erected a fort at the western extremity, mounting sixteen guns.

The National Government sent the steamer Massachusetts, with a small body of marines, who drove off the rebels, took possession of the island, manned and strengthened the fort, and rekindled the fires of the light-house, which the rebels had extinguished. Early in December, two regiments, the 9th Connecticut and 26th Massachusetts, under command of Brig.-Gen. J. W. Phelps, reached the island. Soon six or eight thousand troops were encamped here, and the little island, with its fleet and its transports and its movings to and fro, presented the aspect of a populous and busy town. Gen. Phelps, one of the ablest and bravest of soldiers and most conscientious of men, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana, which was almost universally considered an unfortunate document. Much depends upon the art of "putting things." And the principles contained in that paper, were not "put" in a way to convince or to influence, but tended rather to exasperate, and to place in the hands of the rebels new and efficient weapons. But the slight discord which the words occasioned were soon lost in the tremendous din of battle.

Major-General Butler reached Ship Island on the 21st of March, and assumed command of the troops, who now looked for a speedy release

* Benjamin F. Butler was born in Deerfield, N. H., 1818, and graduated at Waterville College, Maine. Having studied law, he opened an office at Lowell, Mass., and soon became distinguished as an advocate. In criminal practice he was especially shrewd and successful. He became an earnest member of the old Democratic party, vehemently eloquent and influential. In the presidential contest of 1860, he was a very active supporter of Breckinridge. Upon the opening of the rebellion he, being one of the Brigadier-Generals of the Massachusetts Militia, offered his services to the Government and espoused the cause of the Constitution, with all the intensity of his nature. His subsequent career will be portrayed in these pages.

from their long inactivity, and their confined and uncomfortable quarters in this dreary spot, where the monotony of their daily drills was only relieved by the occasional arrival of a National ship, perhaps with a prize, or the sight of a rebel steamer hovering along the distant coast. During the three succeeding weeks, several brief engagements occurred between the armed National steamers, New London and Jackson, which were stationed for the protection of the harbor of the island, and rebel steamers, which occasionally appeared, but invariably retreated after exchanging a few shots, without venturing upon any decisive action.

MAP OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

Some of the regiments also had opportunities to meet the enemy, and test their own discipline and endurance of fire. An expedition of the 9th Connecticut, and a Massachusetts battery, to disperse a rebel regiment at Biloxi, on the opposite main-land, and one of the 12th Maine against two

batteries, guarding the bridges of the Jackson and Opelousas Railroad, up Pass Manchac, on Lake Ponchartrain, resulted each in the discomfiture of the enemy, and the capture of four heavy thirty-two pound guns.

While these events were inspiring new activity, and eagerness for more earnest work, in the troops, the mortar flotilla of Commander D. D. Porter, which had been fitting out during the winter, arrived at Ship Island, from its first rendezvous at Key West. Its destination had been kept a profound secret, and had excited much speculation at the North, but the landing of Commodore Dupont's fleet at Hilton Head made it quite certain, that this one was designed for service on the Gulf coast. It was composed of twenty mortar vessels, eight well-armed steamers, which acted as tow-boats to the schooners, and one store-ship, and was amply provided with heavy mortars, shells, and ammunition. The officers and seamen numbered about two thousand men.

Delaying but a few days at the Island, on the 15th of April, the fleet were again ordered to sail. A few hours brought it to the Mississippi, which the schooners, towed by their steamers, entered by the South-west Pass. Here had gathered the blockading squadron, which had been increased by the arrival of several frigates and gun-boats from the East. The command of the whole fleet now devolved on Commodore D. C. Farragut, of the flag-ship Hartford. The first vessels that passed the bar took possession of Pilot Town, which, in the prosperous days of Louisiana, had been a favorite summer resort and watering-place for the wealthy citizens of New Orleans. The little village was quite deserted, and its spacious hotel was at once occupied by the surgeons, and converted into a hospital.

After reaching the head of the Passes, the mortar flotilla was directed down the river again, and anchored four miles from the Gulf, opposite Pilot Town; while the Hartford and Brooklyn, with some of the gun-boats, remained several miles above, near the head of the Passes, to guard against surprise.

The rebels were anxiously on the alert. The success of the naval expeditions on the Atlantic coast, during the winter, had alarmed the cities on the Gulf; and the intelligence that another great expedition was fitting out, led New Orleans and Mobile especially to tremble. Ship Island was equally available for an attack upon either of these cities. New Orleans was the great commercial emporium of the South, a wealthy and powerful city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Preparations to ward off the blow of the National arm had been made here, commensurate with the wealth of the city, and the immense interests which the whole rebel government deemed to be involved in its retention. New Orleans, in wealth, commerce, and position, was decidedly the most important of any over which the flag of rebellion had been unfurled. In no place had the emissaries of treason been more ferocious, mercilessly silencing every utterance of loyalty.*

* The following incident, as illustrative of the state of rebel society in New Orleans at this time, may be relied upon. At one of the leading hotels of the city, a party were sitting at the breakfast-table, *before Louisiana had seceded*. The question was asked, "Is there any news this morning?" A Southerner, one of the most wealthy men in the city, a burly man, accustomed to

The fall of New Orleans would be, to the rebels in the city, and throughout their whole Confederacy, so great a loss, and so great a humiliation, that all contrivances of ingenuity, and all the strength of military art, had been adopted to render the defenses impregnable. And they felt that they had made such ample provision to repel any attack, that they could laugh all the efforts of the National Government to scorn. "Come on, come on," was their boast, "come as soon as you please, and in such numbers as you please. We are ready for you."

About sixty miles below New Orleans, on either side of a sharp bend of the Mississippi, stand Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip. These two majestic forts, reared upon the most approved principles of modern military science, and armed with the heaviest ordnance, hold the command of the entrance upon the most extraordinary range of internal navigation known upon this globe. The National Government, fully aware of the importance of this point, had expended vast sums of money upon these forts, that they might bid defiance to any foe. The rebels had seized them, plunged the "Stars and Stripes" into the ditch, and raised their own flag of treason. And now the National Government was constrained to advance to those very bastions it had reared, and to face those guns it had bored and mounted, that it might regain its own. The current of the Mississippi is at this point very swift, the channel narrow, and the navigation, even for powerful steamers, difficult.

Fort Jackson, on the west bank of the stream, as we behold it awaiting the attack of the United States squadron, is a regular pentagonal, bastioned fortification, with solid brick walls, having two fronts bearing upon the river, and three upon the land. Along the latter are built a glacis and covered way, protected by a wet ditch, six feet deep, and 150 feet wide. A similar ditch guards the main work on the river side. On the two river fronts are sixteen casemated guns, and at either flank twenty-four pound howitzers, to defend the ditches. Within the fort is a one-story brick citadel, its walls five feet thick, and pierced with two tiers of loop-holes for musketry. The entrance to the whole work is by a

despotic sway among his negroes, replied coolly, "Nothing, except that some of our boys went down the river last night, and took possession of one of the United States forts." A Northern lady who was present, a lady by birth, by education, and by position, hesitatingly inquired, not provokingly, but as a question for information, "Is it not treason to seize a national fort?" This Southern rebel burst out upon her with the most intemperate, profane, and vulgar abuse, denouncing her as a d—d Yankee and abolitionist, and declaring that if she were a man, he would wring her nose for her, and that, as soon as her husband came in, he would hold him accountable, and wring his nose. No one dared to interfere, for such men carried bowie-knives and revolvers; and there was no power of law to punish one for shooting a person accused of abolitionism.

The lady was in a state of indescribable terror. She expected, every moment, to see her husband come in, to be first grossly insulted, and then to be shot or stabbed before her eyes. With a face pallid as death, and a voice trembling almost beyond control, she looked up to him, and said, "Will you accept the apology of a lady, when I assure you that I intended no offense. I merely wished to ask a question for information." "Yes," was the reply, "I will accept the apology of a lady; but you are no lady—you are a cursed abolitionist, and I will wring your husband's nose for him when I meet him," and so on, until the lady left the table. The gentleman and lady found it expedient to leave New Orleans. This was the way in which the rebels made the South a unit. The reluctance to rush into hotel brawls, with dagger and pistol, slaveholding chivalry brands as cowardice.

wooden bridge on the west side, connected with a draw-bridge ten feet wide.

Fort St. Philip is commanded by Fort Jackson, from which it is distant about three-fourths of a mile. It lies a little above on the opposite bank, and is much inferior in strength. It consists of a main work and two attached batteries bearing each up and down the river. The principal work is very irregular, having seventeen faces. A wet ditch surrounds it six feet deep, and from twenty to thirty feet wide. At the foot of the glacis is a wider one of over a hundred feet, and outside of this still another made in the construction of the levee.

The armament of these two fortifications is composed of ten 13 and 10-inch mortars, three 42-pound rifled cannon, fourteen 10 and 8-inch columbiads and a hundred and fifty-three 32 and 24-pounders. One hundred and eighty pieces of ordnance of immense size, from these thoroughly protected battlements, are to hurl destruction upon our advancing fleet, should it attempt to pass up the narrow channel between them.

But formidable as they are, these are not the only obstacles to be encountered. For only a few minutes would our steamers be exposed to that terrible fire, should their machinery escape injury. To keep them long enough within range to ensure their destruction, and sink our vessels under the very walls of the forts, an iron cable is stretched across the river, supported by seven old hulks anchored in the stream. The several sections of this chain, which is not continuous, are secured to the moorings of these vessels, and buoyed up between them by several rafts. This barrier is strictly guarded by the crew of a formidable gun-boat anchored above it. Besides this, other chains and obstructions are prepared to entangle and delay our approaching fleet.

Above this boom and the forts, lies a second line of battle, consisting of a fleet of eighteen iron-mailed gun-boats, steam rams and floating batteries, which shall quite annihilate our ships disabled by the bombardment of the forts. A lot of fire-rafts and scows filled with combustibles will meanwhile float down the current or be pushed by the rebel steamers against the wooden sides of our squadron. In this flotilla of the enemy is the ram Manassas and the impervious iron-clad battery Louisiana, armed with sixteen heavy guns and a crew of two hundred men. These alone are deemed sufficient to sink our poorly protected wooden frigates. The rebel crew, on these gun-boats, number one thousand and eighty, and they carry thirty-nine rifled 11-inch guns. These boats will offer most desperate resistance to our fleet, rather than suffer it to pass up to the certain capture of the great city they are sent to defend. But with an aggregate of two hundred and nineteen guns in the forts and shore batteries, most of them holding superior advantages of position on shore, aided by fire-rafts and innumerable hidden obstructions in the river, the rebels entertain no doubt of the issue of the contest. Secure behind their intrenchments, the fifteen hundred men garrisoning the forts await with cheerful confidence the attack. Inspiriting memories stimulate them to a desperate defense. They are to fight on historic ground. They are standing where fifty years before, two or three thousand gallant men of the South and West success-

fully withstood the invading forces of England, and delivered New Orleans from apparently inevitable capture.

On the morning of a brilliant, tropical winter's day, in November, 1814, the waters of Nigril Bay, on the coast of Jamaica, were covered with a fleet of armed vessels. Many of them were frigates of the largest size, carrying from sixty to eighty guns—frigates which had done service in some of the bloodiest fights recorded in the annals of the British navy. It was indeed a splendid pageant as this fleet was reviewed, consisting of forty of these majestic frigates, with brigs and transports filled with British soldiers perfectly equipped, and under the command of distinguished officers, just ready to move for the mouth of the Mississippi and for the capture of New Orleans. Another fleet from Bordeaux was to swell this number to fifty ships, bearing in all a thousand guns, and an effective force of nearly twenty thousand troops—an imposing array to be sent against an almost defenseless city, and which was supposed to be in entire ignorance of the doom which was impending over it. Who could doubt the result of such an expedition! But "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." The men who advanced to the protection of New Orleans then were patriots, not traitors.

Three thousand undisciplined and poorly armed soldiers, under the leadership of Gen. Jackson, were stationed for the defense of the city. A few hurried preparations had been made to repel the foe, which, in their feebleness, were in striking contrast with the immense fortifications and armaments now at the disposal of the rebels. Near the mouth of the river there was then an old fort, which had been pronounced by Gen. Jackson, untenable and useless. Farther up the stream, where the navigation became difficult for sailing vessels, was the original but imperfect structure of Fort Philip, with a few light guns, poorly mounted and defended. In the river opposite the city there was moored the Carolina, a schooner carrying a single gun, and the Louisiana, with eight guns of an inferior size. On Lake Borgne there were six large gun-boats, with an armament in the aggregate of twenty-three guns and one hundred and eighty-two men. A slight fortification defended the entrance into Lake Pontchartrain, should the British cutters approach the city in that direction. The result of that expedition with only these trifling obstacles to its success, is well known, and this success gave strong assurance to the rebels that they would surely be able to maintain themselves in positions so impregnable. The English captured the six gun-boats, after a severe fight, and effected the landing of their troops. After a brief campaign of ten days, they were routed humiliatingly by Gen. Jackson, and driven to their boats. A subsequent attempt to reduce the feeble ramparts of Fort St. Philip, after a bombardment of nearly a week, was also repulsed, and the ill-fated squadron was compelled to retire. Such was the issue of the conflict in 1814.

In the present case everything which wealth and modern military science could furnish were brought into action to render the ascent of the river impossible. Some British and French naval officers who visited the fortifications declared that they could not be either reduced or passed, by wooden ships, and that the attempt would be madness. A highly intelli-

gent Union gentlemen in New Orleans wrote that unless there was "miraculous interposition," no fleet could pass up the river to New Orleans through and over the obstructions which rebel ingenuity and power had created. Commodore Farragut, in command of the National fleet, replied to the discouraging representations of the officers of the British and French men of war lying in the river, "You may be right. But I was sent here to make the attempt. I came here to reduce or pass the forts and to take New Orleans, and *I shall try it on.*"

We left the mortar fleet at its anchorage opposite Pilot Town, at the mouth of the South-west Pass. There it remained three weeks awaiting the arrival of the gun-boats, and the frigates Pensacola and Mississippi, which had been detained by the necessary removal from them of their guns and coal, before they could be sufficiently lightened to cross the bar. The rest of the squadron were about seventeen miles up the river, at the head of the three leading passes. The Hartford (flag-ship of Commodore Farragut), and the Brooklyn, were stationed in advance, on the same spot where the blockading fleet had been attacked by the gun-boats and the iron ram Manassas, under Commodore Hollins, a few months before.

Meantime, great activity was manifest on board the mortar fleet, in preparing for action. The top-masts were stripped of their sails and lowered; the loose and standing rigging frapped to the masts; the spars, forebooms, and gaffs unshipped, and secured to the outside of the vessels, to avert the danger from splinters, which, in naval actions, is often greater than from the shots themselves. From the main deck every thing was removed, which could obstruct the easy handling of the tremendous mortars; and the men were drilled to promptness and accuracy in their use. All the officers of the squadron were equally on the alert, to prepare their ships for the most fearful ordeal through which a fleet was ever called to pass. To protect the wooden sides and the machinery of the larger steam vessels from the enemy's fire, an armor of the heavy chain cables was devised. These massive links of tough wrought iron were bolted securely to the sides, hanging down in festoons, so that no spot should be exposed. Over the machinery of the Mississippi a stout roof was erected, over which were plated rows of iron cable, fore and aft, while the ends of the shaft were protected by four bales of bagging, outside of each wheel. On the decks of many of the vessels sand bags were piled, to prevent a raking fire. The bows of others were clad in mail, ingeniously contrived. Strong rope netting was suspended over the decks, to catch the spars and splinters which might otherwise fall upon the crew. Small anchors and grappling-hooks, at yard-arms and jibboom-ends, were in readiness to seize the gun-boats of the foe, and to hug them to a close encounter.

Besides their complement of twenty-six guns, which the sloops-of-war carried, their fore and main tops were armed with howitzers, protected by sand-bags, or iron-plated shields. Every thing which would be unserviceable during an engagement was removed to the shore, and left at Pilot Town. "Thus denuded," says an eye-witness, "of their top-masts, and other light hamper, they have an air of strength and massiveness which is simply terrible."

It was for Yankee ingenuity to make up, as far as possible, for the absence of those heavy iron plates, which subsequently rendered so harmless the concussion of shot and shell upon the sides of the Monitor. Mud became a substitute for iron. We clothe our soldiers in red, to present a brilliant target for the rifle of the foe. The banks of the Mississippi, near the mouths of the stream, for many leagues, present but a limitless expanse of mud. The stream itself is so turbid, that at a short distance it can scarcely be distinguished in color from the mud-banks through which it flows. From this mud a paint was made, with which the ships were thoroughly daubed, so that, at the distance of a mile, they could with difficulty be distinguished from the river, or the slimy banks.

But it must not be supposed that these operations, so diligently prosecuted for a month, were either unnoticed or undisturbed by the enemy. Every day some reconnoissance on the part of the rebel gun-boats, or of our own, furnished exciting incidents to the fleet, and kept the men always on the alert. The mortar fleet at length moved up the river, and took a position in advance of the other ships, at the head of the Passes. About five miles above this position, there was a bend in the river, which marked the dividing line between these unwearied and vigilant river pickets—the iron-clad gun-boats. Here, at night, were ever stationed five or six of our steamers, to guard against surprise. They fell back a little by day. But our steamers sometimes passed above it, in pursuit of the enemy, who always by his greatest speed avoided an engagement.

Through the forethought of Commander Porter, the expedition had been furnished with a coast survey steamer, the Sachem, by which, under Capt. F. W. Gerdes and Mr. J. G. Oltmanns, his topographical assistant, very important observations were made, preparatory to the bombardment. By a series of triangulations, the distance from the forts to all important points was ascertained, and the positions of the mortar boats determined. These surveys were attended with great danger, from exposure to the fire of the rebels, concealed in the rushes and almost impenetrable thickets of the banks, near the forts. But the party fearlessly performed their work in an open boat, and when fired upon from the shore, drove off the enemy by the well-directed fire of their own rifles. On one occasion, a party of about two hundred rebels, raised from the "roughs and readys" of New Orleans, and belonging to the garrison of Fort Jackson, made an excursion down the river, for the purpose of firing from the wooded banks upon our unsuspecting boats: but having been discerned, they were so terribly frightened by the shells of one of our gun-boats, that they hastily retreated, and refusing to return to duty in the forts, marched on toward the city.

To determine the range of his mortars, and to draw the fire of the enemy, so as to ascertain the position of his guns, and their weight of metal, a successful reconnoissance was made on the 15th of April, by Commander Porter, with three of his schooners. Some of our shells fell into the forts, and drove the rebels from their barbette guns to the casemates; but none of their shot had effect upon our vessels. After a trial of half an hour, the schooners were ordered to withdraw out of range.

The trying delays, incident to so great an undertaking, were now

nearly ended. The innumerable details and provisions for the attack had been arranged, and the three thousand impatient seamen were soon to enter the long-expected contest. On the 17th of April, the squadron was ordered to advance, and to anchor within half a mile of the point from which the bombardment was to take place. Early on the morning of the 18th, the vessels took their final position for the attack. Here let us hastily review the condition of the fleet.

From the forts, extending down the west bank of the river, for eight miles there is a dense line of woods, fifty yards wide, fringing the stream, and reaching back to the swamp. At the bend of the river, the rebels had cut an opening through this forest, that they might obtain a better range for the guns of Fort Jackson, upon our advancing ships. The river is here about half a mile wide. A vast, unexplored swamp, lies beyond these woods. The eastern bank is low, marshy ground, unrelieved by trees, or any other prominent objects. The forts were plainly visible from the mast-heads of the vessels, over the tops of the trees, behind which their hulls were concealed and sheltered from the rebel guns. To confuse the vision, and still more to protect the mortar boats, their masts and rigging had been decorated and entwined with the leafy branches of trees, as if for the festivities of some gala day, or as the barbaric warriors of olden time went into battle, their brows crowned with wreaths of laurel.

Six of these gun-boats, which were stationed near the eastern shore, to shell Fort St. Philip, were protected by another device. The men collected the reeds and other vegetation of the marshes, and sheathed the hulls of their vessels with a shaggy covering, so resembling the growth upon the shore, as to render their position uncertain to the distant enemy, as they were thus blended with the ever rank and waving reeds and rushes. Moored to the stumps of the trees, on the western bank of the river, were the remaining fourteen mortar boats,—the first about three-quarters of a mile from Fort Jackson, and the rest in direct line astern, with bowsprits and taffrails touching each other.

The Hartford, Pensacola, Richmond, Brooklyn and Mississippi were in the rear of the mortars, just out of range of the forts, with steam up, maintaining their relative positions, against the current and surrounded by the gun-boats, some of which were to take an active part in the bombardment. The tremendous mortar-boats were, however, expected to do the principal work in reducing the forts so that the other ships could pass and destroy the rebel gun-boats, and then ascend and unfurl the National banner over New Orleans.

The force thus arrayed against the rebel fortifications was certainly very formidable, though the rebels in their fancied Gibraltar, bade them scornful defiance. The five sloops of war, which constituted one of the efficient arms of assault, carried a hundred and four guns of large calibre. The four first-class gun-boats, the Iroquois, Dacotah, Varuna and Oneida were iron-clad, and very heavily armed, with from six to twelve guns. Eight others, of the second class, carried each one 11-inch pivot gun, two 24-pounder howitzers, and one 20-pounder Parrot. Each of the twenty mortar-boats bore a huge 13-inch mortar, requiring at every discharge over

twenty pounds of powder. Attached to these are the steamers Harriet Lane, Westfield, Clifton and Miami, besides several transports and store-ships and coal vessels, farther down the river. Such was the force which the National Government had sent to open the navigation of the Mississippi once more to the world, and to rescue New Orleans from the rebels who had seized it. A land force, under Gen. Butler, of eighteen thousand men, was waiting to coöperate with the fleet in holding the property of the National Government after it should have been regained. The brave seamen, who had been for months impatiently anticipating the contest, were roused to a generous enthusiam and rivalry, by recent accounts of glorious victories to the National arms in the Atlantic States and on the Western rivers. They were eager to strike another blow at the monstrous rebellion, and were confident that the speedy capture of New Orleans would fall like the knell of death upon the disheartened Confederacy, and would be a memorial, through all coming time, of their gallantry and patriotism.

On the evening of the 15th, an incident occurred, which inspired the men with still more intense zeal for the truly chivalrous enterprise, to which the dawn of the morning was to usher them. In the morning, an immense fire-raft piled with cords of blazing pine, had been sent down the swift current of the stream, upon our fleet. For a time the ships were in great peril, and it seemed impossible that all of them could escape the fiery flood. Fortunately, however, the raft grounded, and burned to the water's edge, inflicting no harm. The incident induced Commander Porter to issue an order, that every small boat of the mortar fleet should be in readiness, upon the appearance of another fire-raft, to push out from the several vessels and tow the raft either ashore, or to some part of the channel where it could drift harmlessly down the stream.

One hundred and fifty boats were accordingly thus put in readiness, with picked crews, and supplied with grapnel ropes, buckets and axes. At sun-down, Commander Porter, with his usual vigilance, reviewed this little fleet of row-boats. After the review they returned to their several vessels, and night came on—a night moonless and of pitchy darkness. Suddenly the gleam of a fire was seen far in the distance. The alarm was instantly given by throwing up signal-lights from the ships, which, with their brilliant flame and varied colors, produced a beautiful effect upon the dark stream and the sombre foliage of the banks. As these gleaming meteors speedily burned out, the darkness of the night was rendered more intense by the contrast. Rapidly the flames of the fire-raft increased in volume and drew nearer, borne upon the swift current of the stream. Instantly one hundred and fifty boats were on the move, ascending to meet the floating furnace. The whole surrounding region, for miles, was now illumined by the gorgeous conflagration, while a dense black column of smoke arose, from the resinous wood, and blended with the clouds, which, by the reflection, seemed to be on fire. Two or three of the gun-boats also got under way, and steamed boldly towards the crackling, roaring, devouring thing of terror. One of these, the Westfield, Capt. Renshaw, under full head of steam, dashed furiously against the raft, crashing the timbers and filling the

sky with sparks from the tremendous blow; and then, from her hose-pipes, poured floods of water upon the blazing mass. The small boats were soon along side, advancing helter-skelter, wherever they could approach and grapple their formidable and insensible enemy.

The scene was now beautiful and sublime beyond description. The immediate arena of the conflict was brilliant as day, yet surrounded, at a short distance, with impenetrable blackness and gloom. Some mount the raft and plunge the flaming timbers into the river; some with axes endeavor to cut it into harmless fragments; some dash water upon it from their buckets; some grapple it and seek to drag it towards the banks. It is indeed a phantom scene, lurid and unearthly in its brilliance, its confusion and its surrounding gloom. But, finally, the object is accomplished. The raft, flaming, smouldering, broken, is drawn out of the range of the anchored vessels, and towed to the shore, where it is slowly consumed. As the boats return they are greeted by cheers, and soon again silence and darkness resume their reign. The sentinel, pacing the deck, in vain endeavors to penetrate the gloom, and no sound is heard but the cry of the tree-toad in the forest, and the plash of the turbid stream.

When Bonaparte thought of ceding Louisiana to the United States, to add to their territory, he pronounced the following words, which condense the policy of France for the preceding thirty years: "To free nations from the commercial tyranny of England we must counterbalance her by a maritime power which may become one day her rival—this power is the United States. The English aspire to the possession of all the riches of the world. I will be useful to the whole universe if I can prevent her from controlling America, as she controls Asia." After the cession in 1803, Bonaparte again said: "This accession of territory establishes forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival which sooner or later will lower her pride."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Challenge given to the United States Gun-boats by Fort Jackson.—Terrific Bombardment in Reply.—Heroic Adventures.—The Fleet pass the Forts.—Fire-rafts.—Gallant Exploits.—Surrender at Quarantine Station.—Chalmette Batteries.—Insane Policy of the People of New Orleans.—Forts at Carrolton.—Surrender of New Orleans.—Demand for, and the Surrender of, Fort Jackson.—Recapitulation.—Landing of Butler's Troops.—Appearance of the City.—Butler's Reign.—Changes in New Orleans.—Departure of the Fleet.

Early in the morning of the 16th of April, 1862, all on board the mortar fleet and gun-boats were ready for action, and were impatiently awaiting the order to open fire. Concealed behind the hoary forests of the Mississippi swamps, these tremendous engines of destruction reposed for a time, as if gathering strength to deal forth, with all their might, their herculean blows. At nine o'clock in the morning, Fort Jackson threw down the gauntlet of defiance, in the form of a shell, pitched from one of her guns, the distance of a mile, into the midst of the flotilla. The gun-boat Owasco, which was a little in advance of the mortar boats, instantly, in behalf of the fleet, accepted the challenge by a return shot. Immediately the mortars commenced their terrific roar. The fleet had so obtained the range of the forts, that they could throw up their enormous shells, over the bend of the river, and its fringe of forest, and drop them, with almost unerring precision, within the ramparts of the foe. It was quite impossible for the enemy to determine the precise position of their invisible assailants. They could take no direct aim, and could only throw their shot to the spot from whence the appalling roar of the battle, and the volcanic storm of destruction, seemed to emerge. The thunder of these mortars, in continuous reverberation, was distinctly heard, day and night, during the long bombardment, in New Orleans, seventy-two miles distant. It is difficult to conceive what must have been the emotions of the rebels in the city, as they listened, day after day, for more than a week, to the ominous mutterings of this tempest, threatening soon to visit them with the vengeance of an insulted and outraged government.

The mortar fleet, consisting of twenty boats, was arranged in three divisions, each of which fired for two hours in succession, and then stopped for a short time, to cool. Thus a continuous bombardment was kept up. Each mortar was fired once in five minutes, so that it averaged a shell every minute; and sometimes three or four shells, with their unearthly screech, were sweeping in majestic curves through the air, at the same time. The shells weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds. About twenty

pounds of powder were used at each charge. The explosion, of course, was deafening in its peal. Though every precaution was adopted, by filling the ears with cotton, and placing the men at a distance when the gun was discharged, the hearing of not a few of the gunners was seriously impaired during the bombardment. The mortars were, of course, at an acute angle, to throw the shells high into the air. Some faint idea may be formed of the tremendous force of the recoil, from the fact, that at each discharge, the whole massive gun-boat was driven down into the water six or eight inches. The concussion was so severe, that all the light railing and wood work were shattered, and even the solid timbers strained and loosened, and windows were broken at the Balize, thirty miles distant.

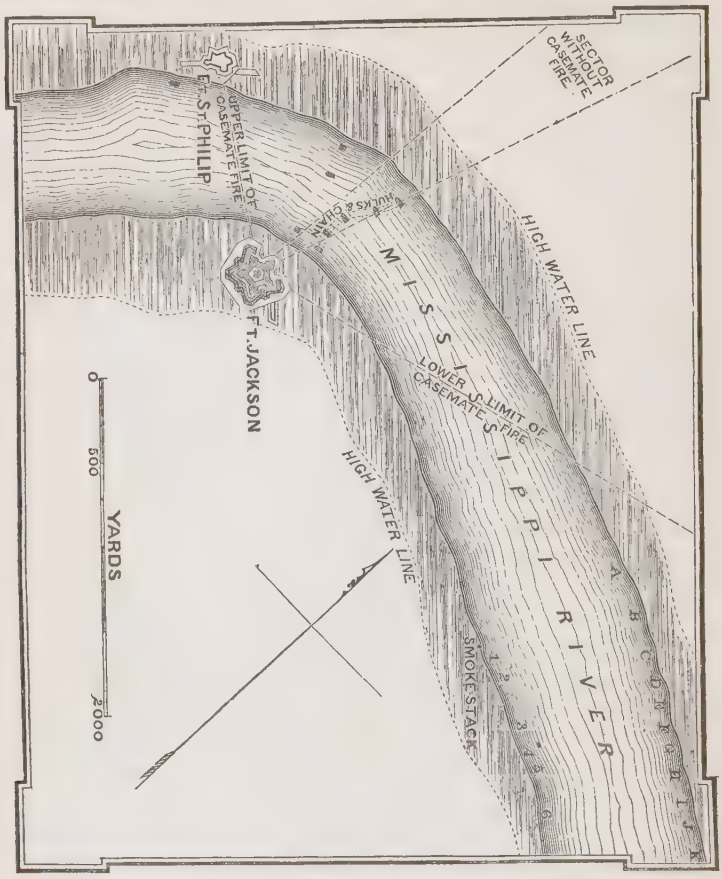
The shells, as they left the mortars, rose, with a shriek which pierced through the thunder of the explosion, high in the air, describing an immense arc of a mile and a half, and descended, either bursting just over the fort, or crashing its walls, or sinking into the ground twenty feet, and then exploding, heaving up the soil with earthquake power. Not one shell in twenty failed to burst, and they were equally sure in the water or under the ground. Many fell into the moat, and in their explosion threw the water, in a vast column, high above the fort, causing the very foundations of the massive fabric to reel. Sometimes the shells burst just over the ramparts, hurling down their fragments, like a shower of canister and grape, cutting down the men at their guns, and driving them to the bomb-proofs for protection.

The first day of the bombardment passed away, during which the fleet threw more than two thousand shells into the fort. The gun-boats also took an active part. The Iroquois, Owasco, Kennebec, Wissahicon, Cayuga and Sciota, were very efficient, and their guns were admirably manned. The Iroquois, in particular, won the admiration of the whole fleet by her steady fire, while apparently a special target for the rebels. The garrisons in the forts fought with the most determined bravery. Driven repeatedly from their guns by the terrible storm of shells, they as often resolutely resumed their posts. The citadel was soon set on fire, and utterly demolished. The solid walls of the fort were cracked and shattered, the ramparts blown into the air, the levee cut by the exploding shells, so that the water of the river flowed in upon the forts, even flooding their casemates. But still the effective strength of the fortifications was not materially weakened.

It is impossible to record the details even of a single day of this bombardment. For six days and nights the storm continued, in one incessant and devastating tempest of battle. The heroic endurance displayed by the sturdy crews of the mortar-boats, is deserving of all praise. The uninterrmitted firing was terribly exhausting. When relieved from their toil, the men instantly dropped down upon the decks, and fell soundly asleep, in the midst of an uproar well-nigh sufficient to have waked the dead. In the darkness of the night, the glare of the discharging guns, the columns of black, sulphurous smoke, the deafening roar, the shells shrieking, flashing with meteoric swiftness through the sky, with brilliance which caused the stars to pale,—made the scene inexpressibly sublime. Occasionally, fire-rafts drifted down the stream, in immense billows and flashing tongues

of flame, lighting up, at midnight, the grand pageant, with an awful splendor, which the imagination of Milton alone could portray.

After the first day's bombardment, the six vessels which had been stationed on the east side of the river, to assail Fort St. Philip, were with-



MAP OF THE POSITION OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.*

drawn to the western shore, and the fire of the whole fleet of mortar-boats was concentrated upon Fort Jackson. It was afterwards ascertained that these six mortar-boats on the eastern shore were the only ones which could be distinguished, even by the best glasses, from the forts. This accounts,

* A, B, C, D, &c., are points on the left bank, and 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., points on the right bank of the river, established for placing the gun-boats and mortar-boats in position. The position of the mortar flotilla, on the first day of the bombardment, April 18th, was as follows: six mortars on the left bank, between C and J, distance to Fort Jackson, 3,900 to 4,500 yards; fourteen mortars on the right bank, from 1 to 5, distance to Fort Jackson, 2,830 to 3,490 yards. On the 19th, the second day of the bombardment, they were all on the right bank, and twenty mortars were placed distant from Fort Jackson 3,010 to 4,100 yards. They remained on the third and fourth days nearly in the same position. All the large armed steamers and gun-boats were placed from one-quarter to one and a quarter miles below the lowest mortar vessel. On the first day the small steam-sloops and the gun-boats went up to abreast of the Smokestack, where they engaged the forts and the enemy's steamers.

in part, for the slight loss sustained by the fleet. The boats on the western shore, moored near the banks, and under the trees, were not discernible; and most of the shot and shell passed over them, and fell into the river beyond. About nine o'clock of the second morning, a shell fell upon the Carleton, and plunged crashing through her deck, magazine and bottom. She soon went down; but as she was sinking, she fired a farewell shot at the foe. At the close of the week's bombardment, but one man had been killed and six wounded, on board the fleet. If modern ingenuity has devised the most formidable instruments of destruction, that same ingenuity has been no less available in creating shields to protect from harm. One man invents an Armstrong gun; another creates a mailed ship which repels its balls, as the tiled roof sheds the hail. Men within casemates laugh at rifled guns.

At the close of the week this terrible bombardment had failed to reduce the forts. Indeed, their fire had not been perceptibly diminished. It was manifest that the resolute garrison could, in this way, be subdued only at great expense of time and material. To force a passage by the forts, at all hazards, seemed to be necessary, and there were willing hearts and hands, throughout the whole fleet, eager to attempt the desperate enterprise. Accordingly, on the evening of the 23d, the order was signaled by Commodore Farragut to all the frigates and gun-boats, to be in readiness for action at two o'clock the next morning. While the bombardment had been in progress, the requisite preparations had been made for this truly chivalric adventure of running the forts. At midnight of the 21st, while a tremendous fire was kept up to attract the attention of the foe, two of the gun-boats, the Pinola, Lieut.-Com. Crosby, and the Itasca, Lieut.-Com. Caldwell, cautiously ascended the river to the boom, and there, within the range of guns which, in a few minutes, could have annihilated them, succeeded in breaking the chain between two of the eight hulks so as to afford a narrow space for the passage of the ships. An attempt was also made at the same time to enlarge the gap by blowing up one of the hulks by petards. But they were so embarrassed by the darkness, the confusion, the fire to which they were exposed, and the strength of the current, that they did not succeed in igniting the petards with the galvanic battery. Capt. Henry H. Bell was intrusted with this perilous and all-important enterprise. The night preceding the attack, Lieut.-Com. Crosby was sent up again to make an examination, and if he found the passage clear to signal to that effect. Another daring boat's crew was also sent from the Itasca on the night of the 22d, who rowed, with muffled oars, to within a few hundred feet of the fort, sounding the channel, and searching out obstructions. They were not discovered by the rebels, though large groups of them were seen upon the shore, around immense fires which they had kindled to watch for such expeditions.

At five minutes before two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the signal was made for the whole fleet of ships and gun-boats to get under weigh. The signal was simply two ordinary red lights, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy. While the mortar-boats remained in their position to rain down upon the main fort all their energies of destruction, the whole remaining squadron, under Commodore Farragut, commenced its

perilous movement. The fleet advanced in two columns. The first column consisted of the three magnificent ships in the van, the Hartford, the Brooklyn and the Richmond, followed by the gun-boats Sciota, Iroquois, Kennebec, Pinola, Itasca and Winona. The second column was led by the Pensacola and Mississippi, followed by the gun-boats Cayuga, Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kinneo and Wissahicon. They all made for the chasm in the barrier of hulks and chains, keeping up an incessant fire upon the forts, and, as one after another they passed through, the vessels of the first division ranged themselves to assail Fort St. Philip, and the second Fort Jackson, while all alike were prepared to attack and repel the rebel rams and gun-boats, as occasion might require. It may be safely said that such a naval conflict was never witnessed on this earth before.

The enemy were on the alert, and the beacon-fires soon blazed so brightly as to expose every movement of the fleet; and the whole stormy scene was illumined with a lurid glare, which added vastly to its sublimity and its almost fiend-like horror. The Cayuga was the first which passed the chain-boom, under a terrible fire from both of the forts, which struck her repeatedly from stem to stern. The rest of the squadron rapidly followed. They were now directly abreast of the forts, exposed to the direct action of their guns, while the river above was crowded with the fire-rafts, rams and gun-boats of the foe. They all came plunging down together upon the heroic fleet. First came an immense fire-raft, pushed by the ram Manassas, directly upon the flag-ship Hartford. In endeavoring to avoid it the ship was crowded ashore, and the flaming raft was pushed down upon its side. In a moment the majestic ship seemed enveloped in flames half-way up to her tops. Fortunately the ship was backed off from the shoal, and by immense exertions of the fire department, the flames were extinguished.

The thunder of over three hundred guns from the forts, the rebel gun-boats and the National fleet, joined with the distant boomings of the mortars, filled the air with a continuous roar, louder than heaven's heaviest thunders. Red-hot shot and bursting shell were falling with frightful execution on ship and battlement. The whole scene was soon so enveloped in the sulphurous smoke of the battle, that friends could with difficulty be distinguished from foes, and often the flash of opposing guns alone guided the fire. The rebels fought with that desperation which was to be expected of Americans, even when engaged in an infamous cause. While the National ships were yet under the fire of the forts, they were assailed by the monster rams and floating batteries which the foe held in reserve. These enormous rams, aided by the swift current, and under full headway of steam, dashed with their iron prows upon our ships, discharging, at close range, their heavy guns, as reckless as if no harm could touch them. It is impossible to recount the exploits of the gallant men who fought beneath the Stars and Stripes, in these hours of deadly encounter. Every ship in the fleet signalized itself by heroism which could not be surpassed. We cannot record the deeds of all; let us allude to a few as specimens of the rest.

The United States steamship Brooklyn, in the darkness, and while

exposed to the hottest fire, became entangled in the barricading hulks and chains. In attempting to extricate the ship her bow grazed the shore. She, however, worked her way through, when the ram Manassas came rushing upon her from the gloom. At the distance of ten feet the ram discharged her shot, which pierced the ship, and then, with a crash, struck her side, butting in the starboard gangway. The chain armor saved the ship from destruction, and the ram slid off and disappeared in the darkness. Fort Jackson, in the liftings of the smoke, caught a glimpse of the majestic ship, and opened upon her a raking fire. Just then a large rebel steamer came rushing up on the port broadside. When at the distance of but sixty yards, the Brooklyn poured into the audacious stranger one single volley of shell and red-hot shot, and the fragments of the steamer, in a mass of crackling flame, drifted down the stream.

The Brooklyn, still groping its way along, lighted by the flames of an approaching fire-raft, and yet enveloped in its resinous smoke, soon found itself abreast of St. Philip, almost touching the shore. The ship chanced to be in such a position that she could bring almost every gun to bear. Tarrying for a moment, she poured into the fort such a storm of grape and canister, as completely to silence the work. The men stationed in the tops of the frigate said that, by the light of their bursting shrapnels, they could see the garrison "running like sheep for more comfortable quarters." The Brooklyn then rushed into the nest of rebel gun-boats, fighting them indiscriminately, with her broadsides striking the most terrific blows, and continuing the contest, in connection with the other vessels, for an hour and a half, until the rebel fleet was annihilated. After the action was over, Commodore Farragut took the hand of Capt. Craven, of the Brooklyn, in both of his, and said,

"You and your noble ship have been the salvation of my squadron. You were in a complete blaze of fire; so much so, that I supposed your ship was burning up. I never saw such rapid and precise firing. It never was surpassed, and probably never was equaled."

There were above the chain eighteen rebel gun-boats, including the ram Manassas, and the battery Louisiana, which carried twenty guns. The Cayuga, Lieut. Commanding, N. B. Harrison, being on the lead, found itself in the midst of them, without any supporting ships, and at the same moment was assailed by three gun-boats, one on each quarter. Capt. Bailey, of the Colorado, which could not be got over the bar of the river, was in temporary command of the Cayuga. The assailants all attempted to board, one on the starboard bow, the other astern, and the third on the starboard beam. With an eleven-inch Dahlgren, at the distance of thirty yards, one of these boats was speedily set on fire, and the crew ran it ashore, where it soon presented but a mass of flame. While engaged fiercely with the other two, the Varuna and Oneida came to the aid of the Cayuga, and one of the rebel boats surrendered, and the other was burned.

The Mississippi encountered the ram Manassas, rushing upon her at full speed. The noble old frigate, undaunted, instead of evading the blow, turned to meet her antagonist, and with all steam on, made a plunge at the menacing monster. Just as the blow was to come, which would

decide whose head was to be broken open, the Manassas, taking counsel of discretion, dodged. But as she glided by, a point-blank broadside, from the immense armament of the Mississippi, swept off her smoke-stack, crashed through her iron sides, and set her on fire. The crew took to the shore, and the redoubtable ram drifted, a total wreck, down the stream. The nondescript monster presented a curious spectacle, as she floated along, the flames bursting through the broken chinks of her mail, her shot fractures, and her port-holes. Commodore Porter wishing to save her as a curiosity, sent some boats to pass a hawser around the ram, and secure it to the shore. Scarcely was this done when the monster uttered, as it were, an expiring groan, as the water rushed in, driving the air and the belching flames through her bow-port, and then, "like a huge animal, she gave a plunge, and disappeared under the water."

The achievements of the Varuna, under Capt. Boggs, were among the crowning glories of this eventful day. It has been well said, he "fought a battle, fully equal in desperate hardihood and resolute bravery, to the famous sea fight of John Paul Jones, which nothing human could surpass." The Varuna was one of the swiftest boats of the fleet. As she steamed through the barrier, and passed by the fire of the forts, she found herself apparently alone, at the head of the fleet, in the midst of a swarm of rebel steamers. Plunging into the midst of them, the Varuna gave each, in succession, a full broadside, as she passed. The first rebel gun-boat which received her fire was crowded with troops. A shot struck her boiler, causing a fearful explosion, and she drifted helplessly ashore. Three others, in their turn, were disabled, set on fire, and driven ashore, where they burned until their magazines exploded, scattering the blazing fragments in all directions. The rebel steamer Morgan, with iron-clad bow, came now dashing upon the Varuna, hoping to butt in her side. The Morgan poured in a raking fire, which killed four and wounded nine of the Varuna's crew. As the rebel came on the second time, to strike the steamer on the starboard side, Capt. Boggs plunged three eight-inch shells into her, abaft her armor, and also several shots from a rifled gun. This effectually crippled the Morgan, and the shattered boat drifted down the current, glad thus to escape.

At the same moment, another iron-clad rebel steamer, with a sharp prow projected under the water, struck the Varuna, with all her accumulated force, upon the port gangway, cracking the timbers and inflicting almost irreparable damage. The Varuna poured in upon her a broadside; but the shot glanced harmless from her coat of mail. The enemy backed for another blow, and struck again upon the same spot, crushing in the steamer's side. The Varuna pushed vigorously ahead. This, together with the concussion, drew the bows of the rebel steamer around, exposing her stern, not protected by armor. Quick as thought, five eight-inch shells penetrated her vitals, and another rebel monster, gasping and dying, floated down the stream. The Varuna is now sinking. No alternative remains but to run her ashore. Still she keeps up an incessant fire upon the foe. As she touches the shore with her bow, and slowly sinks, the crew have time to load for one more broadside. The last shot is fired as the water

floods the decks, and rises over the gun-trucks. Boats from the Oneida come to the rescue. The crew jump on board them with cheers, and the Varuna, with her brave dead, goes down "victorious in death, her flag still flying, covered with glory," having singly taken or destroyed six of the enemy's vessels.

As the morning dawned over this scene of destruction, the fire of the forts and shipping gradually diminished, the smoke was dispelled by the rising breeze, the wrecks of the rebel gun-boats were strewed along the shore, eleven of them having been utterly destroyed, and the National fleet was riding proudly above their forts, with their banners gleaming gloriously against the morning sky. Three of the National gun-boats, the Kennebec, the Winona, and the Itasca, had been disabled in the action, and had drifted back below the forts. The rest were on the move for New Orleans, whose fate was now decided.

At five o'clock in the morning, Commander Porter was signaled to cease the fire of his mortars, and Capt. Boggs, who had so gloriously lost his command, was sent, by a circuitous route through the bayous, with instructions to Commander Porter to demand the surrender of the forts, which, with three steamers and the floating battery Louisiana, the enemy still held. As the forts, by the passage of the fleet, were cut off from all communication with New Orleans and from all sources of supply, their condition was quite hopeless, and their surrender was only a question as to time. A dispatch was also sent to Gen. Butler, informing him that the way was clear for him to land his forces through the quarantine bayou, in accordance with previous arrangements, and that gun-boats would be left there for his protection. The loss of the National force, in this fierce engagement, was wonderfully small, but thirty being killed and one hundred and ten wounded. Most of the ships also escaped serious injury, and one only, the Varuna, was lost.

Seven miles above the forts lies the quarantine station. Two hundred rebels who, in a panic had fled from Fort Jackson, were encamped here. There was no escape for them, and they piled up their arms and surrendered. To this anchorage the victorious fleet repaired, where they buried their dead, and tenderly provided for the wounded. Speedily again the fleet formed itself in order to ascend the river. In the morning of the 25th, the Cayuga still leading and considerably ahead of the line, approached the Chalmette batteries, three miles below the city. The rebels immediately opened a cross-fire upon the gun-boat, to which the Cayuga responded vigorously with her two guns. Soon the flag-ship ranged alongside, and hurling upon the enemy her tremendous broadsides, in a few moments silenced their fire. There was no farther obstacle to be encountered, and about noon the whole fleet was moored opposite New Orleans, the Stars and Stripes flying from every mast-head, and the music of our national airs floating over the rebellious city. The humiliation of the foe, who had ever arrogated to themselves boundless superiority over the North, must have been extreme.*

* The less intelligent people are, the more they are disposed to regard themselves as the *élite* of the earth. The Chinese, in their "Celestial Empire," look compassionately upon all outside bar-

The rebels in New Orleans had not cherished a doubt that the National ships would be annihilated by the vast armament they had collected in their forts and gun-boats. And now, that the squadron was actually before the city, with the power to lay it, at any moment, in ashes, the panic, mortification and rage were such as to amount to insanity. Even before the arrival of the fleet, when the astounding news came that the forts were passed, and that the victorious squadron was approaching, the mob was roused to such desperation of fury, that even by the proclamation of martial law the city was with difficulty saved from destruction. The levee, once one of the most busy scenes of prosperous commerce in the United States, now presented an awful scene of desolation. As far as the eye could extend, along this broad and spacious mart, nothing was to be seen but crackling flame or smouldering ruin. The rebels, to prevent, as they said, the property from falling into the hands of the National Government, applied the torch. Ships, steamers, cotton, coal, sugar, piers, store-houses—all were in a common blaze. It is estimated that property to the amount of eight or ten millions was consumed in a few hours. The river seemed covered with floating masses of flame, as vessels of every kind, often richly freighted, were fired and then cut adrift.

There was a rebel force of several thousand men stationed in New Orleans, under Gen. Lovell. For months they had been quartered in the city, filling the public squares with their show of strength. But now their presence only endangered the place, as they could offer no effectual resistance. They were accordingly withdrawn beyond the city limits, and were, soon after, removed by railroad and steamers to a point of comparative safety a hundred miles distant. Thus was rebellion in New Orleans punished, and the helpless city anxiously awaited the next movement of the Government it had so grievously offended.

There were two iron rams of formidable power, which the rebels were building and which were nearly finished. But they destroyed them both as our fleet was approaching. Eight miles above the city, at Carrolton, there were two forts, mounting thirty-five guns. A detachment was sent to take possession of them. They found the forts abandoned, the guns spiked, and the gun-carriages in flames. There was also found here an immense chain extending across the river to prevent the descent of Com.

barians. The gentlemen of England and France are, in their eyes, savages. The Esquimaux think there are no palaces like ice-huts, and no viands like train oil. One of the most influential of the Southern journals indulges in the following strain. "The whole experience of the war is in attestation of the truth, long since discovered by impartial observers, that the master-race of this continent is found in the Southern States. Of a better stock originally, and habituated to manlier pursuits, they have ruled, in affairs of state, by force of the stronger will and larger wisdom that pertain to and distinguish superior races of men. This natural dominancy of the Southern people had much to do in bringing on the war. The inferior race, grown strong in numbers and ambitious from prosperity, have revolted, and now seek to destroy those whose superiority was a constant source of envy and self-reproach. There is no fiercer malevolence than that of caste, and it is this which has so long stirred the Yankee bile. Always, in the presence of the Southern gentleman, he has felt a strong and painfully repressed impulse to take off his hat. This conscious inferiority has galled the jealous and malignant creature until he has broken out in servile insurrection. It is the old and never-ending strife between patrician and proletarian, between gentle and vile." How strong the resemblance between these utterances and those of the Chinese and the Esquimaux.

Foote's flotilla, which was then striking blows on the upper waters of the Mississippi that resounded along the whole length of the stream. This chain was three-quarters of a mile long, composed of ninety-six links about thirty feet in length. Each of these links consisted of three immense logs four feet thick, thirty feet long, and strongly frapped and clamped together by chains half an inch in diameter, and in three or four layers. These herculean links of iron, buoyed up by the mass of wood, were hooked together in the strongest possible manner, while a two-inch chain ran along the centre, lengthwise, the whole extent of the iron-plated raft.

A demand was immediately made by Commodore Farragut for the unqualified surrender of the city, demanding that every rebel flag should disappear, and that the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States should be hoisted over the city hall, mint and custom house, and that "particularly no person should be molested in person or property, for professing sentiments of loyalty towards that Government."

When the fleet first arrived, some of the loyal people of the city could not refrain from manifesting their satisfaction by cheers. The infuriated rebels, accustomed to lawlessness, shot them down. Commodore Farragut assured them, very distinctly, that a new reign had commenced. "I shall speedily and severely," said he, "punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday, armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure in witnessing the old flag."

On the 26th, the city was formally surrendered, and a detachment of United States troops landed, and raised the Stars and Stripes over the public buildings. The whole city presented an aspect of the wildest excitement. Crowds of rebels followed the marines, hooting and yelling, yet fearing to offer any personal violence, as the whole city lay exposed to the shells of the fleet. The intense hatred which actuated the rebellious portion of the people against the National banner, sought every possible expression, restrained only from those acts of violence which would draw upon them immediate destruction. Those who had remained faithful, in heart, to the United States, could not yet, in safety, declare their loyalty, even though a powerful squadron, which had come to vindicate the offended majesty of the Government, held possession of the city. Only by fear of the terrible retribution which would visit any open outrage, were the populace prevented from attacking and destroying the small body of National marines who had entered their streets. When the boat of Capt. Bailey, who was intrusted with the command of this party, landed at the crowded levee, it was surrounded by a turbulent band of citizens of all classes, men, women and children, who, by jeers and insults of the grossest kind, vented their mingled mortification and rage against the Government to which, from every motive of gratitude and respect, they owed loyalty of heart and life.

Commodore Farragut managed this responsible affair with consummate wisdom, blending conciliation with firmness. Though the treasonable acts of the rebels merited the severest punishment, yet the dignity of the Government was perhaps best maintained by the exhibition of a calm and

unirritated power. It was wise, perhaps, that *conciliation* should first be tried. But never, throughout this rebellion, has conciliation accomplished anything more than to embolden the rebels to new insolence, and more unpardonable acts of violence. For several days, all communication with the land, even under flags of truce, was attended with great risk of life. It soon became necessary to show the rebels that the National Government was not to be trifled with. The rebels, though, in the language of Mayor Monroe, "so sensitive to all that could in the least affect their dignity and self-respect," were eventually made to feel, that however forbearing our soldiers might be under *personal insult*, they would not allow their National flag to be dishonored before their eyes. A party of the rebels, exasperated at the sight of that glorious banner, waving over the mint, with presumption as insane as it was malicious, hauled down the colors, in broad daylight, and were trampling them in the mire, when a round of grape from the Pensacola quickly scattered the rabble, killing one and wounding others, and thus effectually putting an end to such exhibitions of treason. For a few days, Commodore Farragut held possession of the city through the noble fleet which was moored in the stream. We must now leave the city, and return down the river to the mortar-boats, where movements were in progress to complete the victory, by taking possession of the forts.

A few hours after the passage of the forts by the fleet, Commander Porter, who remained with the mortar-boats below, sent in to Fort Jackson a demand for their unconditional surrender. The answer returned was, "The demand is inadmissible." Preparations were accordingly made for renewing the bombardment, in coöperation with an attack by the land forces. Gen. Butler, whose transports were anchored in Chandeleur Bay, then landed his troops near the Quarantine, on the narrow strip of land upon which Fort St. Philip is built. Six of the mortar-boats were sent to the back of Fort Jackson, to block up the bayous and cut off all supplies. Fort Livingston, at the head of Barataria Bay, hauled down its flag and surrendered at their approach. The forts on Lake Ponchartrain were also evacuated by their terrified garrisons, without waiting for any hostile demonstrations against them. Telegraphic communication was no longer possible, to the beleaguered garrisons of Forts Jackson and Philip. Their supplies would soon be gone; their defenses were crippled; another bombardment would utterly demolish them; above, below, on every side, were the National forces. To hold out longer, presented no hope of relief.

Commander Porter, having matured all his arrangements, pitched a few more shells into Fort Jackson, as an intimation of what was to come. "There was no response," he records; "the fight had all been taken out of them." The demand for the surrender was renewed, with the offer to the garrison that they might retire with their side-arms, under parole not to serve against the United States until regularly exchanged, if they would faithfully surrender, *undamaged*, the forts, guns, muskets, provisions, and all munitions of war, the vessels under the guns of the forts, and all other public property. A very civil answer was returned, declining to surrender until so instructed by the authorities at New Orleans. But the com-

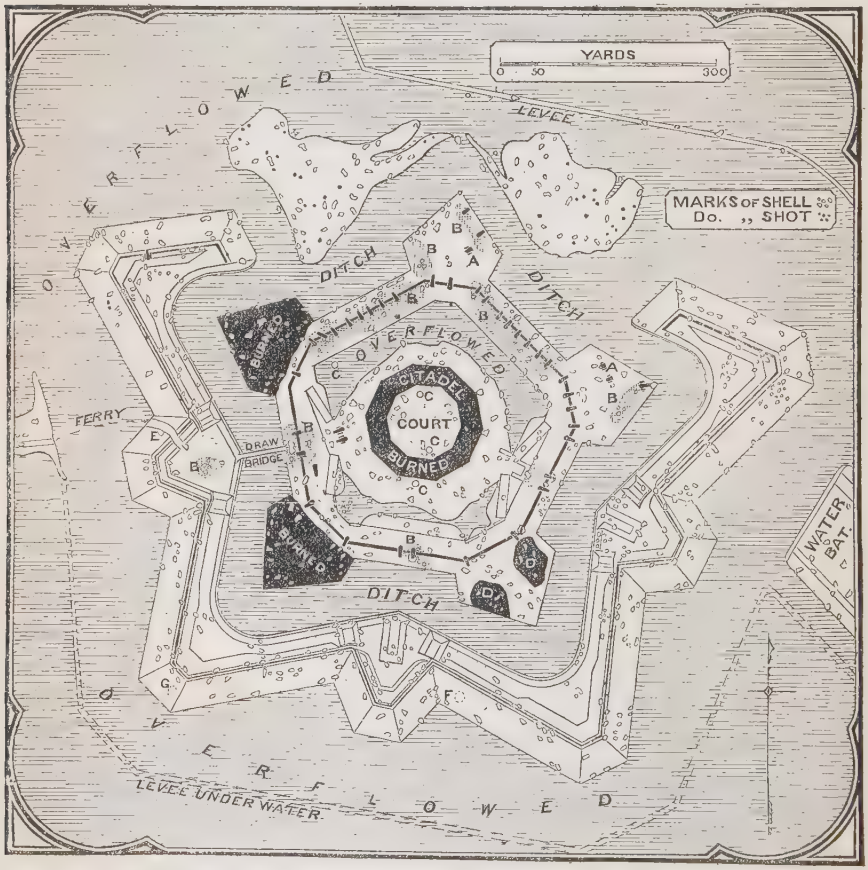
mon soldiers in the fort appreciated the utter hopelessness of their condition, and there were such unequivocal indications of an approaching mutiny, that the next day, the 28th, a flag of truce, from Fort Jackson, came on board the Harriet Lane, proposing to surrender on the terms suggested. Commander Porter immediately proceeded in his ship, accompanied with the Westfield, Winona and Kennebec, as a retinue, to the vicinity of the fort, and sent for the rebel leaders, Gen. Duncan, and Lieut. Col. Higgins, and such other persons as they might see fit to take with them, to come on board. They were all soon assembled in the cabin of the Harriet Lane, and the articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed. The officers of the forts, however, did not include the *vessels* in the capitulation, declaring, with a good deal of pique, that they had nothing to do with the naval officers, and were in no way responsible for their acts. There was evidently much angry feeling between the two branches of the service. The soldierly bearing and heroic defense of these fortifications, and the high honor displayed by the rebel army officers, in every measure of the capitulation, stand out in striking contrast with an act of treachery on the part of some of their naval commanders.

While engaged in the capitulation, an officer came below, and informed Commander Porter that the rebel battery Louisiana had been set on fire by two rebel steamers, and was drifting down upon them. The Louisiana was a magnificent iron, steam floating battery, of four thousand tons, mounting sixteen heavy guns, and perfectly shot-proof. Flags of truce were flying upon the forts, and upon the American ships. "Seeing the Louisiana," says Commander Porter, "lying so quiet, with colors down, and the two steamers under our guns, I never dreamed for a moment that they had not surrendered. I could not make any movement without violating the honor of the United States, and interrupting the capitulation which was being drawn up." The battery had been fired so quietly, that no one suspected it until it was in a blaze. The intrepid Porter, simply remarking that the act was by no means creditable to its agents, proceeded, unmoved, with the conference. Soon another officer came down, reporting that the ship, all in flames, was drifting rapidly upon them. Turning to the rebel officers, the Commander inquired if the battery had powder and loaded guns on board. "We presume so," was the reply, "but we know nothing about naval matters here." At this moment the heated guns commenced exploding, throwing shot and shell indiscriminately among friends and foes. Orders were issued to keep the vessel clear from the burning battery, and business was resumed, Commander Porter coolly remarking, "If you don't mind the effect of the explosion, which is soon to come, we can stand it."

Providentially the flaming mass drifted toward Fort St. Philip, and when just abreast of it, the fire touched the magazine, and there was a terrific explosion, which was heard for miles up and down the river, and which shook every ship as with earthquake power. When the smoke cleared away, nothing was to be seen. The battery, broken into iron fragments, had gone down into the almost fathomless depths of the Mississippi. Had the Louisiana blown up in the midst of our vessels, as the per-

fidious rebel naval commander designed, probably every one would have been destroyed. One of the falling fragments killed a man in Fort St. Philip, and an immense beam fell close to the tent of the rebel commander, McIntosh, who was lying with one arm blown off, another broken, his knee-cap shot away, and a leg fractured.

The authors of this infamous act, of whom J. K. Mitchell, a former United States officer, was chief, attempted to escape. But they were all caught, and by order of Flag-Officer Farragut, were sent to the North as prisoners of war, who had forfeited all right to the privilege of parole. The forts were now, once again, in possession of their rightful owners, and the National flag floated proudly from their ramparts. The honor of reducing these forts is equally due to Commander Porter and Flag-Officer



APPEARANCE OF FORT JACKSON AFTER THE ACTION.

Farragut. But for their energetic coöperation the result could not have been attained. They have both secured the lasting gratitude of every loyal American. The accompanying plan of the appearance of the fort, after the bombardment was taken by very accurate survey, by J. S. Harris, under

the direction of F. H. Gerdes, U. S. C. E. It shows where every shot and shell struck, the portion burnt, and the extent of the inundation by the blowing away of the levee by shells. It is estimated that three thousand shells fell into the ditch. Those portions of the ramparts thickly dotted, indicate the spaces destroyed by our fire which the rebels repaired with sand-bags.

An examination into the condition of Fort Jackson and the testimony of some of the garrison gave most convincing proof of the terrible efficiency of the mortar fleet. When the bombardment commenced, this fort was in perfect order. Its garrison was under the strictest discipline, and every device of ingenuity was exhausted to add strength to the ramparts, and to protect the lives of their defenders. But the massive shells of the mortars shook so powerfully the casemated walls, that they threatened to crumble down on those who sought shelter beneath them. The outer works were cracked from top to bottom, admitting the light in many places; the drawbridges were destroyed; the citadel and platforms for tents were entirely consumed by fire; the levee was cut by the shells, and the water rushed through, flooding the casemates and passages, and overflowing the ditches. Four guns were dismantled and eleven seriously damaged. Over three thousand shells fell into the ditches; a thousand exploded above the fort; another thousand were counted on the sloping ground of the fort and the levee. It was stated, by one of the garrison, that many of the shells, bursting in the ditches, had more effect on the walls above them than those falling on the slopes. On the first night of the bombardment, when the citadel was burning, the magazine was in great danger, and was only saved by a profuse supply of wet blankets. One bomb broke into the secret passage leading out of the fort; another leaped into an officers' mess-room, and rolled on the floor when they were dining. In terror they all clustered in a corner, waiting for the explosion which would certainly blow them all to fragments. Fortunately the fuse went out and they were safe. All the buildings within the fort were ruined, either consumed by the fire or demolished by the shot. Though the volleys from the fleet while passing the forts were very destructive, their fire was mainly directed to the rebel fleet, and was not long continued upon the forts. The service rendered by the mortars in this long bombardment was, therefore, very important, both in supporting the fleet in their difficult passage, and in previously weakening the fortifications which assailed them. Without the least detraction from Flag-Officer Farragut and his fleet for their spirited advance through that gate-way of death, into the very midst of a hostile force numerically stronger than his own, justice demands a full measure of praise, in the capture of the city, for him whose strong arm and tremendous blows had so battered and broken its iron gates.

Let us now briefly sum up the results of this siege of one week, so brilliantly terminated by its final naval attack. The enemy lost six forts—Jackson, St. Philip and Chalmette on the river, Livingston on the gulf, and Pike and Morgan on Lake Ponchartrain, besides two large earthworks above the city. Twelve hundred prisoners were taken. Eighteen gun-boats, including three iron rams and one or two floating batteries with booms, torpedoes and other obstructions which had been prepared at enor-

mous labor and expense, were taken or destroyed. Over forty vessels, lying at the levee, were set on fire by the rebels. Seven river steamers, which escaped the flames, were captured. The new ram Mississippi, on which five hundred men had been kept at work for seven months, and upon which two millions of dollars had been expended, was blown up by the rebels, to save it from falling into the hands of the Government. In three weeks this steamer would have been completed, and doubtless would have been able to sweep the river of our wooden vessels. It was indeed a kind Providence which saved us from that disaster.

The loss of life sustained by the rebels has never been ascertained. It must have been very great. In the forts, in consequence of the protection which the casemates afforded, but fourteen were killed and about two hundred wounded. In the gun-boats the loss must have been much more severe. Eleven of them were either burned or sunk. The ship's company of the rebel gun-boat Morgan, consisted of ninety-five, and all of them perished but fifteen. The Mississippi River was now again opened to navigation from the Gulf to New Orleans, and the capture of the remaining forts and batteries upon its upper waters rendered comparatively easy. It was expected that soon Commodore Foote would descend the river with his victorious squadron, and meet the ascending gun-boats of Flag-Officer Farragut. Thus would this majestic National stream be rescued from the rebels of Louisiana and restored to its rightful owners, the United States of America.

The capture of New Orleans was an undisputed victory to the National arms, which no sophism, no ingenious logic, no audacious falsehood, could turn into a Confederate triumph. The importance of this city, commanding the vast inland trade of the Mississippi, the centre of the cotton and sugar trade of America, the key to an immense territory, and therefore, of great strategic value,—had given to the rebel government, while holding this port, a large claim upon the recognition of the European powers. The failure to retain it, with such superior advantages of defense, was a blow more damaging to their reputation abroad, than the decisive defeat of a large army in battle. Though regarding, with its usual sagaciousness and one-sided neutrality, the fall of New Orleans improbable, the London Times had declared, that such an event would be "putting the tourniquet on the main artery of the Confederacy."

It must be acknowledged that the North were surprised at the apparent extinction of Union feeling, in almost the entire population of New Orleans, under these eighteen months of Confederate rule. The reign of secession had first been established there by a base minority, through fraud and violence. The terrors of an armed mob drove peaceable citizens from the polls. Any opposition to the madness of the hour would have been followed by assault, imprisonment, confiscation of property, exile or death. Despotic authority, inaugurated with the noisy demonstrations and braggart enthusiasm of a few, soon enforced outward obedience from all, and by misrepresentations, unlimited falsehoods of "Federal reverses," and of the success of the Confederate cause, at home and abroad, first induced many of the disaffected to acquiescence, and finally to hearty support.

While driven, for their loyalty, from their homes, some made their way, with the greatest difficulty, to Northern States, there were many who, unable to bear this test, still secretly maintained their allegiance, while outwardly submissive to the rebel government.

On the 1st of May, the first detachment of Gen. Butler's troops disembarked from the transports, which had conveyed them from Ship Island, to take possession of the city. So large and excited was the crowd on the pier, which greeted the "invaders" with the coarsest invectives, and mingled expressions of disgust and helpless rage, that it was necessary to force them back at the point of the bayonet. The National troops proved themselves worthy representatives of those institutions, which they were seeking again to implant in this community, from which rebellion had banished them. A platoon of National soldiers was formed across the pier, a column of troops followed behind. As they thus advanced, the crowd moved or opened before them up the levee, and as the martial body passed, closed in behind. The curiosity to get a sight of the "Yankees," seemed to be universal and insatiable. The soldiers paid no regard to the unsavory epithets with which they were assailed, and smiled as complacently upon the mob, calling them "hirelings," "Northern cut-throats," "nigger stealers," and the like, as if those words were the fondest terms of endearment.

"The regimental colors, bright and beautiful, every stripe a bond of union, every star a star of hope for the future of the republic, were borne aloft through the throng, and the band heading the column, the regiment filed away, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, across the levee, past the deserted warehouses, and up Canal street to the Custom House." This was one of those United States buildings, upon which the National Government had already expended one or two millions of dollars, and which President Lincoln informed the traitors he intended to "hold and possess."

The troops spent the night in this their spacious and magnificent paternal home. Gen. Butler established his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel, which he forced the proprietors to open for his accommodation. The different regiments, most of them from Maine and Connecticut, were soon stationed in the public buildings, squares and suburbs, which, but a few days before, the six thousand city soldiers of Gen. Lovell, "invincible in peace, invisible in war," had occupied. Gen. Butler, with a singular combination of sagacity and energy, immediately commenced the reëstablishment of order, and of a firm government, in the distracted city. Martial law was proclaimed. New Orleans was, at this time, in a deplorable condition. Its foreign trade had long been suspended by the blockade in the Gulf. The shipping was lying inactive, in the stream. The levee, once lined with river steamers, that poured an incessant tide of passengers and merchandise into the city, was now silent and deserted.

Merchants had been left without business, laborers without work, and thousands of families without bread. They were only kept from starvation by public charity. The blockade of the upper Mississippi had cut off supplies, and provisions had risen to such enormous prices, that they were

difficult of attainment, even by those of reputed wealth. Many a proud family drank of the cup of humiliation.

The workmen in the shipyards on rebel vessels had been well paid, but in Confederate scrip, which, by the course of the city banks, who stopped their own circulation, and paid deposits with this scrip, had become the principal currency. This money had so depreciated that it was refused in exchange for merchandise at the stores, and the prevailing distress increased. When the railroads were seized by the National forces, the only remaining avenues by which supplies for so large a population could be transported, were closed, and actual want, in a few days, was imminent. The infatuated mob, which had set fire to the immense quantities of sugar, tobacco and cotton, stored upon the levee, had destroyed the only means left for their support; and now, in sullen hatred, but pressed by urgent need, they were forced to importune of their victors some speedy relief.

The administration of the government of such a city, under such circumstances, so as to restrain violence, restore order, and turn intense hatred, fostered by rebellion and defeat, to willing submission and loyalty, was about as difficult a task as any one ever undertook. It fell to a man of eminent ability, shrewdness and patriotism, and in all respects admirably adapted for the post. Gen. Butler entered upon his work with a just appreciation of its nature. A proud people, humiliated by defeat, must be forced to outward respect and obedience to their conquerors, and reconciled to the Government they had renounced, by the return of that commercial prosperity to which they had been accustomed. The commanding general, a thorough lawyer, and an intrepid soldier, was well prepared for all the complications which his unavoidable duties, and the efforts of designing men, would throw about his position. Of high standing in the legal profession in New England, his successful practice had made him perfectly familiar with technicalities and perplexing points of law, quick in reading character, prompt, bold and unyielding, in dealing with men. His political career, and identification with the Democratic party, as President of their Baltimore Convention, in 1860, had made him well known in the South, and freed him from the imputation of radical abolitionism. When the rebellion broke out, he was among the first of his party to take a manly position in support of the Government, and to offer his services to uphold the Constitution and the Union. His successful command of the troops, in the expedition to Hatteras Inlet, brought him into favor as a general, who had struck the first decisive blow against the rebellion in the Eastern States.

The first official act of the Military Governor in New Orleans was to issue a proclamation declaring the purposes of the occupation of the city, and the rules and regulations by which the laws of the United States would be enforced. All persons in arms against the United States were required to surrender their arms, equipments and munitions of war. The European legion, organized for the protection of life and property in the city, having assumed a neutral position, were permitted to retain their organization and service under Gen. Butler's authority. The proclamation promised protection of person and property to all who would renew their oaths of

allegiance to the National Government; while those retaining allegiance to the Confederate States should be treated as rebels. The inhabitants were enjoined to pursue their usual avocations. The established municipal regulations were continued in force. Circulation of Confederate bonds and scrip, or trade in the same, except for a few days, was forbidden. Censorship was established over the press, that no articles should be published tending to disturb the public peace. Sufficient force was kept in the city to preserve order and maintain the laws, and all good citizens were invited to aid in this. Municipal authority in respect to the *police* of the city and its environs was suspended, and all the requirements of martial law were imposed. While it was desired by the United States authorities to exercise this government mildly, the announcement was emphatically made that the Government would be firmly and vigorously administered as the occasion might require.

This proclamation, sent for publication to all the newspaper offices in the city, was refused by all. A guard, despatched to the True Delta office, took possession of types and press, and Northern printers, who, like the engineers and mechanics, for any emergency during this war, were easily found in the National army, were ordered to set up the document, which was prominently published in its next edition.

Thus the weight of Gen. Butler's authority was early laid on the press, where it was eminently proper that it should first be felt. The press of New Orleans had long, through its marked ability, exerted a powerful influence throughout the South. The decided stand taken by most of the city papers in favor of secession, from the very first public agitation of the question, and their persistent misrepresentations of the National Government, added greatly to the magnitude and continuance of the rebellion. Two dailies, the Crescent and the Bee, were in a short time suppressed for obnoxious articles, or as the property of persons in the rebel service. The Delta also was seized, and its publication afterwards conducted under the direction of the United States authorities. It cannot be denied that the New Orleans papers, during the first week of military occupation, influenced the people to abstain from vain resistance to armed forces, and to pursue such a course as would bring relief to the growing distress. At the same time, they declared that their own and the people's acquiescence "was not with the slightest sacrifice of honest conviction as to the authority of the United States, against which they protested; and it was not of their will and consent, but by coercion and subjugation that they submitted." But while they counseled submission, they endeavored to counteract all the influences that might work on the minds of the people in favor of the National Government.

By order of Maj.-Gen. Butler, Capt. J. H. French was appointed, from his staff, Provost Marshal, and Acting Brig.-Gen. Geo. F. Shepley, Military Commandant, of New Orleans. The administration of this conquered city, which tried in vain to conceal its "humiliation," was vigorous, sometimes necessarily severe, but on the whole eminently wise and beneficent. Prompt measures were taken for the relief of the destitute inhabitants. A quantity of beef and sugar, captured by the troops, the property of the

Confederate rebels, was immediately distributed, and with supplies from other sources, nearly two thousand families were for several weeks sustained at the free market. We cannot follow the numerous orders and acts of this successful administration of Gen. Butler. His energy, boldness and summary dealings with the assuming dignitaries in the city are humorously set forth in an article in the "New York World" on "Secesh Taming," from which we cannot forbear to extract the following paragraphs:

"War, like nearly every other sort of human experience, has its comical side. Old Ben Butler's management of New Orleans is "as good as a play." While nothing could be more earnest and effective, there is yet a spice of humor in it, a certain apt felicitousness in turning the tables, that must make even its victims smile while they wince.

"It will be remembered that it was the New Orleanaise who gave the General his *soubriquet* of 'Picayune Butler'—that being the well-known appellative of the colored barber in the basement of the St. Charles. The fourpence ha'penny epithet of course implied how very cheap they held the commander at Ship Island. The Yankee General *fetched up* at the St. Charles. 'Twas empty and barred. Where was the landlord? Off. The house must be opened. Impossible. It shall be forced. Well, here are the keys. So the first thing was to show he could keep a hotel. Next he sends word to the mayor that he must see him at his parlor. Back comes word that his honor does business at the city hall. Straight goes a peremptory message by an orderly, and Mayor Monroe and a whole bevy of dignitaries make their appearance, hats in hand. The hotel-keeper is induced to draw it mild, and arranges that the civil government of the city shall remain in their hands on the condition that all the police and sanitary duties shall be faithfully performed. For a little while matters go on smoothly. But it soon became apparent that the streets were neglected, as if on purpose to invite Yellow Jack to come and make short work of the "Hessians." A sharp word goes from the St. Charles to the city hall to start the hoes, and, at a jump, the hoes were started. But it went against the grain. The aldermen could not sleep o' nights. Yellow Jack out of the question, they thought they would try *la belle France*. So they passed a resolution tendering the officers of the French frigate Catinet the freedom and hospitalities of the city. Up comes word from the St. Charles that this sort of thing don't answer—that 'the freedom of a captured city by the captives would merit letters patent for its novelty, were there not doubts of its usefulness as an invention, and that the tender of hospitalities by a government to which police duties and sanitary regulations only are intrusted is simply an invitation to the calaboose or the hospital.' The women bridle up. They are not content with leaving our quiet soldiers to themselves, but must needs insult and abuse them. The General determines that this unfeminine practice, so provocative of ill blood, shall stop. He proclaims that all women guilty of it shall be treated as disorderly women. Thereupon Mayor Monroe steps again upon the scene, and as 'chief magistrate of this city, chargeable with its peace and dignity,' protests against an order 'so extraordinary and astonishing.' The

immediate reply is that 'John T. Monroe, late Mayor of the city of New Orleans, is relieved from all responsibility for the peace of the city, and committed to Fort Jackson until further orders.' Straightway the mayor hurries down to the St. Charles, and makes a written retraction, to wit: 'This communication having been sent under a mistake of fact, and being improper in language, I desire to apologize for the same, and to withdraw it.' The retraction is accepted, and the mayor retires; but on the next day, having been taken to task by his clique, he again presents himself, with several backers, to get a modification of the order about the women, or to take back his apology. He receives a reply that a modification is impossible, and with it an argument from the good-natured General showing its propriety and necessity. The mayor bows, convinced, and leaves. Two days afterwards again he comes down with his friends and insists upon having back the apology. The General hands it back, and, at the same moment, gives an order committing the whole set to Fort Jackson, 'and there they now ruminate."

The famous order concerning the "women of New Orleans," who should insult the soldiers, and thus endanger the peace of the city, by provoking a riot, has been strangely and unpardonably misrepresented. The officers and soldiers were hourly exposed to indignities, on the part of many of the secession females, such as human nature could hardly endure. There was daily increasing danger of an outbreak, which would result in bloodshed. Gen. Butler issued an order that women, who in the public streets insulted his soldiers, should be treated like street-walkers, whose manners they imitate; that is, that they should be taken to the calaboose and locked up, with other disorderly persons. Had he arrested them as state criminals and placed a guard over their dwellings, they would have gloried in their martyrdom. The only remedy for a vice, so low and vulgar, was to treat the offenders, like the degraded women they resembled—that is, to send them to the house of correction. It is precisely the punishment which, according to the municipal regulations of the city of London, framed by the Parliament of Great Britain, is visited upon women who, in the streets of that metropolis, are guilty of the same offense.*

Gen. Butler, in a subsequent letter to a friend, speaking of this order, says:

"We were two thousand five hundred men in a city seven miles long by two to four wide, of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing literally on a magazine; a spark

* In Chapter 47, of British Statutes 2 and 3 Victoria, for improving the police in and near the metropolis, we read: "*Every person who shall use any threatening, abusive or insulting behavior, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace; every common prostitute or night walker, it shall be lawful for any constable, belonging to the Metropolitan Police District, to take into custody without warrant.*"

By Section 39, of the same statute, it is enacted, *that every person so arrested, shall be forthwith delivered into the custody of the constable, in charge of the nearest station-house, and there detained until brought before a magistrate.* Thus, any person, though called a lady, guilty of such abusive or insulting behavior, was to be locked up in the station-house, or calaboose, the same as the prostitute. This was precisely the order which Gen. Butler issued. It was an important part of the measure that women guilty of such crimes, should receive a degrading punishment.

only needed for destruction. The devil had entered the hearts of the women of this town (you know seven of them chose Mary Magdalen for a residence), to stir up strife in every way possible. Every opprobrious epithet, every insulting gesture, was made by these bejewelled, becrinolined, and laced creatures, calling themselves ladies, toward my soldiers and officers, from the windows of houses and in the streets. How long do you suppose our flesh and blood could have stood this without retort? That would lead to disturbances and riot, from which we must clear the streets with artillery—and then a howl that we had murdered these fine women. I had arrested the men who had hurrahed for Beauregard. Could I arrest the women? No. What was to be done? No order could be made save one, that would execute itself. With anxious, careful thought I hit upon this: 'Women who insult my soldiers are to be regarded and treated as common women plying their vocation.'

"Pray, how do you treat a common woman plying her vocation in the streets? You pass her by unheeded. She cannot insult you. As a gentleman, you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not opprobrious. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him."

This order perfectly accomplished, even without a single arrest, the end it was intended to secure. There was an immediate cessation of all these annoyances; and New Orleans became at once as peaceful and orderly a city as was anywhere to be found. Persons dwelling in regions which slavery has not debased, can hardly imagine the malice and ferocity manifested by the rebel vixens of New Orleans.

"The order of Gen. Butler," says the Albany Journal, "in relation to the women who insult the Union soldiers, has been sharply criticised. A gentleman just returned from that city, where he has resided ever since the war broke out, says we can have no conception of the indignities our brave fellows are compelled to suffer at the hands of these fiends in petticoats. All sense of shame and decency appears to have departed out of them. They rival the most degraded street-walkers, not only in ribaldry, but in obscenity. Women who have been regarded as the pattern of refinement and good breeding, indulge in language towards our officers and men which no decent journalist would dare to put into print. Presuming upon the privileges of the sex, they not only assail them with the tongue, but with more material weapons. Buckets of slops are emptied upon them as they pass; decayed oranges and rotten eggs are hurled at them; and every insult a depraved fancy can invent, is offered to the hated Federals.

"The forbearance of our troops," this gentleman says, is wonderful. "They endure the jibes and persecutions of these unsexed wretches with a philosophy that nothing can overthrow. But the nuisance was fast becoming intolerable. The offenders were presuming upon the chivalry of troops to commit physical assaults. Something like the order of Gen. Butler became imperative. If women, pretending to be decent, imitated the *conduct* of 'women of the town,' it was proper that something like the same punishment should be meted out to them."

Upon this point the testimony from all parts of the South is invariable

in its revolting utterance. The Louisville Journal, Kentucky, which will not be suspected of exaggeration, speaking upon this point, says: "Thousands have read with astonishment the account which historians give of the conduct of women in Paris during the Reign of Terror. The women are said to have been fiercer and more bloodthirsty than even the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the men. The she devils had more of the spirit of hell than the he devils. They were loudest in their clamors for blood, blood, blood. Many of our people have supposed that the accounts given of these things must surely be fictions or exaggerations. They have felt themselves unable to conceive that woman's nature could become a thing so utterly revolting. But if they will look and listen in this region, at the present time, they will find that they have no further reason for incredulity or skepticism. The bitter and ferocious spirit of thousands of rebel women in Kentucky, Tennessee and other States, is scarcely, if at all, surpassed by the female monsters that shrieked and howled for victims in the French Revolution."

The Philadelphia Press contains a statement which it publishes upon authority thoroughly reliable. A wounded Union soldier, faint and bleeding, fell out from the ranks retreating through Winchester, Virginia, and sank down upon the steps of one of the houses. He had not been sitting there long when a woman came out and asked him if he were not able to walk. He replied that he was not. Seeing a revolver in his belt, she asked him to let her look at it. Suspecting nothing, he handed it to her. She deliberately presented it to his head, and ordered him immediately to leave the steps. He did so; and had hobbled along a distance of but a few feet, when she fired the pistol, piercing his side with the bullet. He fell on the street and instantly expired. The woman threw down the revolver and coolly walked back into the house. Moral philosophy will ponder these phenomena. They are astounding, inexplicable. The fiend-like spirit manifested by the female rebels is one of the most appalling developments of this great pro-slavery rebellion. There is but one common testimony upon this point, from officers, soldiers, surgeons and chaplains. Never has there been a more impressive illustration of the sentiment that "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman." One of the Union soldiers, who had been imprisoned at the South, and who had suffered everything from the insults and the venom of these female rebels, said, in the bitterness of his soul, that ever since this experience, he felt that he had especial cause of gratitude to God that "the Devil was not a woman."

By a proclamation of President Lincoln the blockade of several of the United States ports now reclaimed by the National troops, was raised on June 1st, and after twelve months' exclusion from the outer world, the port of New Orleans was again opened to commerce. Already had a glorious change been wrought in the condition of the city during its occupation by our troops. "The Union soldiers were met," said the New Orleans Delta of June 1st, "as the citizens of Rome might have met the Huns. One short month has elapsed. The streets are filled with smiling faces, business attracts with open doors, *thugs* have left, property is secure,

and Abraham Lincoln, by the grace of God and the electoral vote of the people, President of the United States of America, might walk unarmed and unaccompanied, at any time, through these streets in full security, and to the joy and delight of numbers who have heretofore been accustomed to link his name with curses and execrations." Slowly and gradually, at first, this change appeared. The terror of a twelvemonth could not be cast off in a day. But as one by one the citizens gathered courage to come forward and speak out their sentiments, the stream gathered strength and fullness, till, within the period of four weeks, the numbers who wish to bring themselves within the ægis of the National flag, became quite equal to the ability of the authorities to receive their declarations of allegiance.

The first instance of the infliction of the death penalty for treason in insulting the American flag, occurred in the hanging of Wm. Mumford, the leader of a mob which had torn down the flag on the mint, shortly after the surrender of the city. Six soldiers were also shot for breaking their parole, given at Fort Jackson, by forming themselves into a company for the rebel army. Bands of desperadoes, which had long infested the city, were broken up; murderers and rowdies, the terror of good citizens, during years of misrule, were arrested, and villains of every description made to feel that law and order could no longer be despised. These vigorous acts, united with a conciliatory course towards the repentant, and accompanied by a considerable restoration of trade, had a happy effect in strengthening the Union among a majority of the population.

The glorious dawn of reconstruction had begun, where the night of secession had long hung heavy and hopeless.

The occupation of New Orleans by Maj.-Gen. Butler released the greater part of the naval force from further duty there. Accordingly, on May 2, by orders of Commodore Farragut, part of his squadron began to ascend the Mississippi. He followed in a few days, leaving the Pensacola and one or two gun-boats opposite New Orleans to support the army, in case of an insurrection or an attack by rebel troops.

The imposing fleet, sailing along the stream fringed with rich plantations of sugar and cotton, was met with varied manifestations of curiosity, pleasure and fear, by the people who were gathered on the levees, or clustered in their verandahs to watch the brilliant pageant as it passed. There were few expressions of hostility. Secession flags were seldom seen. The ladies often saluted the fleet with the waving of handkerchiefs, and, in some instances, the Stars and Stripes, which had been carefully secreted, were displayed. No resistance was offered below Baton Rouge; but the cotton floating on the river and burning on the banks, showed the insane determination of many marauding bands to compel the planters to destroy their property, and thus to bring distress and ruin upon themselves and their families. Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, surrendered to the fleet and was garrisoned by several hundred Federal soldiers. The squadron then proceeded on its way to Vicksburg, meeting nowhere any serious resistance. The rumored strongholds and batteries that lined the Mississippi, between New Orleans and Vicksburg, "which the navies of the world could not reduce and

armies might assault in vain," were found to be mostly of fabulous existence—or, in the face of our advancing ships, were suddenly dismantled by their rebel garrisons and deserted.

At length the squadron reached Vicksburg, four hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. This city was strongly defended by heavy batteries and a large rebel force under Maj.-Gen. Van Dorn. The enemy, in his almost impregnable position, tauntingly refused to surrender. To reduce the fortifications, most of the mortar fleet, which had returned from a reconnoisance in Mobile Bay, were ordered up from New Orleans. But the rebels, with their extensive batteries upon bluffs, which could with difficulty be reached from the bed of the river, successfully withstood the shells and the fire of the squadron, though a large part of the city was burnt during the bombardment. It became manifest that a stronger force would be required to sweep these formidable intrenchments from the cliff. The upper flotilla, now under Commodore C. H. Davis (Commodore Foote, after most heroic achievements, having retired for a season severely wounded), was slowly fighting its way down the river. The "wild and wondrous" adventures of this Western flotilla, until the two squadrons met beneath the cliffs of Vicksburg, and the varying fortunes of the protracted siege of that place, must be left for some future chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

BATTLES IN MISSOURI AND THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

State of Affairs in Missouri.—Battle of Belmont.—Philosophy of Disaster.—Incidents on the Field.—New Vigor of the Rebels.—Battle of Millford.—Mt. Zion.—Battle of Silver Creek.—Energy of Gen. Halleck.—The Fortifications at Columbus.—Gen. Fremont's Plan.—Forts Henry and Donelson.—Sketch of Admiral Foote.—The Expedition to Fort Henry.—Capture of the Fort.—Results of the Battle.—Expedition into Alabama.

We must now turn our attention from the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, a thousand miles into the interior, where the war was raging on the prairies and over the waters of the far West. On the 7th of November, 1861, the very day when the cannon of the National fleet were so gallantly demolishing the rebel fortresses at Port Royal, the thunders of another conflict were reverberating over the waves of the majestic Mississippi, more than a thousand miles above New Orleans, and more than a thousand miles below the Falls of St. Anthony. On the 2d day of November, Major-General Fremont was superseded in command of the army of the West. Five days from that time, on the 7th, the battle of Belmont was fought, a battle equally remarkable for the heroism of the soldiers, officers and men, and for the inexplicable strategic and tactical movements, by which our troops were led into a trap from which the most desperate courage alone extricated them.

The National troops were in very considerable force at Cairo, a low and marshy point of land formed by the confluence of the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers. The rebels were in great force, and so thoroughly intrenched as to deem themselves impregnable, about fifteen miles below, upon the bluffs of Columbus, on the eastern or Kentucky side of the Mississippi. Upon the opposite, or western bank of the river, in Missouri, there was the insignificant little village of Belmont. The Missouri shore is here low, marshy and covered with woods; while the Kentucky shore rises into a bluff from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five feet in height. Here, behind the solid ramparts at Columbus, Gen. Polk had his headquarters, surrounded by 20,000 soldiers. Gen. U. S. Grant was then in command of the National forces at Cairo. A force of Union troops had already been dispatched, under Col. Oglesby, to attack Jeff. Thompson, encamped on St. Francis River, and to prevent him from forming a junction with Price. Information was received by Gen. Grant, that the rebels

at Columbus had been sending a large force across the river to Belmont, with the intention of cutting off Col. Oglesby, by superior numbers, and then, having formed a junction with Jeff. Thompson, to march in their united strength to assail Gen. Fremont, who was then on the eve of a battle with Price.

Gen. Fremont, when he left St. Louis on his campaign to attack Price, had sent orders to Cairo, that the rebels at Columbus should be narrowly watched, and, on no account, be permitted to reënforce Price. Though Gen. Fremont was now superseded, his army, under Gen. Hunter, was still in south-western Missouri, and it remained equally important that Price and Thompson should not form a junction. To prevent this, Gen. Grant resolved to break up the rebel encampment at Belmont, and thus threaten Columbus. At the same time an expedition was to menace Columbus upon the east, marching from Paducah, which was about twenty miles east of Columbus, situated on the Kentucky banks of the Ohio, at its confluence with the Tennessee River. Generals Grant and McClernand took charge of the expedition from Cairo.

On the evening of November 6, Gen. Smith marched from Paducah, with a small Union force, being directed to threaten Columbus, but not to approach nearer than within twelve or fifteen miles of its ramparts. A small force was also sent from Cairo, across the river to the Kentucky shore to act in coöperation with the troops from Paducah. The object of these varied movements was to distract the attention of the enemy, to lead him to suppose that Columbus was to be vigorously assailed, and to prevent him from sending any reënforcements to the rebels in Missouri. On the same evening a force of three thousand men embarked at Cairo, in four transports and two gun-boats, to sail down the river about twelve miles, and then landing, three miles above Belmont, to march upon the foe and attack them by surprise. All this was to be done under the veil of night. The night, however, proved so intensely dark, with clouds and fog, that the little fleet could not grope its way along. It was eight o'clock in the morning when the troops reached the point of their debarkation, three miles above Columbus, and out of the range of the guns of their batteries. The debarkation effected, the two gun-boats dropped down the river a couple of miles, and engaged the rebel batteries on the Columbus side. The Union troops advanced as rapidly as possible along the Missouri shore, fighting their way, to attack the rebel camp at Belmont. The camp was situated on a slight eminence, which rose a little back of the river, from the low lands which fringed its banks. The rebels, from their hill-top, had witnessed the debarkation of the troops, and thus were not only prepared to receive them, but a reënforcement of four regiments was immediately sent across to their aid from Columbus.

A march of a mile and a half brought the National troops within range of the enemy's guns. The rebel camp was not protected by any earth-works of much moment, but in lieu thereof, some twenty acres of timber had been felled immediately in front of their camp. Concealed behind this very formidable abatis, through and over which it was almost impossible for our troops to force their way, the rebels fought with desperation,

hurling a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the patriots who were struggling through the entangling branches. At the same time a battery, planted advantageously upon the eminence, threw round shot and shell, thick and fast, into their ranks. To add to their embarrassment and peril, the deep boom of the heaviest ordnance was ever and anon heard on the Columbus shore, and enormous bombs, terrible in their destructiveness, came shrieking into their midst, dealing death and destruction far and wide around.

All were exposed alike to the perils of the battle. Gen. Grant's horse was shot under him. Gen. McClernand was struck by a bullet, which flattened against the pistol in his holster, and glanced harmless away. Firmly, heroically the patriots forced their march along, from stump to stump, almost inch by inch, triumphing over every obstacle, and paying no heed to the storm of war beating against their bosoms, and covering the ground with their dead. At length, after a desperate struggle of two hours, they succeeded in crossing the abatis, and the clear space around the camp was gained. The command was then given for a charge, and it was made with resistless impetuosity by the right, the left and the centre. The scene, at this moment, was sublime and terrible. There were seven or eight thousand men in the camp. Three thousand were, in a semi-circle, rushing upon them with a battle-cry which rose above the roar of artillery and the incessant volleys of musketry. Soon all these thousands were mingled in inextricable confusion, grappling hand to hand in the death-struggle. Such a conflict could not last long. There rose suddenly a shout, louder, longer, more continuous than had been heard before, and which swept for miles above the thunder of war's tempest. No one could mistake it. It was not the frenzied cry of onset, but the exultant peal of victory. The rebel flag was in the dust, and the Stars and Stripes waved proudly, announcing that the field was redeemed from the degradation of rebellion. The 27th Illinois and the 7th Iowa were the first who gained the camping-ground of the enemy; but they were almost instantly followed by their equally eager comrades.

The position thus gained was completely commanded by the batteries at Columbus. It was not, therefore, possible to hold the place, neither had there been any intention to do so. Gen. Grant had not been able to bring with him any baggage-wagons, and, consequently, could not remove the camp equipage which he had captured. It was manifest that the massive guns at Columbus would immediately open fire upon the National troops, as soon as it should be seen that they were in possession of the camp. Orders were therefore given for its immediate destruction. As the rebel troops were retreating in great disorder, the torch was applied, and the flames, leaping from tent to tent, soon wrapped the whole eminence in a sheet of fire. This lurid beacon brought the guns of Columbus to bear; but fortunately their range was a little too high, and shot and shell flew just over the eminence, to bury themselves harmlessly in the forest beyond.

Thus far, the expedition had been a complete success. The rebel camp, with nearly all its contents, had been destroyed. The rebel force,

defeated and demoralized, had been put to rout with great loss. While the National troops were exulting over their victory, and were seizing some pieces of artillery, and such other articles as could be rescued from the burning camp, the startling intelligence was brought, by a scouting party, that the rebels had landed in large numbers from Columbus, between the camp and the transports; that the routed troops had rallied under their protection, and that thus the retreat of the victors was cut off, by superior numbers. There was now nothing to do, but ignominiously to surrender, or to cut their way through the hostile ranks. But it does not appear that the idea of surrender entered a single mind. The heroic little band first regaled the rebels at Columbus with the music of the Star Spangled Banner, which, in response to their traitorous guns, was borne across the river to their ears, and then, after raising three hearty cheers for the Union, the command was given to retire to their boats. Though seven regiments had crossed from Columbus, and were strongly posted in the woods, through which the troops must of necessity pass, to regain their transports, the victors, exhausted as they were, commenced the march with the utmost confidence and alacrity. The whole force through which three thousand National troops were to cut their way, consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, and two squadrons of cavalry. Gen. Pillow himself had crossed over to take the command. It was the middle of the afternoon. The patriots were exhausted by incessant marching and fighting, from about nine o'clock in the morning until that hour. Most of the rebels were fresh in the field. But it is indeed true that "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." The Union troops advanced, and over their heads floated the honored banner of National integrity, liberty, humanity. The rebels marched beneath the flag of treason, bearing the hateful words, "Secession and Slavery."

The necessity of again meeting the foe, instead of discouraging, seemed to animate the patriots. They were quickly formed into line of battle, and with resolute tread, again advanced to breast the rebel bullets. A deadly fire was opened upon them by enemies in ambush, shooting like Indians from behind the trees. The patriots had four six-pounder field guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers. A very active and effective fire was opened by the artillery upon the foe, which threw them into great disorder. There was then a shout and a rush, and the whole line advanced, plunging into the woods, and encountering a heavy fire on their right and left, as well as on their front. The leaden hail fell upon them so mercilessly, as to occasion momentary disorder; but it was only momentary.

Three times during the march, according to the rebel account, the patriots were charged by the rebels, with Gen. Pillow in person at their head.* Each time they were repulsed, as the on-moving steamer repels the surge. With resistless steps, the National troops pressed on, driving all opposition before them, until, just before sundown, they reached their transports. As soon as they approached the river's banks, the gun-boats

* Memphis Appeal, Nov. 12.

opened fire upon the foe. Their terrible missiles, thrown with great rapidity and accurate aim, produced fearful havoc in the rebel ranks. Under the protection of this fire, the embarkation was safely effected. One regiment, however, the 27th Illinois, in the tumult of the battle, had got lost. It was nowhere to be seen, and no sound could be heard indicating its position. It was unsafe to wait for the possible arrival of this regiment, as the rebels were eager in the pursuit, assailing the patriots from behind every rock or tree, where they could make a stand, and from every eminence where their artillery could be planted. The sad probability was, that in the retreat, the regiment had been cut off, and that they all were captives. The boats now commenced the ascent of the river, against the strong current. For half an hour the rebels, by thousands, ran along the bank, watching for an opportunity to get a shot, with artillery or musketry, at the boats, while the gun-boats directed upon them a very destructive fire of shells, and the sharpshooters in the transports threw their bullets with unerring aim.

For a few miles, this running fire was continued, and then the speed of the boats, and approaching darkness, compelled the rebels to relinquish the pursuit. Slowly and sadly the fleet made its way up the river, all the exultation of victory being lost in the reflection, that a whole regiment of their comrades were left as prisoners in the hands of an implacable foe. It added to the bitterness of their grief, that this regiment, under the command of its gallant leader, Col. Buford, had proved itself one of the most heroic in the battle. When they had ascended the river about five miles, the fleet was signaled from the Missouri shore. There was the lost regiment, safe and sound. What a greeting! The shout which burst from their lips was swept down the stream, and echoed over the despondent ramparts of Columbus. The regiment had got early separated from its companions in the intricacies of the forest, and enveloped in the smoke of the battle, and by a circuitous route, had reached the river's banks. Warned of the position of the rebels by their incessant fire, they had successfully evaded them. And now, all received on board, they ascended the river, triumphant and rejoicing. The rebels confessed to a loss of six hundred killed, wounded and missing. The National troops also took from them twenty horses, one mule, one six-pounder brass gun, and one twelve-pounder brass howitzer. The Union loss also was heavy, amounting in all to 607.

Thus ended the battle of Belmont. Both parties claimed it as a victory, but perhaps neither justly. The men on both sides fought with extraordinary bravery, considering that most of them had never seen a battle before. The object of the expedition was indeed successfully accomplished. The rebel camp at Belmont was broken up. The camp equipage was all taken and destroyed. If it had been the intention of the rebels to send a reënforcement to the West, that plan was defeated. But this was accomplished at a serious loss. The capture of the entire Federal force was put at imminent hazard. Nothing but the determined valor of the troops, who, after a protracted and desperate battle, crowned with victory, only made good their retreat by a still more desperate conflict, cutting

their way through a foe three or four times their number,—prevented so serious a disaster. It is difficult to imagine why the rebels were permitted to cross the broad and rapid Mississippi, in force, without opposition, our gun-boats being present. As no attempt at explanation has been made, it

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

A, A, Col. Buford's regiment. B, B, Col. Fouke's regiment. C, C, 7th Iowa regiment. D, D, Col. Logan's regiment. E, 22d Illinois regiment.

is equally difficult to conceive how the foe could have obtained, unmolested and unnoticed, a position between the National troops and their transports. It would seem that there must have been some very criminal want of vigilance. Or if, in truth, this movement of the foe could not have been pre-

vented, it is incomprehensible why an expedition should have been planned of but three thousand men, exposed to such perils, in the face of an enemy thoroughly armed, well intrenched, and twenty thousand strong.

History often seems to repeat itself. In the course of this conflict, the thoughtful observer has not unfrequently been reminded of the striking remark of Macaulay, in reference to the conduct of the civil war in England, of 1642. "It is a remarkable circumstance," he says, "that the officers who had studied tactics in what were considered the best schools, under Vere in the Netherlands, and under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, displayed far less skill than those commanders who had been bred to peaceful employments, and who never saw even a skirmish until the civil war broke out. An unlearned person might hence be inclined to suspect that the military art is no very profound mystery; that its principles are the principles of plain good sense, and that a quick eye, a cool head, and a stout heart, will do more to make a general, than all the diagrams of Jomini. This, however, is certain, that Hampden showed himself a far better officer than Essex, and Cromwell than Leslie."

Another remark which Macaulay makes, in the same connection, many will deem not inappropriate to our own times. It is the only explanation satisfactory to thinking men, for those long periods of inaction to which our eager, chafing troops were constrained. "The military errors of Essex," says Macaulay, "were probably, in some degree, produced by political timidity. He was honestly, but not warmly, attached to the cause of the Parliament; and next to a great defeat, he dreaded a great victory. Hampden, on the other hand, was for vigorous and decisive measures. He had shown that he knew, better than any other public man of his time, how to value and how to practice moderation. But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility."

The next morning a flag of truce was sent to Belmont, for permission to succor the wounded and to bury the dead. The battle had swayed over a region of many miles, through marshes and forests. As the detachment, in search of the dead and wounded, were straggling along, they heard, in the distance, the voice of some one singing the Star Spangled Banner. It was certainly a friend, and they hastened to the spot. There they found, lying at the foot of a tree, one of their comrades, whose legs had both been dreadfully lacerated by a cannon ball. His heroic spirit and his patriotic song saved his life. It was the song which alone revealed him. But for this, he would have been passed by, and must soon have perished in the solitudes of the forest.

Another incident occurred, illustrative of the character of this unnatural rebellion. Capt. Brooks, of the 27th Illinois, while searching for the wounded, stumbled over the dead body of a rebel. The accident induced him to look at the corpse, as otherwise he would not have done. It was the body of a rebel surgeon. A glance at the features, unmutilated, undistorted, showed him that it was his own brother. Capt. Brooks had previously known that his brother was somewhere in the rebel army, but he was not aware that he was in this engagement, or in this vicinity. He

buried him with a brother's tender care, and sadly placed at his head a slab, weeping that he could not inscribe upon it, that he died nobly contending for liberty, humanity, and his country's flag.

Col. Wright, of Tennessee, and Col. Fouke, of Illinois, had been associate members of Congress, and intimate friends. The war separated them, the one becoming a rebel, the other remaining a patriot. As they took leave of each other at Washington, Col. Fouke had but little idea that the slaveholders would proceed to such extremities, as to plunge our happy nation into the horrors of civil war. Half playfully, as he shook hands with his friend in parting, he said, "Col. Wright, I expect the next time we meet will be on the battle-field, and I want to ask one favor of you; if you get me or any of my men, I want you to use us well. If I get you or any of your men, I will do the same." They met on the bloody field of Belmont. The first rebel prisoners taken, sixty in all, were taken by Col. Fouke, from the regiment of Col. Wright. It is said also that Col. Wright was mortally wounded.*

The reader will remember that, at the time of Gen. Fremont's removal, Gen. Hunter was appointed in his place. This arrangement was temporary only. H. W. Halleck, of whom we have previously spoken, had been summoned from California, and reached Washington a short time after Gen. Fremont's arrival at that place. He was commissioned major-general, and on the 5th of November, was appointed to the command of the Western Department, the boundaries of which were somewhat modified, so as to include parts of Kentucky and Tennessee. The more remote West, including Kansas, was placed under the command of Major-General Hunter. Gen. Halleck's responsibilities were mainly the same as those which had been assigned to Gen. Fremont. He was expected to preserve order in Missouri, to exclude the rebel armies from the invasion of that State, and to make arrangements for the descent of the Mississippi by a strong military expedition. The wonderful energy and foresight of his predecessor, in this department, had placed in his hands many of the instrumentalities for the accomplishment of these purposes. He found an army already organized, equipped and supplied. The gun-boats, which proved of such effectual service afterwards, were nearly completed. The plan of a campaign had already been marked out by Gen. Fremont, so manifestly wise, that Gen. Halleck adopted it with but very slight alterations.

It will be remembered that Gen. Hunter, upon assuming the command of Gen. Fremont's army, immediately retreated or withdrew the troops from Springfield to St. Louis. South-western Missouri, by this unfortunate movement, was thus once again abandoned to the rebels. Gen. Price, emboldened by the absence of any foe, swept over the region, with his hungry and devastating hordes, inflicting all manner of outrages upon the loyal inhabitants. He advanced, unresisted, as far as the south bank of the Osage, where he encamped. He had recently received the appointment, from the rebel Government, of major-general in their army, and was

* Rebellion Record, vol. iii., p. 292.

waiting for the confirmation of the appointment, before engaging in active movements. As these rebel hordes, composed of the most desperate vagabonds to be found on the frontiers of civilization, ravaged the rural districts they traversed, the patriots, in dismay, with their wives and children, abandoning home and property, fled before them. These refugees, in a state of dreadful suffering, many of them utterly destitute, and almost famishing, crowded the streets of St. Louis.

The storms of winter now began to sweep those bleak Western prairies. Gen. Sigel went into winter quarters at Rolla. Gen. Pope was assigned to the command of central Missouri. Gen. Prentiss took charge of that part of the State which lies north of the Missouri River. Guerrilla warfare, of the most desolating character, immediately sprung up in various sections; rebel encampments were formed, and rebel recruiting was again boldly commenced. A combination of guerrillas, with the unscrupulous violence of highwaymen, took possession of the Missouri Railroad, burning the bridges, tearing up the rails, and demolishing engines and cars. Petty skirmishes, yet fierce and bloody, were incessantly taking place between small detachments of the National troops, and these robber plunderers and destroyers. These conflicts seldom rose to the dignity of a battle. A few of them attracted for a moment National attention. The conflicts at Millford, Mount Zion, and Silver Creek, are perhaps deserving of a passing notice.

About the middle of December, Gen. Pope, then at Sedalia, learned that the rebels had assembled in considerable force, represented to be from four to six thousand, at Millford, an insignificant hamlet, a little north of Warrensburg. They were preparing for a march to the Osage, to reënforce Gen. Price. On the 15th, Gen. Pope accompanied a detachment of four thousand men, under the subordinate command of Col. J. C. Davis and Major Marshall, to cut them off. A toilsome march of fifty miles, through prairie mud and freezing storms, brought the patriots to the encampment of the rebels. Here they found a broad and impassable stream flowing between them and the foe they wished to reach. The patriot force consisted of infantry, artillery and cavalry. A single narrow bridge spanned the stream. On the march, they had encountered many detached scouting parties of the rebels, and had dispersed them, taking many prisoners, and much of the plunder which the rebels had wrested from loyal citizens. The rebels, forewarned, had made very effective preparations to defend the passage of the bridge. But if the patriots could not cross to the rebel encampment, neither could the rebels escape in that direction, now that the National troops were at the other end of the bridge. Col. J. C. Davis, of the Indiana volunteers, with selected troops, took a detour to turn the enemy's right and rear, and thus to intercept his retreat to the north-east. The engagement which ensued was short and decisive. Lieut. Gordon led a gallant charge across the bridge, and drove the rebels precipitately from their well chosen position. A white flag was now waved by the rebels, and one of their number, coming forward, inquired of Col. Davis if thirty minutes could be allowed them for consultation. "The night is closing in," Col. Davis replied, "and that

is too long." The young rebel, Col. Alexander, then inquired, "Can I be allowed to go to headquarters, and bring back the answer of Col. Robinson, the commander of the corps." Permission being granted, he returned in five minutes, saying, "We are obliged to surrender as prisoners of war." This was a mere flurry of battle, lasting but forty minutes. Still, as much bravery was developed as upon any field of blood. The rebels were so protected that they lost but one man in killed. On the National side, but one was killed and eight wounded.

The enterprise proved eminently successful, having been wisely planned and well executed. In the coldest winter weather, regardless of mud, this little army marched, in a campaign of six days, over a hundred miles. They took sixteen hundred prisoners, a thousand horses, seventy wagons, a thousand muskets, a large amount of powder, lead, and subsistence stores. All along their route, they heard harrowing accounts of the ferocity of the rebels. One who accompanied the expedition writes, "This slavery insurrection has completely turned the heads, as well as the hearts, of the traitors in Missouri. Neither the ties of religion, humanity, patriotism, nor neighborhood, have kept their wonted hold. This lunacy has taken a very strange and a very cruel shape. The Union men are being hunted out by these lawless dare-devils, like wild beasts or noxious reptiles." As the troops were returning, one of the most keen of December's blasts was sweeping over the prairies. Many of the cavalry suffered from frozen feet and ears. They reëntered Sedalia through a driving snow-storm.

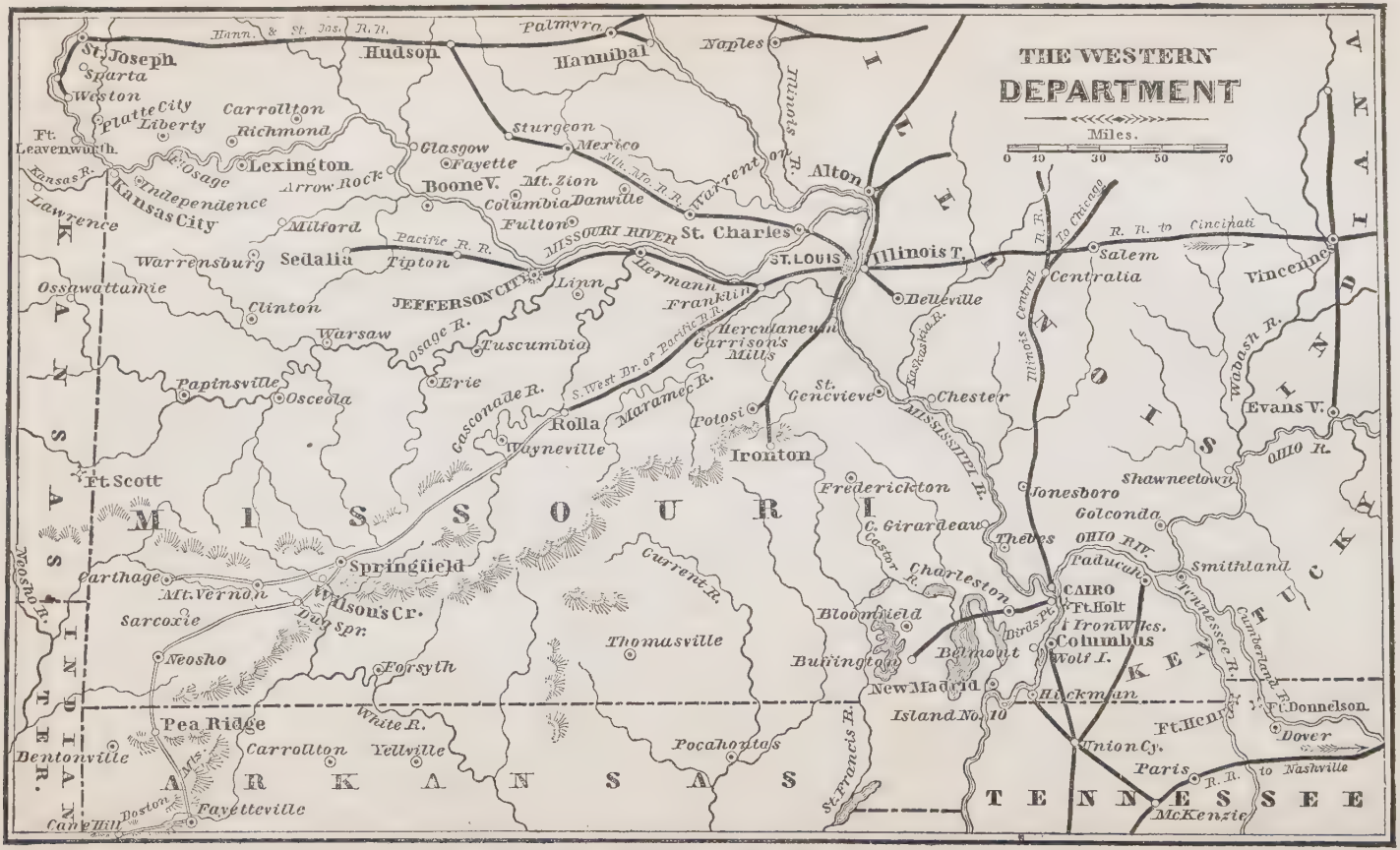
The battle of Mt. Zion, in North Missouri, was more hotly contested, though the number of troops engaged was much less. This was, indeed, one of the sharpest battles of the war. It was ascertained that the rebels, about seven hundred strong, had established a camp, where they were gathering recruits, at Mt. Zion Church, in Boone County. With three hundred cavalry and one hundred and fifty of Col. Birge's sharp-shooters, Gen. Prentiss made a move to disperse them. At two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, these troops having rendezvoused at Sturgeon, commenced their march of eighteen miles to attack the foe. The main conflict took place in a forest, where for two hours the battle raged with implacable fury. At length the rebels broke and fled, leaving behind them one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded. The Union men pursued them for a mile beyond the church, and then gave up the chase. The rebels fled in all directions in wild dispersion, having lost, besides their dead and wounded, twenty-seven prisoners, one hundred and five guns, with a large number of horses, blankets, *powder-horns and shot-bags*. The National troops returned to Sturgeon that same night, where they arrived at nine o'clock, having lost but six killed and fifteen wounded.

The battle of Silver Creek was fought on the 8th of January, 1862. Scouts had brought in the intelligence to the camp of Major Torrence, near Fayette, that one Col. Poindexter was recruiting a rebel band, at an encampment near the head-quarters of Silver Creek; that he had already eight hundred men enlisted, and that adventurers, from all directions, were daily crowding to his quarters. They were a desperate gang of undisci-

plined and poorly armed men. Early in the morning of the 8th, Major Torrence took a cavalry force of five hundred men and started for Silver Creek. When within four miles of the camp, he halted and made disposition of his troops for the battle. The plan was well devised, combining prudence with the most decisive energy. Deadly volleys of musketry were to be followed on all sides with a desperate charge. Veterans might perhaps have repelled such a charge. Raw troops, degraded by robbery and rebellion, and fighting against their country's flag, could not do it. For a few moments the rebels, protected, in a strong position, by ravines, and forest trees, and dense underbrush, fought with considerable bravery, but as the patriots, with volleys of musketry and loud cheers came rushing on, they were thrown into utter confusion and fled. So great was the eagerness of the Nationals to be the first in the rebel camp, that three companies claimed that honor. The rout of the foe was complete. The torch was applied, and in an hour, tents, wagons, and all the equipage of the camp and the garrison were smouldering ruins. The Union loss was but twenty-five in killed and wounded. The rebel loss was estimated from eighty to a hundred.

While thus, under the efficient action of Generals Prentiss and Pope, Missouri was being scoured and, as far as possible, cleared of rebels, Gen. Halleck, with equal energy, was curbing the spirit of rebellion in St. Louis. By the salutary stringency of his measures, he succeeded in making treason very uncomfortable in that city. He assessed, for the benefit of the starving fugitives of south-western Missouri, the property of well-known Secessionists, and resolutely sold the property of such as refused to pay the assessment. A civil suit having been commenced, in one instance, to replevy the property seized for sale, he arrested both the party and his attorney, and expelled the former from the lines of the department. He issued an order that any attempt, by the civil authorities, to interfere with the execution of martial law, would be punished as a military offense. He directed that all carriages bearing the secession flag, should be seized and confiscated; that all persons displaying such flag should be arrested, and that all women insulting Union soldiers, or detected in carrying on correspondence with prisoners of war, should be imprisoned.

A violent party election having taken place in the Mercantile Library Association, and in the Chamber of Commerce, in which the Secessionists were triumphant, he required the officers, thus elected, of both of those bodies, to take the oath of allegiance. And later, all officers of the University of Missouri, all presidents and directors of railroad companies, all contractors and all civil employees in the United States service, were required also to take such oath; and all clergymen, teachers, professors, and officers of private institutions for education or benevolence were earnestly recommended to do the same. He made marauding and bridge-burning dangerous. Hundreds of lawless men had availed themselves of the disordered condition of affairs, to engage in deeds of rapine and violence. Organized into plundering parties, under the flag of the rebels, they scoured the country, destroying bridges, despoiling farms, burning barns and houses, and often adding murder to robbery and arson. When



MISSOURI CAMPAIGNS.

captured they claimed to belong to the rebel, or as they called it, the *Confederate* army, and demanded to be treated, not like robbers and murderers as they were, but as prisoners of war.

General Halleck refused to recognize this claim. While he treated all rebels captured in what was now in some degree assented to as legitimate war, he ordered that all marauders and guerrillas should be accounted criminals, and punished accordingly. Meanwhile, with tireless energy, he carried on the work of reorganizing the army, and maturing his preparations for the descent of the Mississippi River.

About twenty miles below Cairo, is situated, on the Kentucky shore of the river, the city of Columbus. It is, or was, a town of about a thousand inhabitants, but possessed the name and organization of a city. Just north of it are high bluffs, known as the Iron Banks. They are from one hundred to a hundred and seventy-five feet high. As early as on the 4th of September, this place, to which we have before alluded, had been seized, by Gen. Leonidas Polk, with a large rebel force. The position, very strong in itself, was made vastly more so by massive fortifications. River batteries were planted at the water's edge. Heavy guns surmounted the summit of the bluff. Nature and art combined had rendered the place well nigh impregnable. The rebels termed it the Gibraltar of the West. The term was not misapplied. Columbus, thus fortified, the rebels held with extreme tenacity. It was regarded by them as the key to the Mississippi River, and was unquestionably the strongest point for defense upon that river. Even as far south as New Orleans, the rebels regarded Columbus as their protection against the descent of hostile flotillas. Columbus afforded, also, an admirable base for aggressive operations.

In September, Gen. Fremont had proposed to the National Government a plan for the capture of this position. This plan, to which we have before alluded, was, in brief, to occupy the Missouri shore below Columbus, to gain its rear by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and having thus surrounded it, and cut off all its supplies, to compel evacuation or surrender. That plan was not at the time adopted. The peril of Washington, and the claims of the Army of the Potomac absorbed nearly all the energies of the Government. Perhaps the Government had then neither the men nor the means for such an operation. But, however that may be, the result proved the military sagacity and foresight of Gen. Fremont; for, before September had passed away, the rebels had taken possession of New Madrid, on the Missouri shore, a little below Columbus, and had thrown up around the commanding position the most formidable intrenchments, frowning with ponderous artillery. They had also selected strong positions on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, where they had reared capacious forts, from which they could not be driven but with great loss of life. Thus, when Gen. Halleck was ready to move, the plan which, at an earlier day, could have been accomplished with but little if any bloodshed, could now be accomplished only by the most desperate and sanguinary fighting.

During the months of November, December, and January, no serious advance was undertaken, but the work of creating a fleet of gun-boats was

pushed with great vigor. Frequent reconnoissances toward Columbus were, however, made; several by gun-boats, and one, in force, by land. Nor were the rebels, on their part, inactive. They threatened both Cairo and Paducah. Rumors of intended attacks on those points were rife. The Federal pickets, in the neighborhood of Cairo, were frequently shot. On the 13th of January the rebels advanced, in force, from Columbus towards Cairo, in a fleet of gun-boats, either for the purpose of attack or of reconnoissance. They were met by the National gun-boats Essex and St. Louis, from Cairo, and after a short engagement, were driven back, much crippled, to the protection of the batteries of Columbus. Thus three months were passed in skirmishes, reconnoissance and preparation.

The point between the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and touching them both, which the rebels had chosen for their fortresses, was about ninety miles from the mouths of these streams where they enter the Ohio River, and just south of the Kentucky border, in the State of Tennessee. At this point the rivers, in their northerly flow, approach within twelve miles of each other. Here the rebels had erected two formidable fortresses—Fort Henry, on the east side of the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson, on the west side of the Cumberland River. These two forts were connected by a military road, constructed for the purpose, so that reënforcements could easily be thrown from one into the other. Fort Henry was built at a bend in the river, and commanded the approach from the north for two miles. It was on low land, about at a level of high-water mark. A hill, on the opposite side of the river, commanding the fort, was also fortified with a redoubt. Fort Henry consisted of a formidable and extensive system of earthworks. It was protected from land attack by two creeks, a pond, and an extensive abatis of felled trees. The fort proper contained about five acres, with its front face twenty-five feet above the water. A mile and a quarter below the fort is Panther Island, heavily wooded. The main channel was on the east side of the island. That on the west side was impassable except when the water was high in times of flood. The rebel engineer had arranged the angles and faces to command the main channel on the east side, and had obstructed the west passage with torpedoes. The intrenched camp embraced an inclosure of thirty acres. In this well-constructed fortress the rebels had stationed a force of seven thousand men, under Gen. Tilghman. The fort, which was of a class known as a full-bastioned earthwork, mounted seventeen heavy guns, including one ten-inch columbiad, throwing a hundred-and-eight-pound solid shot, one breech-loading rifled gun, carrying a sixty-pound elongated shot, twelve thirty-two pounders, one rifled twenty-four pounder, and two twelve-pounder siege guns. Nearly all the guns were pivoted, so as to be turned in any direction. The fort was also surrounded by a deep moat. There were three lines of defense to be overcome before the fort could be entered on the land side. One single line of rifle pits extended a mile and a half. The rebels, regarding this as one of their most important points, had resolved that it should not be taken, and had tasked all their energies to render it impregnable.

On the 3d of February, 1862, a combined naval and land expedition

started from Cairo for the purpose of attacking and reducing this fort. The land forces were under the command of Gen. Grant. The naval armament consisted of seven gun-boats, under Commodore, now Rear-Admiral, A. H. Foote.

This distinguished naval officer was born in New Haven, Conn., September 12, 1806. His father was a prominent man both in the State and the nation. From earliest childhood young Foote developed the unusual combination of great amiability with corresponding fearlessness and energy. "The boy was father of the man." A kinder heart never throbbed; and a braver spirit never moved amidst the perils of battle. In 1822 he entered the navy as a midshipman, and in 1830 received a lieutenant's commission, and immediately devoted himself, with untiring energy, to the welfare of the men under his command. An earnest temperance man, and a consistent Christian,—with unflinching moral courage, a superior intellect, and an abundance of that admirable quality which Locke calls "good round about common sense," his influence was ever salutary in the extreme. A cruise in the Mediterranean, and a tour around the world, enriched his mind, and secured the lasting gratitude of Christians, from the noble defense he extended to our calumniated missionaries on the Pacific islands.

In 1849 he was intrusted with the command of the brig Perry, to join the American squadron on the African coast. True to his temperance principles, he took only water in his casks, but there was fatherly care for the men in his heart. For two years, while on that coast, he did not lose a man. Several slavers were captured, and at some points the execrable trade entirely destroyed. A more efficient officer was never on that coast. On his return he published a work upon the subject of Africa and the American Flag, which added much to his character as a thinker, a philanthropist and an officer. In a cruise off China, in 1856, Admiral Foote avenged a gross insult to our flag, by attacking a Chinese fort, manned by five thousand men, with a heroic band of his own seamen, but three hundred in number, and with but twenty-two pieces of artillery. The pirates were thoroughly chastised. This truly chivalrous adventure excited the admiration of the French and English naval officers on the coast, and gave Admiral Foote a reputation for gallantry second to that of no other man in the American navy.

Soon after the breaking out of the slaveholders' rebellion, Admiral Foote was transferred to the command of the squadron which was to be created on the western rivers. His achievements here were herculean. So severe were his toils and his embarrassments, in constructing and equipping a fleet on those distant waters, where all the facilities for his operations were wanting, that he has been heard to say, that the actual struggle of the final conflict seemed but play compared with the preliminary toil in preparing for that conflict.

Ten regiments of infantry, with three days' rations in their haversacks, together with artillery and cavalry, were embarked, at Cairo, in transports, to coöperate with the gun-boats in the reduction of the fort. Though it was known throughout the country that such an expedition was in progress,

none but the officers knew its destination. It was generally supposed that it was to operate against Columbus. The embarkation of such a force, with horses, wagons, baggage and equipments is an immense labor. But all being in readiness, the fleet, extending several miles, steamed up the Ohio about forty miles, to Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. They arrived at this point Monday night. Before the dawn of the morning the whole squadron was again in motion, ploughing its way up the turbid Tennessee. When Admiral Foote had decided to strike a blow he was not in the habit of waiting to give warning. Early in the forenoon of the 4th of February, the fleet arrived at its destination, and was moored to the east bank of the river, about nine miles below Fort Henry. Immediately three gun-boats were dispatched on a reconnoissance towards the fort, shelling the wooded banks as they advanced, to ascertain if there were any concealed batteries. They were also ordered to approach near enough to the fort to throw a few shells into it, thus to draw its fire, that its weight of metal and range of guns might be ascertained. Very efficiently the gun-boats performed their duty. From the fort a thirty-two pound shot passed through the Essex, without inflicting any material damage. Having thus ascertained the nearest distance within which it would be safe to disembark, the squadron again moved forward, and moored within four miles of the fort. The troops immediately landed and encamped for the night. The next day was employed in making preparations for the attack. Two of the gun-boats went up the river, and cautiously fished up several infernal machines which rebel ingenuity had sunk in the stream. They were made of boiler iron, about five feet long, each containing about sixty pounds of powder. Night again came. It was clear and bright. The patriots, unfatigued and animated with hope, built huge fires around their camps. The flames blazing along the ridges, flashing through the trees, and illumining the whole horizon, presented a rare spectacle of beauty, and created an impression in the fort that the force about to assail them was far greater than was really the case. During the night a tremendous thunder-storm arose, with vivid flashes of lightning and torrents of rain. This proved a serious embarrassment the next day, as the march of the troops was much retarded by the soaking of the soft, clayey soil.

The plan of the attack was as follows. Gen. C. F. Smith, with two brigades, was to cross the river to the western shore, and take possession of the heights, which we have before spoken of as commanding the fort. Gen. McClernand, on the eastern shore, was to march by a circuitous route, with his division, and gain the rear of the rebels, so as to cut off their retreat to Fort Donelson, and to prevent them from receiving reënforcements from that fortress. The gun-boats were to attack the fort from the river. It was hoped that thus the capture of the entire rebel garrison would be effected. But that intolerable slowness, which has lost the Union forces many a deserved victory, and which has plucked from their hands the fruits of others, which true heroism had gained, prevented the successful consummation of this plan. Admiral Foote, aware of the condition of the roads, was desirous that the land force should start an hour in advance of the gun-boats. Gen. Grant thought this unnecessary, and ordered Gen.

McClernand to move when the gun-boats started, stating that he was confident that his troops could reach their positions in time. The Admiral remonstrated, saying, pleasantly, "I shall take the fort before your forces get there." The event proved him right. The troops were soon wallowing through a mortar-bed of mire, and were disastrously long on their way, and thus six thousand rebels escaped from the trap in which otherwise they would have been caught.

At half-past ten o'clock Thursday morning, February 6th, the signal was given to get under way. The instructions the Admiral gave were brief and plain. The three iron clads were to keep in a line with him, advancing steadily, bows on, just as he did. The three not clad, were to follow at a suitable distance in the rear, and to throw their shells over those in advance. "It is particularly necessary," said the Admiral, "that all should keep cool. Do not attempt rapid firing, but take deliberate aim. Rapid firing wastes ammunition, heats the guns, throws away shot in their wild range, and encourages the enemy with a fire which proves to be ineffectual." The water in the river was high, so that the gun-boats were enabled to ascend the shallow western channel, thus avoiding the long range shot, from the rifled guns, which swept the main channel. Slowly, firmly the fleet advanced, with their bows towards the fort. It was a mile and a quarter from the head of the island to the fort. As soon as the boats came into position, the four iron-clads being abreast, at half-past twelve o'clock the flag-ship Cincinnati threw an eight-inch shell into the fort. The fire was now vigorously opened, and as vigorously returned by the foe. The gunners obeyed the judicious commands which had been given them—fired deliberately, with accurate aim, and, as a consequence, almost every shot was faithful to its mission. The three boats in the rear also elevated their guns, and, with deliberate action, dropped almost every shell upon the spot desired. The earth-works afforded the garrison but slight protection; and almost immediately there was visible commotion in the rebel camp. Still the enemy fought manfully, but most of their shot fell upon the iron armor of the gun-boats as harmless as rain-drops. The target also, at which their fire was aimed, was so small, being merely the bows of the boats, and those boats continually moving, that but few comparatively of the shots struck. The calm, yet impetuous Admiral, pressed steadily onward, keeping up an incessant fire, swerving neither to the right nor the left, till it seemed that he intended to plunge his ships directly against the muzzles of the guns of his foe. Every shot told with terrible effect. One eighty-pound shell killed or wounded every person serving at one of the rebel guns. Sand-bags and gabions were knocked about in all directions, covering the cannon with the *débris*, and smothering the cannoneers. One of the rifled guns of the rebels burst, spreading widely around mutilation and death. Thus for nearly an hour the battle raged, when a 24-pound shot pierced a weak spot in the plated Essex and penetrated the starboard boiler. The steam filled the boat, dreadfully scalding many of the crew, and the Essex utterly disabled, drifted down with the stream, till she was taken by a tug and towed to the encampment. This, for a moment, revived the waning courage of the rebels, and reanimated their fire. But

still the heroic fleet pressed on, straight on, unfaltering with its deliberate, unerring, incessant cannonade. They were now within three hundred yards of the ramparts. Every shot was effective, mowing down the men, tearing through the embankments, crushing the gun-carriages and hurling down the guns. One hour and twelve minutes had now passed. Seven of the rebel guns were disabled, leaving but four which could be brought to bear upon the fleet. The storm of destruction and death was falling more fiercely than ever, and the rebels could stand it no longer. As by a simultaneous instinct they abandoned everything at a moment, and fled, a terror-stricken rabble. They had, a few moments before, raised the white flag, but, enveloped in the smoke of the battle, it was not perceived, and the terrific bolts of National vengeance continued to fall upon the humiliated heads of the traitors. But as soon as it was perceived that the fire of the fort had ceased, every gun was silent, and instantaneous stillness, more impressive than can be imagined, followed the prolonged roar of the battle.

A boat was immediately sent on shore, and the Stars and Stripes, with huzzas which came not from the lips alone, but from gushing hearts, was run up over those ramparts where the flag of treason had waved. Nearly all of the garrison had escaped. But sixty-three prisoners were taken in the fort, a large proportion of whom were officers of rank. Why these did not escape is not satisfactorily explained. The rather incredible story is told, that Gen. Tilghman had posted a guard at the gate of the fort, with orders to shoot down any one who should attempt to retreat. When the general, with his officers and the few men who were left, attempted to make their escape, the sentinels, who were Union in sentiment, and had been impressed into the rebel service, threatened to shoot them down.

Capt. Phelps, of the Conostega, landed with the party in the boats, and was met by Gen. Tilghman, who surrendered the fort and the camp. Gen. Tilghman, who commanded the district, and Capt. Taylor, who was chief of artillery and commander of the fort, were both graduates of West Point. Indeed, all the ablest of the generals who raised their parricidal hands against their country, were West Point graduates. It is a question worthy of future investigation, why an institution, so noble in its character and its aim, should be so fruitful in breeding traitors. One would suppose that if there were any spot in America where enthusiasm for the Stars and the Stripes would be inspired, it would be at our renowned Military Academy at West Point. And yet it was West Point which nurtured the vipers which struck their country with most envenomed fangs. Davis, Beauregard, Lee, Stuart, Jackson, and a countless host of others were West Point graduates. The question why this is so, is one worthy of National consideration.

Gen. Tilghman was taken in a gig and rowed to the Admiral's ship. He was a stout man, of gentlemanly manners, and was deemed an able officer. As he stood a captive, before the representative of the avenging Government, he inquired what terms would be granted. "Unconditional surrender," was Admiral Foote's reply.

"Well, sir," said the rebel prisoner, "if I must surrender, it gives me pleasure to surrender to so brave an officer as you."

"You do perfectly right to surrender," Admiral Foote replied; "but I should not have surrendered to you on any condition."

"Why so?" inquired Gen. Tilghman; "I do not understand you."

"Because," the Admiral answered, "I was fully determined to capture the fort, or go to the bottom."

Had more of this spirit been manifested in the early months of the war, the conflict would not have been so protracted. As we have mentioned, the rebel army in the intrenched camp, nearly seven thousand strong, all escaped. When the gun-boats opened their fire, the troops, toiling through the mud, and obstructed by swollen streams, were not more than half way to their appointed stations, in the rear of the foe. As they heard the roar of the bombardment, loud huzzas burst from their lips, and they struggled along with redoubled energy. But it was all in vain. The foe escaped, and Admiral Foote fulfilled his promise that he would take the fort before Gen. Grant's troops could arrive.

The credit of this capture belongs to Admiral Foote, and no honorable man will wish to deprive him of his well earned laurels. His energies, struggling against almost incredible difficulties, were mainly instrumental in organizing the expedition. When informed that the rebels had from ten to twenty thousand in the fortress, he remarked, "I am sorry for it; because, if they stand their ground, the slaughter must be terrible. For I shall take the fort, or my vessels will go to the bottom." The morning succeeding the night after the battle, a gentleman said to him,

"You are getting nervous. I fear that you did not sleep well last night."

The Admiral replied, "I never slept better in my life than night before last, and I never prayed more fervently than on yesterday morning. But I could not sleep last night, for thinking of those poor fellows on the Essex."

Every man in the country, and every soldier in the army, has more confidence in an officer of sincere and manly piety, than in any amount of bull-dog ferocity, in an officer who is insulting both God and man with the foulness of his oaths.* The Cincinnati, the flag-ship, was struck thirty-one times, most of the shot leaving only honorable scars upon the iron plating. One gun was struck on the muzzle, breaking and splitting the piece so as to render it entirely useless. A hundred and eighty pound

* The expedition left Cairo on Monday. It is said that the Sabbath before Admiral Foote,—whom we call Admiral by anticipation, since he had not then received his promotion to the Rear-Admiralty,—attended, as usual, the Presbyterian church. The minister, for some unexplained cause, did not make his appearance, and the congregation grew impatient. Commodore Foote ascended the pulpit, read a portion of Scripture, offered a fervent prayer, and then, in a brief address, from the appropriate text, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," urged his fellow-soldiers, by fidelity in duty and trust in the Redeemer, to prepare to meet their God. This moral courage is of ethereal mould. Many of our ablest generals manifested it sublimely, through all the vicissitudes of this infamous rebellion. But we had other officers who ought to have been expelled from the army, for their blasphemy, calling down the vengeance of heaven upon our cause.

shot struck the pilot-house, but a few inches from the head of the Admiral, with a concussion which shook the vessel from stem to stern. The upper works were thoroughly swept with the destructive missiles. The crash of the balls through the timbers was terrible. Several were wounded, though but one man was killed. His head was carried away by a cannon ball. The rebels had eleven guns which could be brought to bear upon the boats. As the boats attacked, bows on, they had but eleven guns which could be used against the fort.

About an hour after the surrender of the fort, Gen. Grant arrived, with an advance guard. It is very evident that, had Admiral Foote's energy controlled the land, as well as the naval force, not a rebel would have escaped. Only one of the boats, the Benton, was wholly plated. The other three were plated only at the bows. The Essex was plated least of all. A portion of the land force was sent in pursuit of the fleet-footed rebels, who were on the rapid march across the land to Fort Donelson. As the troops took possession of the fort, they found, all about the guns, spots of clotted gore, and fragments of human flesh, showing that many lives must have been lost. Only four dead bodies were found. It is believed that many were carried off, in one of the rebel boats which left just before the surrender.

The capture of Fort Henry opened, to the Union forces, Tennessee River, and, in conjunction with the capture of Fort Donelson, immediately succeeding, gave them an unobstructed entrance into the State of Tennessee, possession of Nashville, its capital, and resulted in the necessary evacuation of Columbus. The capture, however, is chiefly memorable, as the first engagement, in the world's history, in which iron-clad boats were subjected to a practical and severe ordeal. The battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor, which we have already described, did not take place until a month later. The capture of Fort Henry converted a long-held favorite idea into a practical reality.

Twenty-five miles above Fort Henry, a railroad, connecting Bowling Green with Memphis and Columbus, crosses the Tennessee River. Admiral Foote directed three of the gun-boats, under command of Capt. Phelps, to proceed up the river as far as possible, destroying this bridge upon their way, thus breaking the rebel connection between the east and the west, and capturing all the enemy's boats which might be found in the river. The expedition, promptly followed up, was eminently successful. The boats ascended the river nearly two hundred miles, boldly penetrating as far as Florence, Alabama. They captured three steamboats, one unfinished gun-boat, besides a large quantity of military stores. The rebels themselves destroyed six boats, to prevent their falling into the hands of the patriots. The most gratifying result of the expedition, however, was the undoubted evidence of loyalty, which greeted the passing fleet. As the swift steamers ploughed the waters of the river, with the Stars and the Stripes floating at their peaks, men, women and children, crowded to the banks to hail the sight, once more, of that glorious National banner, and to welcome the gun-boats as their deliverers from the disastrous rule of rebellion. Twenty-five men, on the way, volunteered as recruits for the

National army, and were cordially received.* Capt. Phelps conducted this expedition with consummate ability, proving that a better man could not have been selected for the responsible service. For his gallantry, he received the especial thanks of the Secretary of the Navy.

* Capt. Phelps, in his official report, says, "We have met the most gratifying proofs of loyalty everywhere, across Tennessee, and in the portions of Mississippi and Alabama which we visited. Most affecting instances greeted us hourly. Men, women and children, gathered in crowds, shouted their welcome, and hailed their National flag with an enthusiasm there was no mistaking. It was genuine and heart-felt. They braved everything to go to the river bank, where a sight of their flag might once more be enjoyed; and they have experienced, as they related, every possible form of persecution. Tears flowed freely down the cheeks of the men, as well as of the women. There were, it is true, whole communities, who, on our approach, fled to the woods; but these were where there was less of the loyal element, and where the fleeing steamers, in advance, had spread tales of our coming with fire-brands, burning, destroying, ravishing, plundering."

CHAPTER XX.

DONELSON, NASHVILLE AND COLUMBUS.

REBEL PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE AT FORT DONELSON.—ITS POSITION.—RECEPTION OF THE GUNBOATS AT EDDYVILLE.—STORMING A BREASTWORK.—ARRIVAL OF THE CARONDELET.—SUFFERING OF UNION TROOPS.—ADMIRAL FOOTE.—TERRIBLE CONFLICT.—CHARGE OF GEN. SMITH.—HARD FIGHTING OF THE TROOPS OF GEN. WALLACE.—INCIDENT.—SURRENDER OF THE FORT.—NASHVILLE.—ANECDOTES.—VALUE OF THE GUNBOATS.—COLUMBUS.—BISHOP GEN. POLK.

THE capture of Fort Henry, with all its stores, was as depressing to the rebels as it was animating to the patriots.* The energies of the Federal government were now directed towards Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River. The rebels were also roused to the most intense exertions, to avoid the humiliation of another defeat, in the loss of that important fortress. There are three great avenues by which access can be obtained, from the free States of the north into the south-western States—the Mississippi, the Tennessee and the Cumberland Rivers. These avenues the rebels had barred by the three gigantic barriers, Columbus, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. Columbus was deemed well nigh impregnable. Fort Henry had been battered down, and the passage was fairly opened. Gen. Halleck now hastened to turn his battering rams against Fort Donelson, while the rebels roused all their energies to add to its strength.

On the fall of Fort Henry the seven thousand rebel troops encamped there rushed across to Fort Donelson, adding much strength to the already powerful garrison gathered at that point. Gen. Buckner had been in command of that post. Gen. Pillow, from Columbus, had already been ordered to strengthen him. Six days after the fall of Fort Henry, Gen. Floyd was also ordered, with heavy reënforcements, to proceed immediately to Donelson. Guns, ammunition, and all the needful *matériel* of war were sent in abundance from Nashville. The rebels made their preparations for a long

* Much has been said about the origin of the proposition to take possession of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers. There can be no question that Gen. Fremont first urged it upon the department at Washington, and at a time when the rivers could have been seized without sacrifice of life. But he was relieved of his command, and his plans totally disregarded. Commodore Foote, as soon as he reached the West, with the quick eye of military genius, saw that which Gen. Fremont had not failed to see. But the rebels had already reared their forts. On the 28th of January, 1862, he, from Cairo, telegraphed Gen. Halleck, at St. Louis, as follows:—"Gen. Grant and myself are of opinion that Fort Henry and Tennessee River can be carried with four iron-clad gun-boats and troops, and be permanently occupied. Have we your authority to move for that purpose when ready?" Very strangely Gen. Halleck returned no reply to Commodore Foote, but subsequently ordered *Gen. Grant* to proceed up the Tennessee River with his troops, *under convoy of the armed flotilla*, and attack Fort Henry, directing Gen. Grant to *show* to Commodore Foote his orders to this effect.—See Speech of Hon. James W. Grimes, U. S. Senate, March 13, 1862.

and a desperate struggle. On Thursday, the 13th of February, there were assembled within the ramparts not less than 20,000 troops, mostly gathered from Tennessee and Mississippi. They were commanded by Gens. Floyd, Pillow, Buckner, and Bushrod R. Johnson. The former was first in command.*

The defenses of Fort Donelson were far more formidable than those of Fort Henry. The general course of the Cumberland River here is almost directly north. Just below the little town of Dover, the river sweeps to the west, around a commanding eminence, for a distance of a few hundred yards, and then pursues its natural course again, almost due north. Upon this eminence, protected by this bend of the river, and commanding the stream towards the north as far as shot can be thrown, the rebels reared their capacious and massive fort. The engineers, who constructed it with great ability, had acquired their skill at the United States' Military Academy at West Point. The traitor generals who turned the guns, from its ramparts, against the Stars and Stripes, had acquired their military education beneath that banner, and at the expense of the government it symbolizes. At the river's edge there were two water batteries, one of nine and the other of three guns, all heavy pieces of ordnance, being thirty-two or sixty-four pounders. These guns were protected by breastworks which no shot could penetrate. Back of the batteries the hill rises, quite steep, to an elevation of a hundred feet, where it spreads off, in a broad plateau of more than a hundred acres. In the rear of the fort, and west and south of the bluff, there is a succession of hills, cut up by ravines and densely wooded. Thus, by nature, the rear of the fort was made difficult of attack and easy of defense. But still the rear was not left to the defenses which nature had so abundantly reared. A circular rifle pit was dug, inclosing on the land side the whole eminence on which the fort was reared, extending from the river's bank, on the north, to a bluff which rose near the water, on the south. Behind the rifle pits there was planted a series of strong batteries, so situated as to command every possible approach. Behind the batteries there was arranged an impervious abatis of felled trees, with sharpened branches, at every point where the precipitous nature of the hill itself was not deemed ample defense against assault. The intrenchments thus thrown up were several miles in extent. Upon every commanding position a battery frowned with its independent line of defenses. Thus it will be seen that Fort Donelson was a cluster of forts, surrounding a vast central fortress. The battle of Fort Donelson was thus, of necessity, a series of bat-

* John Buchanan Floyd is a son of that Gov. Floyd, of Virginia, who, in 1837, was so earnest for nullifying the laws of the United States. He was well educated, and taking a group of slaves, emigrated to Arkansas as a planter. After a time he returned to Virginia, and plunged into the arena of politics. He was the ardent advocate of every measure which tended to the extension and perpetuation of slavery. He was chosen Governor of Virginia, and afterwards acted as Secretary of War under President Buchanan. Here his conduct was as infamous as language can record. While sworn to defend the honor of his country, and a member of the Cabinet, he exerted all the influence his position gave him, to bind his country, hand and foot, and pass it over a helpless victim to traitors. A deed of blacker hue history does not record. Having thus done every thing in his power to betray his country, he resigned his position in the Cabinet and joined the armies of the rebels.

tles. The fort was, in fact, captured by battles fought at a distance of a mile and a half from its central guns.

On the 12th of February Gen. Grant, who had received reënforcements from Gen. Halleck, took up his line of march from Fort Henry across to Fort Donelson. His troops, nearly twenty thousand in number, were formed in two divisions, one under Gen. McClernand,* the other under Gen. C. F. Smith. Gen. Lew. Wallace was left with a small force in command at Fort Henry. It would seem that there was some want of maturity in the plans, even at this late hour,—a want of appreciation of the value of *moments* in military affairs. Tuesday night the steamer Minnehaha brought the 57th Illinois regiment to Fort Henry, and was immediately sent back, down the river, to *turn back* all transports proceeding with troops to Fort Henry. They were all to return to Paducah, at the mouth of the river, and then, under convoy of the gun-boats, and in their rear, to proceed to the Cumberland River, and ascend that stream about ninety miles to Fort Donelson. It was a late hour to make such a change. This was Tuesday night. They were directed to be at the designated spot on the Cumberland River, near Fort Donelson, and to disembark their troops, Wednesday afternoon; then and there to be ready to act in coöperation with the column from Fort Henry. As was to have been expected, from the embarrassments and delays inevitable in so great an expedition, these transports did not reach their destination until two days later, Friday night the 14th,—a delay which caused the sacrifice of many lives.

It was but twelve miles across from Fort Henry to Donelson; and Gen. Grant's division, at noon, was in the rear of the rebel batteries.† But the force he had expected to coöperate with him that afternoon, in an attack upon the fort, was more than a hundred miles distant, not having yet left Paducah. The Minnehaha had met eight or ten transports, loaded with troops, upon the Tennessee, had stopped them and turned them back to Paducah. There it was found that only a portion of the fleet had arrived. During the day the stragglers came in, and it was not until ten o'clock, Wednesday night, that the fleet reached Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River. The scene here witnessed was exceedingly beautiful. The night was as mild, serene and brilliant, with its full-orbed moon, as ever shed its effulgence upon Eden. The gorgeous pageant of the fleet, with the furnace-like glow of its fires, with the long and graceful banners of black smoke floating far into the rear, and with the gleam of the moon

* John A. McClernand, Brigadier-General, is a graduate of West Point. Withdrawing from military life, he entered upon the duties of a civilian; and, upon the breaking out of the rebellion, represented the Sixth Congressional District of Illinois. With earnest patriotism he surrendered his seat for a command in the army. He is now about forty-four years of age.

† Ulysses S. Grant is a native of Illinois and a graduate of West Point. He served in the Mexican War, where he acquired distinction both for heroism and ability. At the taking of the city of Mexico he was Second Lieutenant and Acting Quartermaster-General. His conduct on that occasion was reported as "distinguished for gallantry." At the close of the war he retired to a civilian's life, and entered into mercantile business at Galena. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he rushed at once to the banner beneath which he had so heroically fought, and, by his own energies, raised a regiment of infantry in Illinois. In September of that year he was appointed Brigadier-General by Congress, and took command of south-east Missouri, establishing his headquarters at Cairo.

upon plumes and sword hilts and polished armor, while the ear was charmed with joyous and exultant strains from martial bands, banished all ideas of the miseries of war; and one could hardly dispel the illusion that it was a fairy-like scene of peace and friendship.

It was midnight before the fleet again got under way. The spring floods were now rushing down the swollen banks of the river, and the heavily laden steamers toiled slowly against the swift current. Thursday morning, at nine o'clock, they reached Eddyville, but forty miles from the mouth of the river, with still fifty miles before them before they could reach Donelson. They were now in the heart of Kentucky. But their greeting at this little inland town was apparently as cordial as the most glowing patriotism could give. As the fleet glided up to the banks of the town, the Stars and Stripes floating from every peak, and with the bands playing Yankee Doodle, the whole population, men, women and children, crowded the shore with the most exuberant demonstrations of delight. Without a moment's delay the fleet pressed on, and it was near midnight of Thursday before they reached the landing-place, a few miles below the fort. But the clouds had now gathered in the sky; a freezing wintry gale was sweeping down from the north, with a blinding storm of snow and sleet. Under such circumstances ten thousand men, from fourteen transport steamers, with all their artillery and ammunition were to be landed. While they are effecting their landing upon the frozen and snow-whitened ground, let us turn back to Gen. Grant's column which had crossed from Fort Henry.

This division included about 20,000 men, with seventeen batteries of artillery and from twelve to fifteen hundred horsemen. The morning they left was serene and sunny. Their path was along two dry and solid roads, and four hours of a pleasant excursion, brought them within two miles of the outworks of the hostile fortress. Here, after carefully examining the ground, to make sure that there were no masked batteries or secession traps to annoy them, they brought their forces into position, extending them up and down in a semi-circular line inclosing the fort. This operation brought them into constant contact with the rebel pickets, and there were a few sharp skirmishes. The whole of the afternoon was spent in this operation. They, as yet, knew nothing of the nature of the works which they were to attack. The enemy's defenses were buried in heavy timber and thick underbrush. Now and then a few shells, thrown from a Union gun into some suspicious spot, would awaken a response, revealing a battery, which had eluded the most scrutinizing glance of the eye or the telescope. But as night came on, the National troops were established in their positions, the tips of the crescent which their martial line formed, touching the river above, and nearly touching it below the uncounted cluster of rebel batteries. Gen. McClernand's division constituted the right wing, and lay on the west and south of the fortifications. Gen. Smith's division occupied the left wing, menacing the foe on the north and west. As yet, there was no centre. This was to be occupied by the troops which were expected in the transports. The two wings touched each other, and at that central point directly west of the fort,

Gen. Grant established his headquarters. The work of getting into position was slow, tedious and perilous. But as the shades of night fell upon the scene, the two armies, as by mutual consent, lay down to rest. The night, as we have mentioned, was exceedingly beautiful. The air was as bland as that of an August evening. The moon rose clear and full in an unclouded sky; and as the wearied hosts slept, no sound was to be heard but the chirp of the insect and the pensive cry of the night bird. Neither party ventured to kindle any camp-fires, lest the flame should afford a mark to hostile batteries. No spectator could have imagined that in those silent woods, beneath that placid moon, there slept forty thousand men, waiting for a bloody three days' struggle. So nature sleeps on the eve of her terrible battle-fields. Thus silently the elements prepare for the tempest, the tornado and the earthquake.

The brilliance of the night was followed by the dawn of a beautiful morning. But the National troops looked in vain for any signal of the arrival of gun-boats and transports. It was Thursday morning, and the boats had but just entered the mouth of the Cumberland River. No concerted attack was therefore possible. And the force already assembled was by no means sufficient to carry a fortress so strong. The morning was spent in skirmishing and reconnoissance. Sharp-shooters, scattered through the woods and hiding behind the trees, opened an accurate and extremely harassing fire upon the rebel batteries. Here they would watch for rebels as hunters watch for game, and woe to the head which peered, even for a moment, above the breast-works. Meanwhile the artillery played back and forth, across the ravines, from the opposing hills, rather to ascertain each other's position, and the range of the guns, than from the hope of accomplishing any other important purpose. The soldiers called this play of the cannon "exchanging valentines." The dense woods everywhere seemed to be alive with the ring of rifles and the echoes of the booming cannon.

About ten o'clock a National force of five regiments of infantry, with three or four batteries of artillery, made a solid advance towards a ridge which the rebels occupied, about three hundred yards outside of their most remote ramparts. A sharp engagement ensued, for an hour. The rebels gradually were driven back, and took refuge behind their earth-works. Our troops took possession of the ridge, or rather series of ridges, which, being covered with timber, and slightly higher than the nearest defenses of the rebels, presented an admirable position for our sharp-shooters. Birge's celebrated riflemen, from this point, performed effectual service. With a heavy rifle throwing a conical ball, they would strike their mark, at a distance of half a mile, with almost unerring aim.

In the continued prosecution of this desultory and preliminary warfare, while impatiently awaiting the arrival of the transports and gun-boats, the experiment was tried of storming one of the outer breast-works. Three Illinois regiments, the 49th, 17th and 48th, under the command of Col. Morrison, started on the double-quick, down one declivity to rush up another, breasting the fire of the foe, and to sweep, like a flood over his intrenchments. A shower of balls swept their ranks, but still they pressed

impetuously on. In perfect line of battle, with skirmishers in front, the majestic sweep of the living flood, in the bright sun-light, and down the green slope, with the cry of onset bursting from every lip, was both beautiful and sublime. Down the hill, over a rising swell, into the ravine, and up the eminence, two hundred feet high, upon the summit of which the redoubt was situated, the patriots rushed, regardless of the storm of shot the rebels hurled against them. Thus far their movement had been conducted with all the precision which could have been displayed upon the parade ground. They had now advanced nearly to the foot of the works. Here they encountered an impervious abatis of stumps and felled trees with intertwining branches and sharpened points. After struggling here most manfully for a time, and finding it impossible, in the face of a murderous fire of grape and canister, to scale the barrier, their colonel also having been struck by a ball which plunged him from his horse, and no one appearing to assume the command, they filed off to the left in good order, and obliquely gained the shelter of the woods below. It was a very heroic charge, though unavailing, and cost many valuable lives. The dead, however, did not sleep unavenged. The redoubt was crowded with rebel troops to repel the assault. The moment our retiring column was out of range, Capt. Taylor, with the Chicago battery, poured a flood of shell and shrapnell, with remarkable rapidity and accuracy of fire, into the dense ranks of the foe.

While this scene was transpiring, the 20th Indiana regiment, belonging to Gen. Smith's division, on the left, chanced to fall into an exposed position. The ever vigilant enemy perceived it, and instantly made an impetuous sortie upon them from one of their intrenchments. The Indianians, who through this whole war evinced bravery unsurpassed by that of any other troops, in ancient or modern times, stood their ground like a rock, though taken at a disadvantage, and by superior numbers, until other regiments came to their aid, and drove the assailants back to their hiding-places.

Thus the hours of the day, tumultuous and sanguinary, passed along, while great uneasiness was felt respecting the delay of the gun-boat fleet. Early in the afternoon, the first of the gun-boats, the Carondelet, under Lieut. Walke, arrived, several hours in advance of the transports. It immediately steamed up toward the fort, and engaged the river batteries for the purpose of reconnoissance. The heavy boom of its first gun gave great joy, and cheer upon cheer rose from the troops encircling the beleaguered fort. Shut out as they were from the view of the river by forest and bluff, they imagined the whole fleet had arrived. The Carondelet heroically advanced and attacked the rebel batteries, drawing upon her their concentrated fire. Her iron bows threw off most of the shot. One, however, a vast mass of iron, weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, entered a port-hole, wounded eight men, and with a fearful crash buried itself in the breast-work of coal-bags, piled up to protect the boilers. Most of the time, the Carondelet, shielded behind a promontory from the heavy columbiads of the fort, hurled shell after shell into the water batteries of the rebels, causing great devastation. One hundred and two of

these unwelcome messengers the Carondelet dropped within the ramparts of the foe.

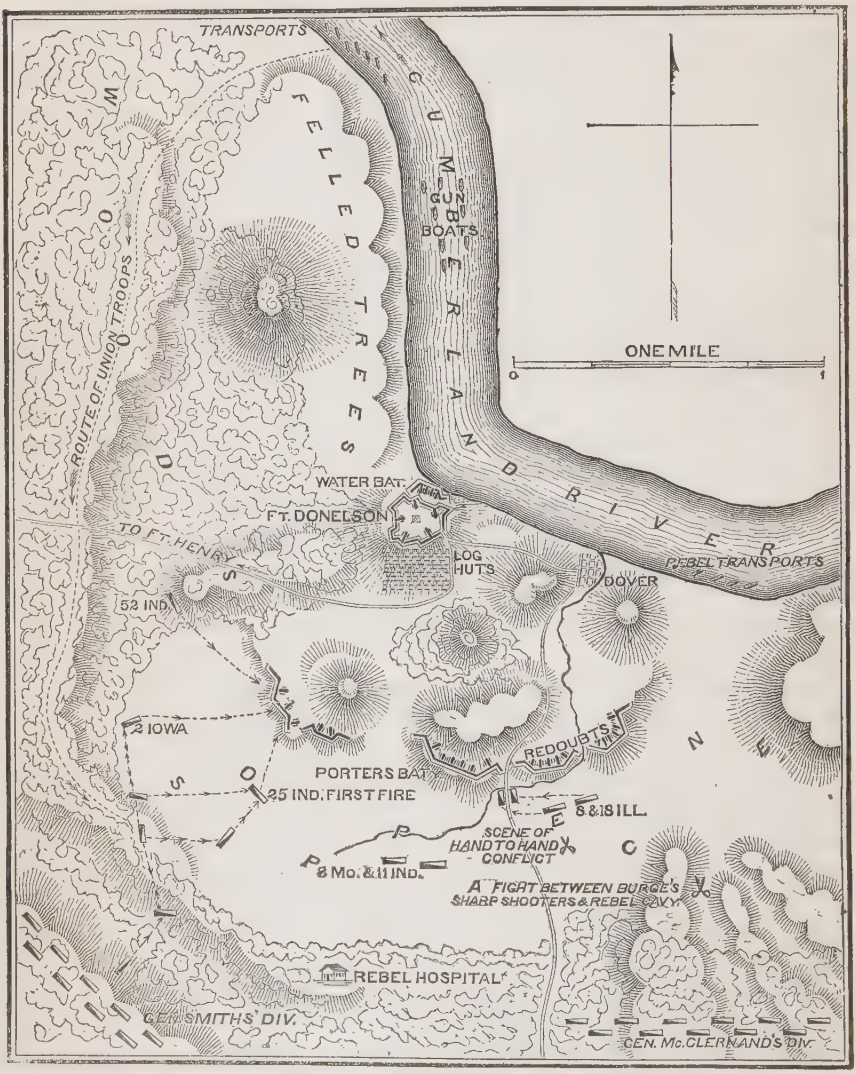
Thus passed Thursday. The day had been wonderfully warm, bright and beautiful, far more like May or June, than like mid February. A genial breeze from the south swept over the plumes and banners of the embattled hosts, alike invigorating all with buoyancy of spirits and sanguine hopes. But as night came on, a great change suddenly took place in the weather. The wind suddenly veered to the north, blowing fierce and chill. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and as the gloom of night enveloped the scene, the rain began to fall upon the surging branches, where the wind commenced to moan its dirges, as if in anticipation of the funereal scenes of the morrow. The troops were but poorly prepared for such a change. They had no tents. Many of them, deceived by the warmth of the day before, and expecting every moment to meet the enemy, had cast aside their overcoats and blankets. It was not safe to build a fire, as it would very surely attract the bullet of the sharpshooter, or draw down upon them from the innumerable adjacent batteries a shower of shells. As the night advanced, and all were drenched, and almost perishing, the rain changed to snow. It was a night of suffering never to be forgotten. Ever and anon a shell came shrieking through the air, fired almost at random from the rebel batteries, at such points as they thought might be occupied by the Union troops. The pickets of the rebels were out in great force, keeping up a constant firing upon the National pickets.

As we have before mentioned, about midnight the fleet arrived. At the earliest possible hour, the work of disembarking the troops and stores commenced. By noon, all were landed, and the troops, ten thousand in number, by a circuitous route through the woods, in rear of the fort, were on the march to join their comrades from Fort Henry. They were designed for a third division, and to form the centre of the besieging force. This movement, and the exhaustion of the troops, from the awful suffering of their bivouac, through the freezing, stormy night, prevented any assault by the land forces during the day. The morning had dawned cold and cheerless, and though the storm was over, the clouds still hung gloomily in the sky, two inches of snow covered the ground, and a wintry wind from the north swept the dreary expanse. The march from the landing to the centre of the National line was fatiguing and dismal. The ground was slightly frozen, but the wheels broke through, and the march was an excessively toilsome tramp through mud, mingled with ice and snow. It was nearly dark before these troops reached their position, thus completing the National lines by the formation of its centre. The wind, all the day, was exceedingly fierce and keen,—the inhabitants of the region declaring that so severe a day had seldom been experienced in their latitude before.

The field-works of the enemy, in apparently impregnable strength, were spread along in front of the Union lines, nearly six miles in extent. The task of reducing them seemed indeed appalling. And still the soldiers, pinched with hunger and benumbed with cold, uttered not a murmur or a word of discouragement. "We came here," said Col. Oglesby.

"to take that fort, and *we will take it.*" To this sentiment every man seemed to respond.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Fort Donelson threw a few shells at the transports, but the missiles dropped into the river, half a mile short of their destination. Admiral Foote, with his accustomed promptness, had



PLAN OF FORT DONELSON.*

got his little fleet ready, to test the valor and the power of the rebel garrisons. At three o'clock, the gun-boats were within range of the fort.

* I am indebted to O. M. Wilson, Esq., of Indianapolis, Indiana, for a very accurately drawn plan of the field of battle at Donelson, taken upon the spot, which has been of essential service.

They pushed forward, as at Fort Henry, seven in number, the four iron-clads in advance, and the three wooden boats in the rear. The cannonade immediately commenced when the boats were within a mile and a half of the battery, both from the boats and from the entire line of the rebel batteries, in a continuous roar, as though it were but one volume of reverberating thunder. Piercing through this almost deafening peal could be distinctly heard the shrill scream of the shells, rushing madly through the air, on their terrible mission. The boats pressed boldly on, until within one hundred and fifty yards of the water batteries.* Thus, for an hour and a half, the battle raged. Gradually the fire from the fort began to slacken, as one gun after another was silenced. At length, but three remained to reply to the boats. The rebels were beginning to escape from their water batteries below the fort, and it seemed impossible that Donelson could hold out fifteen minutes longer. The shot and shell from fifteen heavy rifled guns plunged through the parapets, and ploughed up the ground around and beneath the cannoneers. At this moment occurred one of those casualties which often determine the issue of battles. A chance shot disabled the steering apparatus of the Louisville, at the same moment dashing the wheel into fragments. The pilot ran to the aft tiller, and had but just reached it, when a shot struck the rudder, carrying it utterly away. The helpless boat whirled around at the mercy of the flooded stream, and floated down upon the current. A shot also struck, and shattered into fragments, the wheel of the flag-ship, St. Louis. The special attention of the batteries was directed to this boat, as the one on which the Admiral was stationed. Thus, almost in an instant, two of the iron-clads were disabled, and were drifting, uncontrollable, down the stream. The two remaining iron-clads were also seriously damaged. The rebels, who were fleeing from their batteries, seeing this, again returned, and vigorously renewed their fire. They had now, from the fort and the batteries, twenty guns to bear upon the fleet. There were but twelve boat-guns to return the fire. The St. Louis had received fifty-nine shots. All the other boats had been struck nearly half as many times. Fifty-four had been killed and wounded in the attack. The fleet was thus compelled, upon the very eve of victory, to abandon the contest.

The battle of Fort Henry was fought on the 6th of February. Two of the gun-boats had been sent the next day over a hundred miles up the river to Florence, Alabama, to destroy all the gun-boats of the foe, and they did not return to Fort Henry until the 10th, when the war-battered fleet was rendezvoused at Cairo, a hundred miles below the captured fort, for repairs. On the 11th the fleet was again on the move to attack the massive batteries of Donelson. This Napoleonic energy is alike creditable to Gen. Halleck, who issued the command, and to the indefatigable Admiral Foote, who executed it. Still, the Admiral, who was well aware of the formidable nature of the rebel batteries at Donelson, earnestly desired the delay of a few days to complete the mortar-boats, then nearly ready, with which he believed that the rebels could be shelled out of their works with but little loss of life on our side. In this view he was undoubtedly cor-

* See Gen. Gid. J. Pillow's official report.

rect. But Gen. Halleck believed an immediate attack to be a military necessity. Every day's delay might add thousands to the garrison, and add greatly to the number and the strength of the already massive works. Under these circumstances the energy of Gen. Halleck, merits high commendation. We have suffered so much during this war from loiterings and weary preparations, that even a little rashness has become highly refreshing.

The Admiral himself in this short, sharp conflict at Donelson had also received a serious and painful wound. As the ship was passing a point where it was exposed to a terrific fire, he went into the wheel-house to sustain and encourage the pilot. Placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, he said, "Be calm and firm; everything depends upon coolness now." Just at that moment a ball struck the iron-plated wheel-house, penetrated the armor, and crushed the pilot into mangled death. The massive ball split in two, and one of the fragments struck the foot of the Admiral, inflicting a wound exceedingly painful, and which doomed him to crutches for many months. He instantly seized the wheel, crimsoned with the blood of the pilot. But the gear was all deranged. Regardless of his crushed foot, he sprang below, to another steering apparatus, which had been provided to meet any emergency like this. But the second shot to which we have referred disabled that also, and the boat became unmanageable.* Thus closed Friday the 14th, the third day of the investment.

Another cold and dismal night ensued. The ground was still covered with ice and snow, and the freezing blast still swept over the unsheltered host. The lines of the army were somewhat withdrawn from their close vicinity to the rebel batteries, that the troops, in their bleak bivouac, might be cheered by camp fires. Strong pickets were established in front of the lines. There was no assault during the night. Its silence was only disturbed by the occasional boom of a cannon from the batteries of the rebels, and the frequent ring of rifles from the antagonistic patrols. The morning of Saturday the 15th opened cold and lowering. Nature seemed to be in sympathy with the dismal scenes of blood and misery which the day was to inaugurate. While the condition of the National army was exceedingly distressing, that of the rebels had become extremely critical. They were now entirely surrounded. Not a single door was open to them for the receipt of reënforcements or supplies, save that up the river, and that avenue the National troops could cut off at any time by planting batteries on the shore, which they would soon command. During the night the rebel officers held a consultation and decided upon a sortie. For this purpose, under the veil of darkness and the storm, they massed nearly their entire force upon the southern or left wing of their fortifications. They also quietly moved several of their batteries to this position. It was their

* Although wounded himself, and his gun-boats crippled, yet with the glory of the gallant combat on his brow, he indulged in no repinings for his personal misfortunes or laudation of his successes; but like a true Christian hero he thought only of his men. In a letter, written the morning after the battle, to a friend, he said, "While I hope ever to rely on Him who controls all things, and to say from the heart, *Not unto us, but unto thee, O Lord, belongs the glory*, yet I feel sadly at the result of our attack on Fort Donelson. To see the brave officers and men, who say they will go wherever I lead them, fall by my side, makes me feel sad to lead them to almost certain death."—Speech of Hon. J. W. Grimes, U. S. Senate, March 13, 1862.

plan to cut through the National line at this point. The line thus broken and thrown into disorder, would be compelled to make a sudden change of position. In the confusion of this change they were to be attacked in both front and flank, and driven back to their transports. The rebels hoped thus to cut their way through, and effect a safe retreat to the South. It was a well-conceived plan, and had the sortie been attempted twenty-four hours earlier, it could not but have been successful. As we have mentioned, the National army inclosed the fortifications of the rebels in the form of a crescent. The extreme left touched the river at the point where the transports landed on the north. The extreme right nearly reached the river on the south. Gen. McClernand was in command of the right wing, Gen. Smith of the left wing, and Gen. Lewis Wallace of the centre.

At daybreak, Saturday morning, the rebels made the attack with all the impetuosity and desperation which their situation demanded. The vehement movement had not been anticipated by the National officers. Gen. Grant had left his headquarters to consult the wounded Commodore Foote, at the landing, respecting a renewal of the attack by the gun-boats. With that superior generalship which has thus far enabled the rebel generals, with inferior forces, almost invariably to outnumber the National troops wherever they have met on the field of battle, more than one half of the whole rebel garrison was hurled upon a single point of one of the divisions of the Union troops. Our troops, as usual, were outnumbered. A single brigade was assailed by twelve thousand men, roused to their utmost energies by despair. The rebels advanced in three columns. Three or four rebel regiments attacked each regiment of the brigade. The troops, mostly from Indiana, fought with bravery never surpassed by veterans. Even the foe was constrained to do homage to their valor. Notwithstanding the vastly superior force of the enemy, and though unsupported by adequate artillery, twice the National troops drove their assailants back almost into their intrenchments. At last, having nearly exhausted their ammunition, and pressed by numbers three or four to one, the patriots slowly retired, contesting every inch of ground, when, with a rush and a cheer, the brigade of Gen. Wallace came from the centre to their aid. This brigade was composed of five Illinois regiments and one from Indiana.*

For five hours the blood-red tide of battle surged to and fro. For a long time one brigade of Gen. McClernand's division, under Colonel Oglesby, had to meet the whole force of the battle alone. Gen. McClernand sent to Gen. Wallace for reënforcements. But Gen. Wallace had received his instructions. They were to guard the centre, and thus prevent the enemy from making a sortie and escaping to the West. Gen. Wallace, however, forwarded the request to headquarters. Gen. Grant was not there. A courier was despatched, with all speed, to find him at the landing. Before an answer could be received, the request from Gen. McClernand was renewed with terrible urgency. He was overpowered; his flank was turned; his whole division would inevitably soon be cut to pieces, and thus the safety of the entire army be endangered. Gen. Wallace waited

* "The enemy did not retreat, but fell back contesting every inch of ground."—Gen. Pillow's Official Report.

no longer for instructions. He took the responsibility, and sent forward reënforcements at once. Gen. Wallace was standing upon a hill, listening to the roar of the battle on his right, when a crowd of fugitives came rushing up the hill, who had fired their last cartridge. At the same moment a mounted officer came galloping along, shouting, "We are all cut to pieces." It was in this crisis that Gen. Wallace delayed no longer. The reënforcements on their march to help their exhausted comrades, met many fugitives from the scene of the disaster. One regiment only of new recruits fled in disorder. Still, even with this reënforcement, the National troops were greatly outnumbered by the rebels. It was a dismal day. Three inches of snow now lay upon the ground, and a bitter storm of sleet swept into the faces of the combatants.

It is impossible to give any systematized account of a scene in which there was and could be no system. The regiments were not for an hour stationary. Now the thundering fiery billow rolled up a hill, now down a ravine. There was no plan, except to fight the foe wherever he could be found, and the foe was everywhere. Men stationed themselves behind trees, stumps, rocks—whatever shelter could be found—and, with rapid aim, fired at the foe. The rebels were also continually receiving reënforcements. Nearly the whole of Gen. Wallace's division was called into action ere the advance of the rebels was checked. The fighting was equally intrepid and desperate on both sides. From daylight until nearly noon, over the broken ground, everywhere densely covered with forest, the unyielding combatants struggled in the death conflict. The ground was now covered with the dying and the dead, for the cruel battle had been, on both sides, exceedingly sanguinary. Every thicket concealed a corpse; every ravine was full of the dead; the groans of the wounded, all along the hillsides, mingled with the incessant roar of the cannon and the ring of the musket. The trees of the forest, pruned and shattered by the balls, still show how severe was the strife. The battle ground extended over a space two miles in length. The rebels pierced the Union lines, captured two hundred and fifty prisoners and several field-pieces. The National line was broken. A door of retreat was, partially at least, opened for the rebel army; and so sure were the foe that they had obtained a decisive victory, that Gen. Pillow sent the following dispatch to Nashville, "*On the honor of a soldier the day is ours.*"

Such was the condition of affairs when, about noon, Gen. Grant returned to his headquarters. The enemy had forced upon us the necessity of immediate and decisive action. In most military operations the assailing party has a great advantage; for they can mass their whole force against the weak point of the foe. This advantage, thus far, our generals, for some inexplicable reason, have often left to the rebels. In long lines of defenses we have quietly waited their attack. This energetic movement of the rebels had now inflicted upon us a disaster which, unless immediately retrieved, would insure the discomfiture of our whole army. Gen. Grant promptly ordered a general assault all along the line. Gen. Wallace was assigned the duty of recovering the lost ground on the right. Gen. Smith was directed to charge the rebels' works upon the left.

Gen. Smith made instant and vigorous arrangements to carry the enemy's works before him by storm. For that purpose he selected three regiments, the 2d and 7th Iowa, and the 52d Indiana. The arrangements were promptly completed, and at three o'clock his strong column was in motion. Gen. Smith led the charge on horseback. It was a sublime sight as this mass of troops in unbroken line emerged from the woods, and commenced its firm, resolute, silent tramp up the steep hill, in the face of the battery of the foe. A portion of Gen. Smith's division had been deflected to the right, to distract the attention of the foe by a fierce assault. Though the thunder of battle now filled the air, the charging column uttered not a cheer, and fired not a gun, but noiselessly, as though it were a phantom army, pressed forward in the enterprise which every man was determined should be accomplished. A shower of grape and canister ploughed their ranks, but closing up, onward was their march, until they arrived within a few feet of the battery, when pouring in upon the foe a murderous volley of bullets, they rushed, with fixed bayonets and huzzas which rent the skies, upon the ramparts. Flesh and blood could not withstand the charge. The rebels fled like deer over the hills; the breast-works were carried and cleared, and with a shout, which rang all along the lines of the battle, the Stars and Stripes were raised over the intrenchments, proclaiming that again the National banner was decisively triumphant. Capt. Stone's battery, which had been hurling destruction into the rebel ranks, instantly advanced to the position acquired; and the point was effectually secured against any force the rebels could bring for its recapture. Thus gloriously, on the left, the day was gained.

In the meantime, Gen. Wallace was advancing to wrest back, on the right, the position which the rebels had seized in the morning. The field of this conflict was about two and a half miles to the right, or south of that which we have just described as the theatre of Gen. Smith's heroism. At the moment his column was commencing its movement, the animating intelligence was brought that Gen. Smith was inside of the enemy's intrenchments. The ringing cheer, which burst from the lips of the men, evinced the ardor with which this joyful news inspired them. The 8th Missouri and the 11th Indiana, both of which had been practised in the Zouave drill, were placed in front. The headlong charge they were ordered to make, was supported by several regiments of Cols. Thayer and Craft's brigades.

The hill up which they were to charge was precipitous and rough, and in places covered with dense underbrush. Now the bloody scenes of the morning were renewed, the National troops being, in their turn, the attacking party. The rebel troops contested the ground obstinately, gallantly. The contending parties were so commingled that, in many instances, the assailants and the assailed sought the shelter of the same tree. The Zouave regiments, throwing themselves flat upon the ground as they loaded, and when the enemy's fire slackened, rising and pushing forward, with deadly volleys, pressed resistlessly up the hill. At length the top was gained. The rebels, driven from their position, commenced a sullen retreat, yet sternly resisting. They were pressed, however, so

fiercely, that soon their retreat became a precipitate flight. As the evening dusk, of the dark and stormy day, spread over the hills, the National troops had regained all the ground they had lost in the morning, and the rebels were driven back within their intrenchments. Thus terminated the fourth day's battle.

Night came chill and dismal. The icy ravines were filled with the wounded and the dying. Scenes of anguish and of death, painful enough to have harrowed the heart of a fiend, transpired, in darkness and solitude, on the snow-clad ground beneath the gloom, which no eye but God witnessed, and which the pen of the avenging angel only can record. There are some crimes too great for humanity to forgive. This infamous slaveholding rebellion stands most prominent among them. There is no atonement which its guilty leaders can make for the woes they have inflicted upon millions. There was little sleep in either camp that night.

The National troops were elated with their success. On their left wing the Stars and Stripes were floating over the fortifications of the foe. On the right the rebels had been routed with great slaughter, and had been driven back, weakened and humiliated, behind the shelter of their ramparts. The Union troops, though weary, were yet so animated by their victory, that they clamored to be led forward immediately to the final charge. Gen. Grant, however, after a day of such terrible fatigue, wisely postponed the assault till the morning. The wounded, scattered over the wide field of conflict, demanded immediate attention. Many died during the night. Some lingered in untold agonies for a day and a night before they were found.

The rebel troops had too much to think of to indulge in sleep. Their situation was desperate. The light of the morning was sure to inaugurate an assault, from superior numbers, flushed with victory, and already in possession of important points within their lines. A council of war was convened by the rebel officers. It was manifestly impossible for them to defend their position. Gen. Buckner, in command upon their right, said that he could not maintain his ground for half an hour against Gen. Smith, assailing him from the position he had gained. Gen. Floyd, whose complication with the traitors when he was a member of the United States cabinet, had given him unenviable notoriety, was exceedingly reluctant to be taken. Conscious that he was in the moral position of Benedict Arnold, he said, "You know my past relations with the Federal Government. It would not do for me to be captured." Gen. Pillow expressed similar unwillingness. "I had a right," said Floyd, in his official report, "to decide that I would not survive a surrender there." Pillow was equally heroic. "I would not," he said, in his report, "surrender the command nor myself a prisoner."

The main question to be decided was, whether it would still be possible, with the bayonet and the sword, to force their way through the National lines. "It would cost," said Buckner, "my command, three-quarters of its present number, to cut its way through, and it is wrong to sacrifice three-quarters of a command to save one quarter. No one has a right to cause such a sacrifice." Floyd was first in command, Pillow

second, Buckner third.* Floyd resigned to Pillow, and Pillow to Buckner, and the two former immediately prepared, in the darkness of the night, to steal from the fortress.† These *chivalrous* men, with a few chosen troops, availed themselves of a rebel steamboat and escaped up the river, leaving their comrades, Generals Buckner and Johnson, with the bulk of the rebel army, to fall, prisoners of war, into the hands of the National troops. Gen. Buckner refused to follow this disgraceful example of his superiors, in deserting his comrades in this the hour of their calamity. The rebel chieftain, Jeff. Davis, as soon as he was informed of the action of Floyd and Pillow, indignantly deprived them of their command.

The Federal troops, not at all aware of the utter demoralization and dismay reigning within the rebel intrenchments, lay upon their arms through the night, confidently expecting to renew the assault in the morning. In these conflicts, the American soldiers, both patriot and rebel, exhibited a tenacity of purpose, a hardihood of endurance, and an unflinching bravery, never surpassed by the cohorts of Alexander, the legions of Cæsar, or the battalions of Napoleon. Never did veterans fight more heroically than the unsheltered patriots did this day. They clung to every position until forced from it by overpowering numbers. In many individual cases, men refused to retreat, declaring that they would die before they would turn their backs to a rebel. And there they stood until shot down, or until the surges of the on-coming charge rolled around them and over them, swallowing them up. Several regiments were quite cut to pieces, while others were so reduced, that not a single company, respectable as to numbers, remained. One Iowa company went with eighty men into the battle, and came out with but six. The officers proudly set the example of reckless defiance of peril. The mortality among them was terrible. The rebels used, with each cartridge, one bullet and three buckshot. Hardly a man escaped without some harm. The number of patriots killed, or severely wounded, amounted to six hundred.

One incident of the battle will give an idea of the spirit which animated the patriot troops. A private in the 9th Illinois regiment was shot through the arm. He went back a short distance to the hospital, had the wound dressed, and returned to his place. Soon a bullet struck his thigh, and prostrated him, passing through the fleshy part. His comrades offered to take him to the hospital. "No," said he, "I think I can get along alone." With his musket for a crutch, and with the air around him full of the whistling of bullets, he hobbled to find the surgeon. After his wound was dressed, and he had received some refreshment, he said, "I

* The following statement respecting Gen. Buckner shows the reputation he enjoys in his own section. "Gen. Buckner, at Rochester, on Green River, Ky., forcibly took a fine yoke of oxen and other property, from the Rev. Mr. Wiggins, a worthy clergyman, and paid him with a three hundred dollar check, on the Southern Bank at Russelville, when he hadn't funds to the amount of a dollar. To say nothing of the epauletted rascal's forcible seizure of the property, his giving a check upon a bank in which he had no money deposited, was a penitentiary offense under our laws. We hope the officers of justice, in that section, will do their duty. We are well aware that if Buckner shall be put to hard work in Frankfort, in the service of the State, his friend, the Governor, will let him loose. But he should be sent there any how."—*Louisville Journal, Oct.* 12, 1861.

† Official Reports of Generals Floyd and Pillow.

feel pretty well; I think I will go and join my comrades again." He was soon actively engaged as a skirmisher. As he was stooping to take aim, a shot entered his neck and passed lengthwise through his body, while, at the same instant, four or five other balls struck his head, and he fell lifeless. The name of such a hero should have been preserved.

To the astonishment of the whole National army, the dawn of the morning discovered a white flag floating over the intrenchments of the rebels. Soon a flag of truce emerged from their lines, bearing a request to Gen. Grant for a cessation of hostilities until noon, that negotiations might be entered into for a capitulation. Gen. Grant very wisely refused to assent to this, and demanded an unconditional surrender. "I propose," said the patriot General, "to move immediately upon your works."* The rebels had no time to lose. In a few moments the National troops would have been on the march, and their works would have been carried by storm. With this only alternative before him, the rebel commander was compelled to surrender, which he did in the following ludicrous terms: "The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, compels me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept *the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.*"

In a few moments the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our still glorious nationality, were waving over the parapet of Fort Donelson, and the whole region, including the little adjacent town of Dover, was purified from the taint of rebellion. Floyd and Pillow had taken with them, up the river, a few thousand men, in a rebel transport. Our troops, as they joyfully, with exultant music, and war's most imposing pageant, marched into the fort, were amazed in beholding the Gibraltar-like strength of the works they had captured. Nearly fifteen thousand rebels stood before them, humiliated, as prisoners of war. One hundred and forty-six guns were captured, many of them of largest calibre; others composed batteries of light artillery. Nearly fifteen thousand stand of small arms also fell into their hands.† The amount of military stores taken, in this extended fortress, was immense. The rebels state their loss in killed and wounded to have been 1,238.

But the treasures captured within the fort were by no means the most important fruit of the victory. The rebel line of defense was broken. The Cumberland River was opened, and thus there was afforded an unobstructed entrance into the State of Tennessee, where a ferocious and unscrupulous rebel minority had, by the energies of mob terror, overawed the Union party. The important city of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, containing nearly 15,000 inhabitants, is situated on the south side

* In a brief comment upon this, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, nobly said, "We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now, and by us, in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, by the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination, to end this war, was declared, in a few words, by Gen. Grant to Gen. Buckner: '*I propose to move immediately on your works.*'"

† Rebellion Record, vol. iv., p. 175.

of the Cumberland River, about 120 miles above its mouth. The capitulation of the fort took place early on Sabbath morning, Feb. 16. The citizens of Nashville received the news by telegraph, as they were on their way to church. The whole city was thrown into a state of the most intense excitement. Soldier and civilian alike shared in the panic which seized all. Every moment they expected to see the terrible gun-boats approaching their city. There was absolutely nothing to prevent them. Before night, hundreds of the population, gathering such of their property as was easily transportable, had fled from the city. The military authorities, however, seized almost every vehicle for the use of the hospitals. Two gun-boats, which were in the process of construction, they burned.*

The next day, Monday, Gen. Johnston, at the head of a rebel army, in rapid retreat from Bowling Green, arrived in Nashville, informed the Governor that he should make no attempt to defend the city, and continued his precipitate march to the South. The Governor fled across the country to Memphis, taking with him the State records. The legislature, in panic-stricken adjournment, followed him in his flight. All the minor fortifications along the river, no longer available, were abandoned. There was a large accumulation of public stores at Nashville. No attempt was made to remove them. The populace seized all they wanted, and the torch was applied to the rest. The heads of several hundred barrels of whisky were knocked in, and the contents mingled with the waters of the river—the only sensible action the people performed in their crazy fright. Two magnificent bridges, which crossed the Cumberland River, were destroyed—a piece of wanton, useless vandalism, which would have disgraced the Goths upon the Tiber. Their united cost was not less than four hundred thousand dollars. One of these structures, called the Wire Bridge, cost $150,000. The stock was mostly owned by the orphan daughters of Gen. Zollicoffer, and was their main reliance.

Drunken soldiers roamed through the streets, pillaging, destroying, and in some instances murdering. The whole city, during the days of this strange frenzy, was given over to the mob, uncontrolled and uncontrollable. In their fright, the inhabitants inflicted upon themselves, and suffered from their military defenders, an amount of injury, which no army in Christendom would have inflicted upon the captured city of its enemy.

Admiral Foote, though severely wounded, yet with his energetic, indomitable spirit, was very anxious to move immediately upon Nashville. Perhaps because his last telegram to Gen. Halleck had elicited no answer, he telegraphed Gen. Cullum, chief of Gen. Halleck's staff, then at Cairo, as follows:

"Gen. Grant and myself consider this a good time to move on Nashville. Six mortar-boats and two iron-clad steamers can precede the troops

* The appalling suddenness of the change, to the people of Nashville, may be inferred from the fact that the morning papers contained, in rejoicing capitals, the following announcement from Donelson:

GLORIOUS AND COMPLETE VICTORY! ENEMY RETREATING. OUR BOYS FOLLOWING, AND PEPPERING THEIR REAR. "ON THE HONOR OF A SOLDIER, THE DAY IS OURS."

and shell the forts. We were about moving for this purpose, when Gen. Grant, to my astonishment, received a telegram from Gen. Halleck, 'not to let the gun-boats go higher than Clarksville;'—no telegram sent me. The Cumberland is in a good stage of water; and Gen. Grant and I believe that we can take Nashville. Please ask Gen. Halleck if we shall do it. We will talk per telegraph, Capt. Phelps representing me in the office, as I am still on crutches."

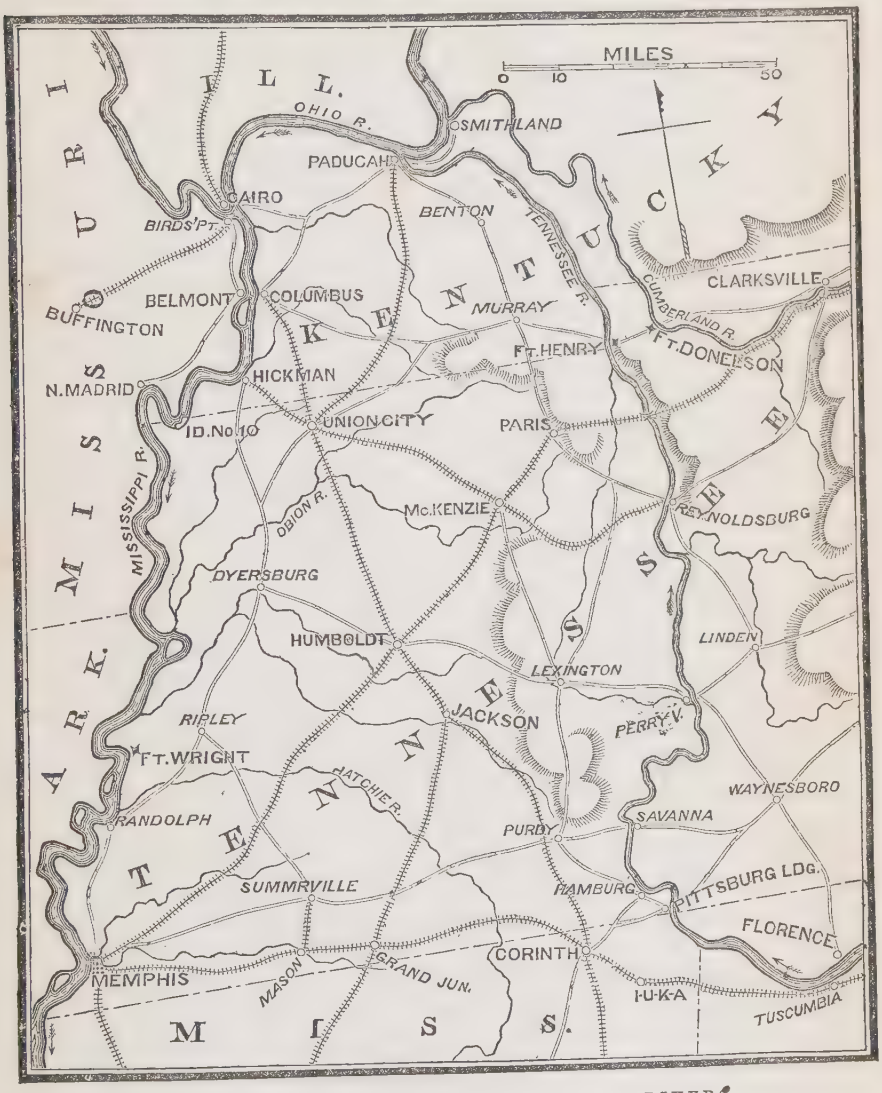
Gen. Halleck did not consent. There was probably some good military reason for this, for no one has questioned Gen. Halleck's ability or loyalty. But as he has never announced what that reason was, and as no one has been able, as yet, to guess a reason in the slightest degree plausible, we may lay this event aside, with the many other inscrutable mysteries which this rebellion has evolved. Had Admiral Foote and General Grant been gratified in their wishes, Nashville would have capitulated several days sooner than it did. Thus an immense amount of rebel stores would have been captured, which were destroyed or removed before the army reached there. The value of this property, which would thus have been saved to the Union, has been estimated at $2,000,000. A part of the rebel Gen. Johnston's army would also have been inevitably intercepted.

The little village of Clarksville, to which we have alluded, is situated on the bank of the Cumberland River, about twenty-five miles above Donelson. It is a place of no importance, save that the Ohio and Memphis Railroad crosses the river there, by a very magnificent bridge. On the 19th, Admiral Foote left Donelson with two boats, and the next day took possession of Clarksville, without opposition. The Union flag was hoisted over the little fort, and a proclamation issued, demanding the surrender of all public military stores, and assuring all peaceably disposed persons that they should be protected in their persons, their property, and their homes. But here, as elsewhere, the routed rebels exhibited an insane spirit of destruction. Against the most earnest remonstrances of the citizens, they set fire to the costly railroad bridge, and it was utterly destroyed.

Sunday morning, February 23, just one week after the capture of Donelson, a small advance of Gen. Buell's column, marching from the vicinity of Bowling Green, took possession of Edgefield, a small town opposite Nashville. Here they remained quiet and unmolested until the next day, when Gen. Buell arrived, with the rest of his column.* He was immediately waited upon by the mayor and a committee from Nashville, and with a tedium of delay, not explained, the hour of eleven o'clock the next day was fixed upon for all to meet in a formal interview, and talk over the matter of a surrender of the city. The interview was held according to appointment, and passed off very pleasantly. The mayor,

* Don Carlos Buell, a native of Ohio, was born about 1821. He entered West Point in 1837, and was brevetted second lieutenant in June, 1846; was made first lieutenant in June, 1846. For gallantry at Monterey, in the Mexican war, he was brevetted captain in September, 1846. For meritorious conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco he was brevetted major in August, 1847. In January, 1848, he was commissioned assistant adjutant-general, and held this position at the breaking out of the slaveholders' rebellion. In May, 1861, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, in the Adjutant-General's Department, and during the same month was created brigadier-general of volunteers by Congress.

with singular good humor, made the inevitable surrender, and published a proclamation to the inhabitants, giving them "every assurance of safety and protection both in their persons and property." It was, doubtless, a source of much relief to the people to know that Gen. Buell would guard their slave property with the utmost vigilance. In reference to the sacred-



MAP OF CUMBERLAND AND TENNESSEE RIVERS.

ness of that species of property, Gen. Buell was understood to be in perfect sympathy with the slaveholders. "There is one comfort," said a rebel officer; "we can leave our homes, and Gen. Buell will protect our slave property even more vigilantly than we could do it ourselves."

During the week which had passed, the rebels had been enabled to remove all the public property which had not been destroyed. The guns they had thrown into the river. The troops had, of course, all escaped. There was but little openly avowed Union sentiment to be found in Nashville, though a few secretly declared that they had ever been in favor of the Union, though they had not dared to utter such a sentiment, lest they should be hung by the mob. On the 23d, Admiral Foote was permitted to ascend the river with his gun-boats, convoying the transports which carried a division of the army under Gen. Nelson. Gen. Grant also accompanied the expedition. All were charmed with the surpassing loveliness of the river banks. The bluffs which fringed the stream on either side, were broken into the most picturesque forms. Now they rose in conical peaks, luxuriantly wooded, two or three hundred feet. Again, they swept back from the river in an irregular crescent, embracing a meadow of almost Eden-like richness, verdure and beauty, where the cottage of some favored farmer nestled in quietude, with flowers and orchards and fields of grain embellishing the scene. The air of that sunny clime was delicious in its balmy fragrance; and birds of brilliant beauty and sweetest song twittered among the boughs already green with the bursting buds of spring. The fleet reached Nashville just in time to enter the city with Gen. Buell's army. Perhaps Gen. Halleck thought it best that as the fleet had captured Fort Henry without the army, the army, without the fleet, should have the privilege of taking Nashville. If this were the thought, it was paying a heavy price for the privilege, in losing over two millions of governmental stores. If this were not the reason, it is still more difficult to account for the prohibition, which stopped the gun-boats at Clarksville, for a week, when every moment was so precious.

Here, as in every other revolted city, the female rebels, relying upon the immunities of their sex, insulted the National officers in every possible way. They made up faces at them, spit upon them, threw slops at them from the windows, and in all those varieties of expedients which envenomed female ingenuity could devise, lavished indignities upon them. Gen. Butler, at New Orleans, with characteristic promptness, had tamed down these furies into lamb-like docility by his very sagacious order, to send all such characters to the calaboose, as *disorderly women*. Even, Gen. Buell, notwithstanding his strong sympathies with Southern institutions, could not endure the wanton indignities which he had to bear from this source, as well as his subalterns.

It is stated that one day, as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, living in a large, elegant mansion, stepped out upon the piazza, and waving a rebel flag defiantly before him, shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy." The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, lifted his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and surveying the palatial residence, with an admiring eye, from cupola to basement, remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. The lady was very politely requested to take good care of her numerous guests.

A couple of National officers in Baltimore adopted a course, under similar provocation, which operated very happily. They were quietly walking the pavement, when they were met by a woman, elegantly dressed, who grossly insulted them, as she passed. They turned and followed her, at a little distance, and unnoticed, to her residence. It was a mansion of such dimensions as to indicate opulence in the proprietor. Ringing at the door, they inquired for the master of the house. As he entered, a pompous, self-important man, one of the officers rose and said to him, very blandly,

"We are sorry to intrude upon you, sir. But we have been grossly insulted by a female member of your family. As we cannot submit to insults unavenged, and as we cannot avenge ourselves upon a woman, we are under the necessity of holding you responsible. Here is my card. Will you do me the favor to select a friend, who, with my friend, will make arrangements for our meeting. You, of course, have the choice of weapons; swords, pistols, rifles, or whatever you please."

The proud man was terror-stricken. He went out to see his wife. She was equally terrified. After a time they both came in together, and the feminine rebel made a very humble apology. She was afterwards a marked woman, and her demeanor was so wonderfully improved by the incident, that she was never known to cast even a disrespectful look upon a National officer again.

Nashville was the residence of James K. Polk, formerly President of the United States, and one of the very few who have acquired wealth while in the presidential chair. His honored widow resided in a beautiful mansion, embellished with tasteful surroundings—the grounds richly decorated with cedars and magnolias. In one corner, beneath a costly tomb, slumbered the remains of him who was once the chief of this great Republic. Gen. Grant and his staff called to pay their respects to the widow, whose position demanded this attention. They were received with all that elegant politeness which had formerly graced the White House. But their reception was polite only, not patriotic. The polished coldness of the interview, indicated but too plainly in what direction the sympathies of the widow flowed. She expressed the hope that the tomb of her husband would protect her household from insult, and her property from pillage; further than this, she expected nothing and desired nothing from the United States. And yet these United States had raised her husband to rank and honor, and had conferred upon her that ample fortune which cheered her declining days.

In the capture of Donelson, the fleet, though finally disabled, lent very efficient aid. Still the army is entitled to the highest praise for this wonderful achievement. But for such heroism, on the part of the patriotic troops, as has seldom been witnessed on the field of battle, these massive works, behind which were stationed eighteen thousand determined men, never could have been taken.*

* The Hon. J. W. Grimes, in his speech in the United States' Senate, March 13, 1862, introduces a letter from an intelligent gentleman in the West, containing the following words: "When Fort Henry surrendered, the gate was opened by which rebellion will be utterly and finally crushed.

The battles of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson were but a part of the siege of Columbus. These posts were, in fact, outworks of that great Mississippi fortress, which outworks being taken, the fortress itself became untenable. This was manifest to every mind, of any military sagacity. Commodore Foote, of course, perceived it, and was anxious to move immediately upon Columbus. He was exceedingly unwilling, by delay, to give the rebels opportunity to escape, with all their resources of war, from that stronghold. He expressed his most confident assurance that, with his gun- and mortar-boats, he could shell them into a speedy surrender. But again, for reasons which are not divulged, and which no ordinary sagacity can divine, he was compelled to give way to the counsels of military commanders.*

On the 27th all the gun-boats and mortar-boats on the Cumberland River, were ordered to rendezvous immediately at Cairo. At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, March 4, Admiral Foote took a fleet of six gun-boats and four mortar-boats, with four thousand men in transports, and, in the gloom of the undawned morning, steamed down the river for a reconnoissance, in force, of Columbus, which the rebels called the Gibraltar of America. Two hours down the rapid current brought them to Lucas Bend, three miles above Columbus. It was now broad day, the morning was clear and cold, and the bluffs of Columbus stood out, clearly defined, against the morning sky. As soon as all the boats had arrived, preparations were made for a desperate action. The guns were loaded, and the gunners stationed at their posts. Magazine stewards, shell boys, powder boys, all were ready for their appropriate work. Every article was removed which could interfere with efficient action.

The four mortar-boats were towed to the right bank of the Missouri, and made fast to some trees near Belmont Point, from which spot they could throw their terrific shells into the fort. Everything was now ready for the attack. Just then a farmer was seen upon the Missouri shore. He was hailed, and he said that the rebels had left Columbus, carrying all their arms and munitions with them, and laying the town in ashes. This was startling and humiliating intelligence, and it could hardly be believed that it was true. The fleet drifted slowly down the stream for half an hour, when, by the aid of a very powerful glass, a large and very singular-looking flag was seen floating over the ramparts. It had manifestly too many stripes for the rebel flag, and it was hardly conceivable that the banner of the Union could as yet be raised there. Under these circumstances of perplexity Admiral Foote refrained from throwing any shells into the works, but sent a couple of tugs to land a detachment of the 27th Illinois, under

In a few days Commodore Foote will open the Mississippi, provided he is not hampered by the Government. He has done a great work for his country—a work which, I am sorry to say, has not been properly appreciated. I see it stated in the papers, that the gun-boats did but little service at Donelson. This is a monstrous mistake. They silenced nearly all the enemy's guns; and had not the wheels of one boat, and the tiller ropes of another, been shot away, in fifteen minutes more the batteries would have been flanked, and the entire rebel army exposed to the broadsides of the fleet. He would have mowed them down like grass. As it was he made the work of the army, in the fight of Saturday, much easier than it otherwise would have been."

* See Speech of Hon. James W. Grimes, to which we have referred.

Col. Beaufort, in the vicinity of the upper batteries, cautiously to explore the ground, under the protection of the gun-boats. As the tugs descended the river, and approached the designated spot for landing, the strange banner was clearly revealed as our National flag, rudely improvised from strips of calico.

Never before, writes an eye-witness, was a hill of such magnitude clambered so rapidly as was the great bluff of Columbus to-day by the Illinois volunteers. The rebels had all fled. Not a man, gun, wagon, or ration scarcely, was left behind. In less than five minutes from the time the men landed, they were all in the fort, and a beautiful silk flag was unfurled. The scene around them was one of utter desolation. As the rebels had held the whole command of the river below, they could move at their pleasure. As all Union men had been mercilessly driven from the rebel lines, and as no colored men, by Gen. Halleck's irrational order, were permitted to enter our lines, our troops, though in great force at Cairo, but twenty miles distant, could receive no information whatever respecting the movements of the foe. Thus was our heroic army exposed to the disgrace of having the rebels escape them, without any loss. The foe must have smiled complacently over his achievement. Soon after the same feat, on a still more humiliating scale, was performed at Manassas, and again at Corinth. Posterity will hardly credit such statements.

The rebels at Columbus, having made all needful preparations, commenced their leisurely evacuation on the preceding Thursday. Having taken away everything which they wished to remove, and tumbled the heavy guns down over the bluff, into the river, they applied, on Friday, the torch to everything that could be burned. The conflagration raged, with great fury, until Sunday. On Monday afternoon, Col. Hogg, with two hundred and fifty men of the Illinois cavalry, from Paducah, probably judging from the smoke and other appearances, that the place was being evacuated, cautiously approached. Meeting with nothing but silence and solitude, they entered, in amazement, the deserted intrenchments at five o'clock in the afternoon, and hastily constructed and reared the rude banner, which the earliest light of the next morning revealed to the eyes of our descending fleet.

At the time of the evacuation, nineteen thousand troops were in the place, under command of Bishop General Polk.* They departed by railroad and by twenty transports. They tore up the railroad behind them for six miles, burning all the bridges. Their destination was Island No. 10, thirty miles below, and New Madrid, forty miles distant. Our troops

* Leonidas Polk was born in North Carolina about the year 1805. He was educated at the expense of the United States at the Military Academy at West Point, where he took the oath of allegiance to the National flag, which oath he afterwards so outrageously dishonored. He entered West Point in 1823, and graduated in the artillery in 1827. In six months after graduation, he resigned his commission, and studying for the church, entered the Episcopal ministry, being ordained in 1831. In 1838, he was appointed "Missionary Bishop" of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. In 1841, he was elected to the Episcopal See of Louisiana. Being an earnest pro-slavery man, he was in warm sympathy with the rebels, and upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he resigned his bishopric, and accepted from Jeff. Davis a commission in the rebel army, as Major-General. Thus far, he has acquired no distinction.

in possession, immediately signaled the fleet. They rapidly descended the river, and the whole force rushed eagerly into the works, deep chagrin being blended with their rejoicing. The fortifications extended from the Iron Bluffs above, so called, to the Chalk Bluffs below, a distance of four miles. Every prominent bluff around the place was fortified. A massive iron chain, which they had extended across the Mississippi, was left. Many torpedoes were scattered along the shore. The bluff upon which this fort was reared, projecting slightly into the river, faces the north, commanding the stream for four miles. There were three tiers of batteries; the first about fifteen feet above the water, the second, perhaps, fifty feet above this, and the third on the top of the hill. The fortifications were equally strong on every side. The quarters for the troops were clay cabins, six feet square, and sunk three feet into the earth. There were enough of these to accommodate thirty thousand men. There were two subterranean magazines, admirably constructed so as to be accessible from all parts of the fortifications. The fort was supplied with water from the river, by means of a force pump, driven by a steam engine. The little town of Columbus, in the vicinity, was, until war's desolation nearly blotted it out, a hamlet of about a thousand inhabitants, deriving its only importance from the fact that it was the terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Thus fell, without the firing of a gun, the Gibraltar of the West. With Donelson and Henry in possession of the National troops, it was manifest that Columbus, however impregnable in itself, could not be maintained. Our troops could now, unobstructed, march across the country, seize the railroads, and plant their batteries on the Mississippi, below Columbus. Thus the rebels would have been cut off from all their supplies, and starved into surrender. Their only refuge was in precipitate flight. Mere fighting often gains victories. It requires accomplished generalship to avail oneself of the results of victory. Thus far, the National cause has not had much in this line to boast of. Our generals were all inexperienced. Perhaps the future will present more brilliant results. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson were glorious achievements. But impartial history is constrained to say, that with such soldiers and such victories, Cæsar, Napoleon or Wellington, would have made the traitorous heart of all rebeldom to quake.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL MITCHEL'S CAMPAIGN.

GEN. MITCHEL COMMISSIONED BRIGADIER-GENERAL.—TRANSPARENT CHARACTER OF GEN. MITCHEL.—CONSEQUENCES OF RIVALRY BETWEEN OFFICERS.—EARNEST DESIRE OF GEN. MITCHEL AND HIS COMMAND TO TAKE THE FIELD.—PRIDE OF THE MEN IN THE THIRD DIVISION.—SECRESY AND ENERGY OF MITCHEL'S MOVEMENTS.—POLICY OF GEN. MITCHEL.—SUDDEN DESCENT UPON HUNTSVILLE.—CAPTURES EFFECTED BY GEN. MITCHEL AND HIS ARMY.—HON. JUDGE LANE.—REPLY OF GEN. MITCHEL TO MADAME POLK.—COMMAND ASSIGNED.—DEATH OF GEN. MITCHEL.

THE brilliant campaign of General Ormsby M. Mitchel * through Tennessee, into Alabama, constitutes an epic of the war, which must ever excite admiration. His movement was almost as sudden and luminous, as the paths of the meteors, which he had so often followed through the skies. On the 28th of September, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General, and was assigned a command in the army of the West, under Gen. Buell, near Louisville, Kentucky. Here he became a great favorite with his troops, who, well-informed as to his astronomical and scientific reputation, gave him the pet name of "Old Stars." He reached Cincinnati just at the time that it was manifest to all, that Kentucky must throw off her neutrality, and espouse the one side or the other. It became a matter of the utmost moment, that that important State should be saved to the Union; and yet for a time, it was very uncertain to which side the State would gravitate. Gen. Mitchel was just the man for the place, and the hour. He put forth all his extraordinary energies in the organization of troops, and in dispatching them across the river into Kentucky.

The attention of the Government was attracted by the sagacity he manifested, and the promptness with which his plans were executed. He had soon quite a force collected on the Kentucky shore, and solicited per-

* General O. M. Mitchel was born in Union County, Kentucky, Aug. 28, 1810. At twelve years of age, with a good common-school education, he entered a store, as a clerk, in Miami, Ohio. He soon, however, received a cadet's warrant, and in June, 1825, reached West Point, with a knapsack on his back, and twenty-five cents in his pocket. He graduated with distinction in 1829, and was employed Assistant Professor of Mathematics two years. As there was nothing in the army then to interest him, he studied law, and opened an office in Cincinnati. His scientific taste and attainments, drew him from the uncongenial pursuits of the law, to the chair of mathematics, philosophy and astronomy, in the college at Cincinnati. His ability and sleepless energy, rapidly acquired for him distinction, and he was invited to give lectures upon Astronomy in most of the leading cities of the Union. The lectures were attended by crowded audiences, and were received with great enthusiasm. Mainly through his influence an Astronomical Observatory was established at Cincinnati. In 1859, he was appointed director of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, with all his constitutional enthusiasm, he espoused the cause of his country.

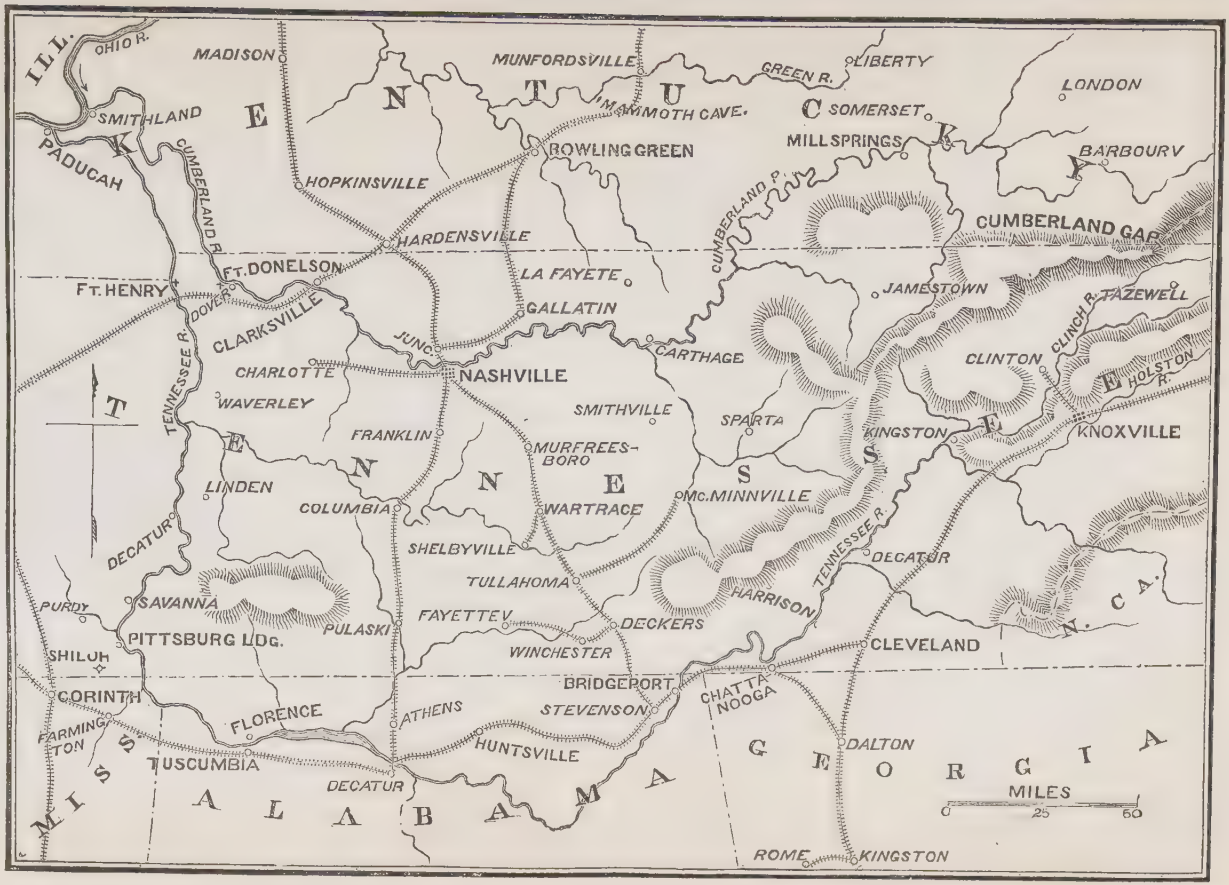
mission to lead them to the field. The Secretary of War, without any intimation of his design, suddenly made his appearance in the camp of Gen. Mitchel, to see for himself, what such activity purported. Gen. Mitchel, after showing the Secretary all that had been done, with that frankness and transparency of character, which made him a most attractive man, looked up, and said:

"Mr. Secretary, I should not have been able to raise these troops, and prepare them for the field, by saying, 'Go, boys.' But I have used the language, 'Come, and I will lead you.' Now, I desire to keep my promise to my troops. And I solicit permission to march at the head of these troops upon Cumberland Gap, and push through, if possible, to Knoxville, and liberate East Tennessee."

It was eminently a wise plan, and could undoubtedly have been executed at that time. The Secretary of War approved, and gave him the command he solicited, and authorized him to march for Cumberland Gap. It was a national calamity that this expedition was not carried out. Those petty jealousies, which disgrace human nature, interposed obstacles, which the President of the United States, ever anxious to harmonize discordant elements, allowed to have too much weight. The fact that a general in one department, was ordered to do duty within the limits of the department of another, gave such offense to the generals there located, that President Lincoln thought it to be his duty to recall Gen. Mitchel. He was accordingly ordered back to his headquarters near Cincinnati, and the rebels in East Tennessee were left undisturbed.

The Department of the Cumberland was, soon after this, united with that of the Ohio, and Gen. Buell was placed in command. Gen. Mitchel was appointed his second in command, and was sent to Louisville to report for duty. He then had a camp of instruction placed under his charge. Never did any man consecrate his energies to any work more zealously than did Gen. Mitchel labor to bring up his division to the most thorough military drill; to create in his men an *esprit du corps* similar to that which fired the hearts of the Old Guard of Napoleon; to organize this corps as a solid, compact mass, which he could hold in his hand, and could move by his will, and which he could hurl as a solid body, in case of necessity, against the enemy. In this effort he was eminently successful. In the whole army elsewhere there could not be found a more concentrated or united band. The minor military organizations were lost sight of in the general, and, as it were, national pride, of being a member of the *Third Division*. If you asked any private where he belonged, he would not answer you that he belonged to such a company, or such a regiment, or such a brigade, but uniformly and proudly his response would be, "I belong to the Third Division."

It required comparatively but a short time to attain these results. That point of discipline beyond which soldiers cannot go, except in active service, may be soon reached. It requires but a few weeks to make them familiar with all the drill of the parade-ground. After that, months behind the intrenchments, only demoralize. It is in the field where the thunder of battle is heard, and where peril is encountered, that recruits



MAP OF GEN. O. M. MITCHEL'S CAMPAIGN.

become veterans. In six weeks, Gen. Mitchel had accomplished everything which could be achieved in the way of organization and drill. His division was now thoroughly armed, equipped and drilled, for action. Nothing more could be done outside the battle-field. Gen. Mitchel then went to Gen. Buell, and said:

"General, we must now either be permitted to go into the field and meet the foe, or we must degenerate and go backwards. It is utterly impossible for me to carry my division any farther in my drill of discipline. The men have learned everything they can learn, and from this moment we must commence to decline, unless we are sent into actual service."

After long consultation in Louisville, Gen. Buell decided upon a grand expedition in the direction of Bowling Green, where the rebels were in great force. Gen. Grant, as we have before mentioned, was in possession of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and the Tennessee and the Cumberland Rivers were open to our gun-boats. Gen. Grant moved cautiously upon Nashville, as we have also described, followed by the flotilla, and Gen. Mitchel was sent east to the Green River, in the advance on the way to Bowling Green. Upon crossing the river, he threw out his scouts, ascertained the exact condition of the enemy at Bowling Green, and begged earnestly for permission to advance upon that place. There had been so much of blind and blundering movement in the war, that Gen. Buell very properly urged his moving forward with the utmost caution. He did advance with caution; providing carefully for every contingency, and yet pressing forward so rapidly, that the very first intelligence the enemy had of his approach, was from the bursting of a shell in the midst of a railroad depot, where regiments of the rebels were congregated. Gen. Mitchel, with his heroic, devoted, and thoroughly disciplined band, had succeeded in cutting off all intelligence of his movements, simply by their rapidity. He had sent out his scouts so adroitly in advance, that they seized every solitary one of the enemy's pickets, and no man succeeded in crossing the river to carry the news of his advance to Bowling Green. A cannon planted upon an eminence, sent the first emphatic warning to the rebels in the form of a shell. The enemy were, however, preparing to evacuate, alarmed by the movement of the army and the gun-boats up the Cumberland. They had destroyed all the bridges across Green River, and with trains of cars loaded with supplies, were preparing to escape through Nashville. The sudden fire from Gen. Mitchel's batteries scattered the foe in such consternation, that they had not even time to fire the trains; and the engines, the cars, and their abundant freight was thus saved. That very night, a rope ferry was constructed across the river, which, by the early dawn, had conveyed over enough of the cavalry and infantry to take possession of the town, the enemy flying before them.

Gen. Mitchel was very anxious to take advantage of the utter demoralization of the rebel army, and to push after them as rapidly as possible. But it was not prudent to do this until boats were constructed, and ferries established, to keep his communications thoroughly open. As the troops were busily engaged in this work, Gen. Mitchel was surprised to see Gen. Buell enter his camp. The commanding general was apparently

somewhat alarmed at the impetuosity with which his subordinate was conducting the war. It was not until after a long discussion that Gen. Mitchel was permitted to advance somewhat after his own fashion, though very considerably trammeled. With the very locomotives and cars taken at Bowling Green, this little army entered Nashville. From this place they were ordered to advance upon Murfreesboro. Eagerly he made the movement, and then was placed on one of the lines of advance toward Shelbyville, in the direction of Huntsville. Though it was a measure of immense military importance to cut the line of railroad at Huntsville, along which immense reënforcements of men and supplies, and munitions of war, were conveyed from the West to the rebel armies in the East, it was not deemed possible that Gen. Mitchel, with the small force at his command, could accomplish such a feat. After careful examination, however, Gen. Mitchel satisfied himself, that it was at least within the limits of possibility, that this enterprise might be accomplished. Promptly he embarked in the undertaking.

For this purpose, it became necessary to remove his depot from Nashville directly south, nearly seventy miles nearer to Huntsville. The rebels had destroyed all the bridges on their retreat, and it was needful for Gen. Mitchel to rebuild them. In ten days he repaired the demolished railroad, and had constructed more than fifteen hundred feet of heavy railroad bridges. Thus he was enabled to send supplies by rail to within fifty-five miles of Huntsville. As soon as the first train of cars, with its supplies, arrived at Shelbyville, the terminus of the railroad, Gen. Mitchel pushed his troops, in a very rapid march, twenty miles across the country, from the Duck River to Fayetteville, on the Elk. And here again, the impetuous, yet wary general, succeeded in concealing his movements from the enemy. The troops left Shelbyville just about the time that Gens. Grant Buell were fighting the desperate battle of Shiloh, and Gen. Mitchel heard the gloomy intelligence that the patriot troops had been defeated there. Still undismayed, he resolved to press forward.

He was in the midst of a population, who through the debasing influences of slavery, were not more than half civilized. The following incident shows the kind of people with whom he had to deal. A rebel officer, with a flag of truce, conveying Union prisoners, had come through the patriot lines to Shelbyville. Here he was taken seriously sick, and remained for some weeks, attended by a lieutenant, and treated with every kindness. Finally he recovered his health, and Gen. Mitchel gave him an escort to conduct him safely to the camp of his rebel confederates in Corinth. Upon their arrival at Fayetteville, the barbaric people there were found so much excited by the rumored defeat of the patriots at Corinth, that the flag of truce was no longer a protection to the Union soldiers, who were conducting the rebel officer to his lines. The officer himself wrote a letter to Gen. Mitchel, expressing his deep mortification, in finding that the people paid no respect to the flag of truce. He and the lieutenant actually sat up all night, watching, with arms in their hands, to protect the escort from murder. A burly rebel stepped up to the commanding officer, and seized him by the beard, saying,

"You d—d infernal Yankee—what are you doing here?"

Such was the character of the people Gen. Mitchel was compelled to meet.

One important element of Gen. Mitchel's power was found in the fact, that his whole soul was engaged in the work. It is reported of one of our leading generals, that he said, at the opening of the war, that he did not know which side was right, or which was wrong. It is reported of many others, that they long hesitated which side to join. The energies of Gen. Mitchel were not palsied by any such semi-treason as this. He says, impressively,

"In my treatment of the people, I adopted a very simple policy at the outset. I had studied the great platform of the rebellion to the best of my ability, and made up my mind that no cause existed for the South raising its hand against the United States—not the slightest;—that it was a rebellion, a downright piece of treason, all the way through; and that every individual in that country, who was either in arms, or who aided and abetted those in arms, was my personal enemy, and that I would never break bread, or eat salt, with any enemy of my country, no matter who he might be. And I have never done it, up to this day. In the next place, I determined I would show them I was honest, and had an object in view; and, while I would treat them with the most perfect justice, I determined to make every individual feel that there was a terrible pressure of war upon him, which would finally destroy him and grind him into powder, if he did not give up his rebellion."

The question of slavery caused Gen. Mitchel very considerable embarrassment. The negroes very naturally flocked into our camps, if we would give them any protection. Gen. Mitchel had received an order that no protection was to be extended to slaves within his lines. But he remonstrated and argued against this insane policy. In a communication to the writer, Gen. Mitchel says,

"After a long consultation upon the subject with my commanding officer, I told him I was willing to make a compromise, as things then stood; that I would drive both the master and the slave out of my camp, and that neither the one nor the other should enter it. And that was the policy I adopted throughout my campaign, but I desire you to understand, that while this was my general policy, I felt it to be my duty to use the negro man wherever he could be of the slightest service to the Government of the United States. To this end, I organized these negroes into watchful guards, throughout the entire frontier of the territory of my command. They watched the Tennessee River, from Chattanooga entirely down to Tuscumbia and Florence; and to every negro who gave me information of the movements of the enemy, who acted as guide to me, or who piloted my troops correctly through that unknown country, I promised the protection of the Government of the United States, and that they never should be returned to their masters. I found them extremely useful. I found them perfectly reliable, so far as their intention was concerned; not always accurate in detail, but always meaning to be perfectly truthful."

Gen. Mitchel remained in Fayetteville only long enough to bring up

his brigades, in such a manner that he could move them in force on Huntsville. On the evening of the 10th of August, his advance was within eleven miles of that place, waiting for the early dawn, to make a dash upon the town. The troops had made a forced march through the day, surpassing everything they had done before, and when the evening came, they found, exhausted as they were, a stream of water waist deep, some forty or fifty yards wide. It was necessary to pass the stream that night. There were no means of getting boats, no possibility of throwing across bridges, and there was no time for a moment's delay. Gen. Mitchel rode along his lines, and said,

"My boys, there is but one chance for us. Will you plunge in with me?"

There was not a moment's hesitation. Every man plunged in; on they went, the whole division waist deep, with a shout, across the water. Wet as they were, they lay that night on their arms. At two o'clock the next morning, Gen. Mitchel himself waked them in their respective camps, noiselessly, without the sound of gun or drumhead. As they quietly passed his bivouac, he spoke to them in the darkness of the night, regiment by regiment,

"Now, boys, perfect silence; not a word to be uttered. Move straight forward, and let not the enemy know that you are advancing, by any sound whatever."

On they moved, with such hushed voice and softened tread, that they actually passed through a small straggling town, within five miles of Huntsville, and the inhabitants knew nothing of it. In the morning, they awoke without any knowledge that during the night an army had passed by their doors.

The first gray of the dawn was appearing in the east, when the army came in sight of Huntsville. Every man in this intelligent corps knew perfectly well, that success depended upon activity and energy. Should they accomplish their bold design of seizing Huntsville, the enemy's all-important line of railway could be destroyed, thus almost fatally cutting off all communication between the West and the East. Their magnificent machine-shops could be demolished, and the depot, filled with munitions of war, could be destroyed. Gen. Mitchel was by no means confident that he should be able to hold Huntsville. He knew that the enemy was in great force, west of him at Corinth, and east of him at Chattanooga, and that they were moving troops in vast numbers along that line of railroad through Huntsville. That very night of the attack, there came into the camp a negro man, who was led to the General's headquarters, which headquarters consisted of a camp-fire and two rails.

"Well," said Gen. Mitchell, "what have you to say?"

"Massa, they are going to eat you up, down there in Huntsville. They've got five thousand troops down there, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard my Massa say so at the supper-table to-night. I have just come out of Huntsville, and I am certain of it. I heard the trains come in, and the locomotives whistle, and there were five of them; and they

had a thousand men on every train, and there were a good many soldiers there before, and they are going to destroy you, sir."

This intelligence came apparently very direct. But Gen. Mitchel knew perfectly well that the enemy was sending great bodies of troops on to Corinth. Under these circumstances, he made his movements in the morning, fully aware that this great force of the enemy might be in Huntsville. Still, he had so formed his plans, that even should he find them there, he was prepared for the struggle, and did not feel specially anxious respecting the issue. The cavalry, the infantry, and the artillery, were all in position, with souls roused to enthusiasm, to strike a sudden, stern, positive, destructive blow. In the gloom of the morning, while the unsuspecting enemy were asleep, he sent out one body of troops on his right, with crowbars and picks, to tear up the railroad track. Another body was sent to the left, armed in like manner, to perform the same work, thus to prevent the locomotives from passing in either direction. Another party he dispatched to the depot, to prevent its being set on fire. Other detachments were dispatched to seize the telegraph office, and all the other important positions of the city. Fortunately, no troops were at Huntsville, and the unsuspecting city slumbered, defenseless. In the earliest morning twilight, Gen. Mitchel marched upon the town. The moment the alarm was given, the locomotives, with screams of terror, endeavored to escape. But their paths were cut off. The unarmed citizens, of course, attempted no defense. Sixteen locomotives were captured, and one hundred cars. Instantly upon arriving in the town, Gen. Mitchel sent his superintendent of the railway, to ascertain precisely the amount of rolling stock on hand. In an hour he reported, and Gen. Mitchel found he had as much as he needed to send his troops in each direction. He immediately organized two expeditions, one to Decatur on the west, the other toward Chattanooga on the east, to destroy the two railroad bridges at Decatur and Bridgeport.

Gen. Mitchel took command of one of the expeditions himself, and placed the other under the command of Col. Kirchin. They were both entirely successful. Col. Kirchin took the bridge at Decatur. Gen. Mitchel went first to Stevenson, the intersection of the line of railway to Nashville, and having secured all he intended there, pushed on to Bridgeport, and burned the bridge across the Tennessee River at that place. Thus he had the enemy cut off from the possibility of attacking him on the right hand or the left. Immediately returning, he reached Huntsville on Saturday. Sunday morning he took a car and ran down to Decatur. Finding the enemy fleeing rapidly before him, burning the bridges as he passed, Gen. Mitchel pushed on after him, until he reached Tuscumbia, on the Tennessee, opposite Florence. Here he opened a line of communication with the main body of the army under Gens. Buell and Grant. He dated his dispatches from Tuscumbia, directing them to Gen. Buell, and reporting what he had done. His line then extended from Bridgeport on the east, entirely down to Florence and Tuscumbia on the west, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. They had captured a whole line of railway, with all the rolling stock, and all the machine shops, and the depots. In two days from the time he entered Huntsville, he had a time table,

actually printed and published, with the whole track carefully guarded, and keeping the machine shops and rolling stock in perfect order. In addition to that, he took three old locomotives and converted them into magnificent new ones.

The grand object now was to hold this new country and to repair the lines of the railway from Decatur to Nashville, and from Stevenson to Nashville, all which points were held by our troops. This was a difficult and laborious undertaking, but it was accomplished with sufficient rapidity to enable Gen. Mitchel to supply his troops with all the provisions and munitions of war they needed, excepting forage for the horses. This he obtained in the following manner.

He first obtained the names of all the rabid Secessionists in all that country. He got them accurately and without difficulty, from the Union men in that region, who had been tried like gold in the furnace. He found many solid, substantial, enduring men, who had stood through the most terrific persecution, faithful among the faithless. One man, the Hon. Judge Lane, was appointed judge by President Lincoln after his election. Boldly he accepted the perilous appointment, telling his countrymen that he intended to perform the duties of his office at every hazard. When threatened by the mob, he replied, that he was ready to die, if necessary, for his country, but that he should remain loyal until his last breath. He then, that his actions might correspond with his words, took the flag of the United States to the top of his house, nailed it to a little spire that surmounted the roof, and said that any man who dared to tear that flag down should first pass over his dead body. That flag Gen. Mitchel found flying when he entered Huntsville. Such was the spirit which ennobled *some* of the Union men of Tennessee.

Gen. Mitchel, through reliable friends, classified the community into three lists. The first, contained the names of those who from the beginning were warm Secessionists; the second, embraced those who endured for a time faithful to the old flag, until overpowered by the terrors which treason wielded, they were compelled to surrender themselves, to float along on the current of rebellion. The third included those who held out to the last, true to their country through every menace and through every sacrifice.

Gen. Mitchel then sent an order to all the avowed traitors to send him a list of everything they had, all the fodder, all the corn, all the forage, all the supplies of every kind—all their horses and all their mules. He told them that if they did not give an accurate list, if upon searching and sounding their premises, he found they had deceived him, he would punish them with the utmost severity. As a matter of course, they gave a correct list. He then ordered them to hold everything subject to his order. If they parted with anything without his leave, he held them personally responsible. They might use for themselves, and for the slaves on their plantations whatever they wanted, but not a particle was to go off the plantation without Gen. Mitchel's permission.*

* All the *facts* contained in this chapter, the writer received from the lips of Gen. Mitchel but a few weeks before his death.

He then ordered the quartermaster to go out to these places and get supplies, giving receipts for everything he took. He divided these installments in such a way, as to take first a tithe of the property of each, and then another tenth, and then another, as needed. As this was done, and these rebels came, with their receipts from the quartermaster, specifying the amounts which had been taken, Gen. Mitchel paid them for every article, at the fair market price, he himself fixing that price. Thus they found that he was just, and that he did not wantonly deprive them of their property. In this manner he obtained nearly all his supplies for his army on the ground, avoiding the expense and inconvenience of distant transportation, while at the same time he was using up those provisions which might otherwise have gone to the rebel army.

As to the payment for these supplies, Gen. Mitchel raised every dollar in the country he had penetrated. He captured, in one place, on his march, five hundred bales of cotton which the rebels had piled up into a fort to command an important bridge. The enemy destroyed the bridge on their retreat, and Gen. Mitchel found himself in front of a deep stream three hundred feet wide, and with no means of crossing. The mode he adopted is worthy of record as illustrative of his energy and fertility of invention.

He took these cotton bales, and placed them on the water, buoyant as they were, end to end. Rails were run underneath the ropes, which were pried open by means of a crowbar, and thus he securely bound sixty-six bales together in pairs. These were placed about ten feet apart, fastened occasionally by guy ropes. Planks were then placed reaching from the first cotton-bale pontoon to the second, and so on until he had a perfect bridge from shore to shore. Thus, in a few hours, three thousand men and two pieces of artillery were passed over for the successful attack upon Bridgeport. An eye-witness of this operation, writes: "Gen. Mitchel has more energy, more ingenuity, more mechanical genius, more resources and a more mobile division than any general, of his standing, in the volunteer force of the United States."

This cotton was again taken up, and conveyed by the cars to Huntsville, where it was sold for nearly $30,000, which went directly into the treasury of the United States, through the army chest. Gen. Mitchel also received for the transportation of this cotton, on the railway, then, by conquest, belonging to the United States, and for transportation by the army wagons, over $10,000 more. Thus he had a sum of nearly $40,000. With this money, thus legitimately obtained from the rebels, he paid the enemy for the supplies he seized for his army. It was in this manner that he sagaciously made war support war, and held the rebels submissive as children under his vigorous sway.

One step farther he went. He was very anxious to detach every individual he could from the enemy. He reasoned in this way. There is no possibility of ever breaking down this rebellion, unless it is by detaching individuals. Many of them said,

"We can do nothing at all, because we must depend upon our rulers and governors to negotiate a peace, and bring this war to a close in some way."

Gen. Mitchel replied, "Gentlemen, this is utterly impossible. It can never be ended in that way. There was a time, before this war broke out, when your government sent their representatives to Washington; but they could not be received, and can not be received now. The thing can not be done. You, the people, must rise, and say to your rulers, 'The war shall not go on any longer; we refuse to support your army.' Do that, and the war must cease, and the old flag will again wave over the country."*

Gen. Mitchel did not enforce the oath of allegiance upon the people, except in one instance. A man who had been in the rebel army deserted, and came within the Union lines, expressing the desire to return, unmolested, to his home. "No, sir," said Gen. Mitchel, "never—until you take the oath of allegiance to the United States, to nullify the oath you took to the Confederate government."

Had Gen. Mitchel then required the people, in a body, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, they would either have refused, or would have regarded the oath as given through compulsion, and as not of the slightest value. He, therefore, moved more gently and cautiously. The guerrillas, in robber bands, were attacking him on every side. Gen. Mitchel said to the people,

"I wish you to denounce this guerrilla warfare, by singing a pledge not to engage in it yourselves, and, if you see other persons engaged in it, that you will stop it if you can; and if you can not stop it, that you will give intelligence of the fact that we are to be attacked, so that we can defend our troops from this kind of murder."

To those who signed this pledge, Gen. Mitchel gave certain advantages, allowing them to pass and repass without hindrance. But to those who refused, he granted no privileges. They were carefully watched, and no freedom of movement was allowed them. This plan operated admirably, and soon the whole country were ready to sign this pledge. For the government of the region occupied by his army, three courts were established and held in perpetual session. One was a court-martial for the trial of military offenses. Another was a court of examination for the trial of persons brought in as prisoners, and the third a military court for the trial of criminal offenses. This just and vigorous regime was just what the

* The following incident is worthy of mention, as characteristic of Gen. Mitchel. When passing through Nashville, he, with a number of other distinguished officers, called upon Mrs. Polk, the widow of President James K. Polk. The lady made no attempt to conceal her strong sympathies with the rebellion, and singling out Gen. Mitchel, said to him,

"General, I trust this war will speedily terminate by the acknowledgment of Southern independence."

The remark caused a lull in the conversation, and all eyes were turned to Gen. Mitchel, awaiting his response. For a moment he stood in silence, his lips firmly compressed, and then, in tones of deepest earnestness and solemnity, replied,

"Madam, the man whose name you bear was once President of the United States. He was an honest man, and a true patriot. He administered the laws of this Government with equal justice to all. *We know of no independence of one section of our country which does not belong to all others;* and, judging by the past, if the mute lips of the honored dead who lies so near us could speak, they would express the hope that this war might never cease, if that cessation were purchased by the dissolution of the Union of States over which he once presided."

The effect of this remark, uttered in a calm, yet firm and dignified tone, was electrical.

exigencies of the case demanded, and the rebels were held under firm control. But those who were in sympathy with the rebels, and who were ever remonstrating against striking hard blows, and were pleading for conciliation, clamored loudly against Gen. Mitchel, as they had clamored against Gen. Fremont. The cry against him became so loud, and the charges so envenomed, that, at his own request, on the 2d of July, he received an order from the Secretary of War to repair to Washington without an hour's delay. The Secretary of War was warmly in sympathy with Gen. Mitchel, and earnestly espoused his method of fighting the rebels.

When Gen. Mitchel arrived in Washington, Gen. Halleck, who was then General-in-chief, was on a visit to the James River. While he was thus absent, the President and Secretary Stanton had an interview with Gen. Mitchel, and both of them being in cordial sympathy with him in his measures, they suggested to him that he should take charge of a secret expedition then in contemplation. He was requested to examine the whole matter, and report, as soon as he could make up his mind, whether he were willing or not to undertake it. With his accustomed promptness, he reported the next morning that he approved of the plan, and was ready to undertake its execution.

The President, however, replied, that since he had intrusted the entire command of the army to Gen. Halleck, it seemed to him, on reflection, that he ought not to send off an expedition without first consulting that distinguished officer, and placing the whole matter before him. Gen. Halleck returned to Washington. The matter was laid before him. For very good reasons, undoubtedly, he decided that it was not prudent at that time to undertake the expedition. Thus the matter dropped, and Gen. Mitchel was left for several weeks in idleness, impatiently waiting an opportunity to devote his tireless energies to his country. To the masses of the people, it seemed strange, utterly incomprehensible, why, when we were so sadly in want of able officers, one who had attracted the admiration of the whole country by his brilliant exploits, combining the most chivalric daring with the most painstaking prudence, should be laid aside. It was another mystery, to be filed with that of Gen. Fremont.

Many murmurs were heard. From all parts of the country the cry arose, "Where is General Mitchel?" Early in September, he was suddenly summoned from New York to Washington, and was sent to Port Royal, in command of the small body of troops stationed there. By his friends, this was rather regarded as exile, than as an appointment which gave scope for his military genius. His activity, however, put everything in motion, and the highest expectations were formed of the achievements he would inaugurate, when suddenly he was taken sick with a malignant fever, and, after a short illness, died. His death was universally regarded as a national calamity.

As we now bring this first volume to a close, the war is still raging with undiminished fury, yet with many indications that the guilty rebellion will soon be crushed out. It has not been possible to preserve chronological order in the recital of the incidents of the war, thus far, since

each campaign, in the magnitude of its movements, and the extent of country over which it has rolled the billows of war, stands almost dissevered from all the rest.

The wild and wondrous adventures on the Potomac, the James, and the Rappahannock; the deadly strife at Antietam; the conflicts in Texas and Arkansas, and that fierce storm of war in Mississippi, which has given to Corinth, Shiloh, and Pittsburg Landing, world-wide renown; the descent of the Mississippi by flotilla more formidable than ever before drifted on inland stream, and the measures, legislative and executive, which the strife gradually evolved upon the subject of the emancipation of four millions of slaves;—all these events, and such others as may yet be developed, must be reserved for another volume.

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